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BLACK-BASS-FISHING IN SUNGAHNEETUK.



MOUTH OF SUNGAHNEETUK, LOOKING TOWARD THE LAKE.

SOME of the Vermont rivers emptying into Lake Champlain were once salmon-streams, notably the beautiful little river which the Indians named Sungahneetuk, — the "Fishing-Place River." But the salmon long since ceased to inhabit any of these, only now and then a straggler being taken even in the lake. Our Fish Commissioners have done all they could with the inadequate resources at their disposal to re-establish the salmon in the rivers he once made famous; but, barred with dams, their unshaded waters heated and shrunken, thick with sawdust and

the wash of cultivated lands, and poisoned with chemicals from mills and factories, they have undergone changes too great to allow of their again becoming his home. They are rivers yet, but not the cool and limpid realms whereof he was lord paramount in the old days, and it is no longer worth his while to battle the swift currents of the St. Lawrence and run the gauntlet of the Richelieu nets to come to his own again.

But in Sungahneetuk and in other streams, his ancient heritage, he has a smaller yet worthy successor, almost as game for his size, and ranking high

among food-fishes. Hardy, prolific, armed defensively with firm scales and a dorsal bristling with spines, offensively with stout, sharp teeth set in strong jaws, the black bass holds his own against changed conditions and aquatic enemies, and owns no fish of these waters his master, unless it be the gar-pike, or bill-fish, a fish so invulnerably mailed and murderously weaponed as to be assailed or withstood by no other.

Protection has done wonders for the bass, for all they needed was to be let alone during spawning-time, and wherever the law has been enforced they have greatly increased in numbers. Up to the passage of a protective fish-law, in 1874, it had been the common practice here with all who angled, either for pleasure or profit, to catch these fish on their spawning-beds in June. Whoever had eyes sharp enough to spy out the beds under the tangle of ripples and knots of foam in the shallows or beneath the slow current of the translucent gray-green depths had only to cast his hook, no matter how unskillfully, masked with a worm, and the alert parent-fish would rush to remove the intruder from the sacred precincts, seizing it in her mouth and dropping it well outside the bed, if left to have her own way with it. But just in the nick of time the angler came in, and, striking, fastened his fish, which ten times to one was hauled forth at once by stout pole and line, without a chance for life, to spend her strength in useless threshing of the daisies and clover. It was not always done in this butcherly manner, but it was done in some way by almost every one who fished at all, and at best was a miserable business.

The undiscovered and fruitful beds were few, the barren and orphaned ones many, and if the streams had been their only spawning-places the bass must have been almost exterminated by such continual persecution. But of the many adventuring through stress of nature up the rivers some would escape, and there were the reefs and bars of the lake, where others might breed undisturbed

by man, and so, among them all, perpetuate their race until the day of deliverance.

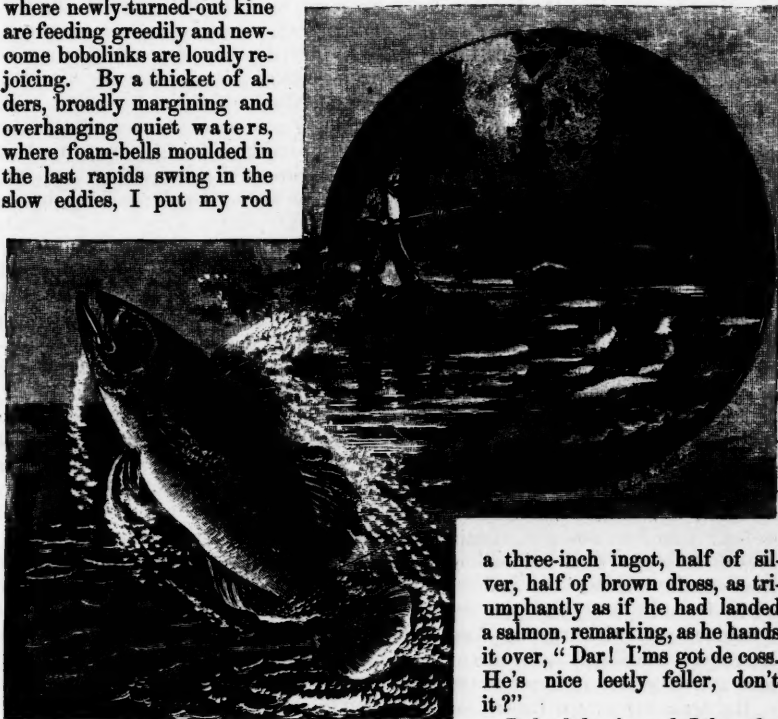
The bass, having hibernated in the depths during the dead months, come on to the spawning-grounds in May, and shortly after set about making their beds, which, when finished, are shallow concavities, in diameter about twice the length of the fish, and from the time of completion till the hatching of the eggs are most vigilantly guarded and kept scrupulously clean. The eggs, which are attached to the bottom by a glutinous coating, are hatched in about two weeks after they are deposited. If a pebble or water-logged chip or twig is washed on to the bed, it is as quickly removed as is the hook of the angler, and all animate intruders are summarily driven off. The infant bass, at their first hatching, are as black and unpromising as a swarm of polliwogs in a mud-pond, but they soon disperse, and grow rapidly, and early show their blood, for, long before fall, little fellows an inch and a half in length may be seen chasing minnows as big as themselves. When the spawning-season is well over and the law off, the bass have returned to the lake; but in the few days spent by them in the stream before spawning and the beginning of the close time, the angler is given a chance to take them in a perfectly legitimate manner. It is of one of these days' fishing along this beautiful stream, that, if not done very scientifically or with costly tackle yet was not unfairly done, that I have to tell.

Sungahneetuk winds its first slender thread around the ledges of the western slope of the Green Mountains, but soon gathers to it the strands of brooks spun out from ponds and swamps and springs, and in a little while becomes strong enough for the turning of mills. Many of these of different kinds are lodged beside it, grinding grist for the food of men, weaving cloth for their raiment, sawing boards for their cradles, shelter, and coffins. These three kinds of mills are all in a huddle, along with stores and shoemakers' and blacksmiths' shops, at Nutting's Curse, the lowest falls now

so used, as if they had drifted downstream and grounded there, three miles or so above where the widened stream is woven into the broad sheet of Champlain.

Half a mile below these mills, on a sunny morning of a mid-May day, I begin my fishing. The river has drawn itself from the narrow environment of hills, and winds among intervalles ankle-deep with young grass, where newly-turned-out kine are feeding greedily and new-come bobolinks are loudly rejoicing. By a thicket of alders, broadly margining and overhanging quiet waters, where foam-bells moulded in the last rapids swing in the slow eddies, I put my rod

together. It is of hardhack, hop horn-beam, iron-wood, lever-wood—well, *Ostrya Virginica*, a wood which I have long believed the best of our native trees for rod-making,—and I have had it made for me by a cunning workman. It is in three pieces, and of a most unorthodox length,—fifteen feet. The books say eight feet is the proper length for a bass-rod; but I am a heretic. How could one reach



BLACK BASS BREAKING WATER.

over these alders or the thickets of willows lower down stream with such a stick? The slender line is rove through the guides, the hook with its gut snell bent on, and Monsieur Ruisseau, sometime since of Canada, comes forward with the bait-kettle,—“minny-pail,” we call it. He dives therein half-way to his elbows more than once to no purpose, for lively minnows are slippery customers, but at last brings out a chub,

a three-inch ingot, half of silver, half of brown dross, as triumphantly as if he had landed a salmon, remarking, as he hands it over, “Dar! I’m got de coss. He’s nice leetly feller, don’t it?”

Indeed he is, and I breathe a silent prayer for him and myself as I impale the little wretch just forward of the dorsal. May a big bass take him speedily, and may I be forgiven for my cruelty! This baiting the hook is the wickedness of fishing that one is sorry for. Five minutes later one is apt to be angry with the tortured, gasping wretch because he does not swim deeper. This one is most obedient to my wishes, and at once sounds the depths, where I tenderly cast him, just under the bank at my feet.

The slack of the line is slowly taken up, till I can feel the faint tug of his laborious swimming, and with bated breath I watch and wait to feel the stronger tug of a bass seizing him. It does not come, and I cast again and again, far and near, with no stronger responses, till it begins to grow doubtful whether there are any bass here, or, at least, any hungry ones.

I lose interest a little in the water, and take time to note how thickly the dandelions are dotting the grass and setting in their gold the amethyst tufts of violets, how the bobolinks are rollicking over them and the sparrows trilling their happy songs, how busy the robins are with their nest-building, their short play-day already ended, then how all these marginal thickets of alder and willow are bent down-stream with the stress of the spring floods, and even the topmost twigs are clothed with knots of begrimed leaves and looped wisps of grass of last year's growth. I note, too, the fresh-water flotsam here stranded, of chips, cobs, slabs, bits of board, and rails from up-stream mills and farms, with a child's rude toy boat, dismantled and unhelmed in its wild voyage, grounded on its ant-hill Ararat, while some little chap among the hills is yet searching the pebbly shores and, with as fond, vain hopes as ours, shading his eyes to descry his small ship sailing back from Spain. Here is a paddle gone adrift from its boat, and the cover of a minnow-car, with rusting hasp and hinges still clinging to it,—signs of boatmen and fishermen in upper waters.

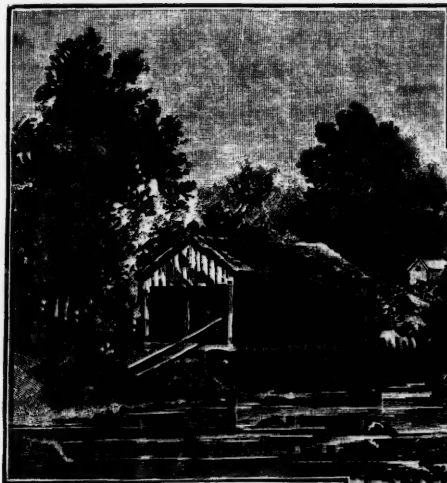
Ruisseau has grown listless too, and for the last five minutes has given me no advice nor made any disparaging comments on my rod and line, which he thinks too slender. When *he* goes fishing he has a spar of white cedar for a rod and corresponding cordage for a line. "Dat's de way I'ms feesh in Canady." He has changed the water in the bait-kettle, and is taking his ease on the grass, with his pipe in full blast, the fumes pervading a cubic acre of May-day air. Suddenly a snap and splash under the farther bank brings him, upright and

alert and recalls me from the borders of dream-land. "Dar! dar! Pull off you' line an' trow him ove' dar," pointing with both hands, one emphasized with his black pipe, to the widening circles.

Meekly obedient to my hired master, I make a long cast, and, as much by luck as skill, deliver my minnow, now almost at his last gasp, in the middle of the concentric rings of wavelets. Scarcely has his fall startled the reflections of bank, bush, and grass-tuft to livelier dancing, when the surface is again broken by a sullen seething, in the midst of which is dimly seen the shining green broadside of a bass. The time given him for gorging the bait seems nearer five minutes than the quarter of one during which the line vibrates with slight jerks and then tightens with a steady pull as I strike, and an angry tug tells me that he is fast. Now the line cuts the water with a tremulous swish, and the rod bends like a bulrush in a gale, as the stricken fish battles upstream in a wide sweep, then shoots to the surface and three feet into the air, an emerald rocket, showering pearls and crystals. I do not know whether I let my "rod straighten" or "pull him over into the water," but somehow he gets back there without having rid himself of the barbed unpleasantness in his jaw, and then makes a rush down-stream, varied with sharp zigzags, ending in another aerial flight as unavailing as the first. Then he bores his way toward a half-sunken log, thinking to swim under it and so get a dead strain on the line; but a steady pull stops him just short of it. Then he sounds the depths to rub the hook out on the bottom, for he is a fellow of expedients; but the spring of the rod lifts him above this last help. He has exhausted his devices, and now makes feeble rushes in small circles and zigzags and a final nerveless leap not half his length out of water. He has fought valiantly for life and liberty, but fortune has been against him. After a few more abortive struggles, he turns up his side to the sky, and is towed, almost unresistingly, alongside the bank.

Ruisseau lifts him out triumphantly, swearing, Catholic though he is, by a Puritan saint: "Ba John Roger! dat's de bes' snago I have ketch in my remember!"

We test his weight with our eyes and forefingers, and put it at four pounds. Fairbanks's and Howe's contrivances might make it less by a pound or more; but they are unsatisfactory scales for anglers' use.



The hook is rebaited, and a cast made beside the sunken log, and quickly answered by a petulant little bite that robs me of a minnow.

"A cossed leetly rock-bass," Ruisseau says, and advises, "Put a wamm on de hook and ketch 'im off de water."

But the smallest minnow in the pail captures him, and the miserable, bony, greedy, watery, big-mouthed little thief is hauled forth without ceremony. How any one can praise him for anything but his moderate beauty, the only virtue he has, is a wonder to me. The despised sunfish is handsomer, a better table-fish, and as great a nuisance, yet no



A DEAD SAW-MILL.

one praises him. Doubtless the rock-bass has left a half-dozen of his thievish brethren in ambush behind him, and, rather than bother with them, I move on.

The next fish that tries to rob me of a bait intended for his betters and is sent grazing for his tricks is a perch,—a far handsomer fellow, in his bars of gold and dusky green, than the little bass, and, to my taste, worth a dozen of him on the table.

So we fare down-stream, taking here and there a bass of the right sort from deep holes, under banks, and in mid-channel, and from the slack-water on the lower side of the boulders, in no particularly different way from that in which the first was taken. Some are ingloriously lost: but the bass should not be grudged their share of the sport, which

must lie in foiling the angler's arts. Besides, the fish that is hooked and gets away may live to be caught another day, and for the time of exemption from creel and pan pay interest of a half-pound or more: only one is not apt to fancy such uncertain usury, especially when the fish is of two or three pounds' present worth.

Thus we come to the lower falls, where in old times the incoming salmon doubtless paid heavy tribute to the Indians as they scaled the first rampart of ledges that barred their yearly invasion. This is the last mill-seat on the stream, where not many years ago the screech of the saw was heard above the rush of waters, but silent now, its occupation gone. A

mossy roof, broken and sagged with the snows of many winters, scantily sheltering reeling posts, unmoving wheels rotting and rusting among weeds and sprouts of willows, and a drift of rotten sawdust, a flume so dry that the sun shines through it and birds build their nests in it, a grassy embankment, and a few ice-battered timbers of the dam feebly reaching out against the flood, are all that are left of the old mill and its once busy life. A half-dozen mouldering logs that came too late for sawing represent its unperformed work, so near did it come to living out its days.

Just below, a little island splits the stream unequally, leaving on that side a shallow rapid scarcely covering the pebbly bottom, on this a deep current that seethes along its swift and narrow way. Into the head of this I cast my bait, and it goes whirling along it, now tossed to the surface, now tumbled along the bottom. For an instant the rod bends and jerks as the slack of the line is taken up by the force of the current, then curves into a drawn bow from tip to reel with a strong, sudden pull that makes the line twang like a bow-string. This is a hungry fellow, who makes no cat's play with his prey, but gorges it at the first snap. How lustily he pulls, with the swirling torrent to help him! If I should lose him, he would go for a four-pounder at least. Keeping a steady strain on him, but letting him take a little line off the reel and piloting him clear of rocks and roots, I follow him slowly to quieter waters below, where we fight it out, and the land-force is victorious. With the utmost tenderness toward the scales, he could not be made to tip them at above two pounds: so I have lost half my fish by saving him.

The next shallow reach of the winding stream leads us toward the blue haze of the Adirondacks, lifted above the tender green of the near woods. At the next, the shorn slopes and bristling ridge of our own Mount Philo front us, and another draws us close to a hill-side soft with leafing tamaracks. None of these reaches give any return for care-

ful fishing. Then we come to one most promising of bass, where the deep, slow current slides through an aisle of overhanging basswoods, elms, and ashes, and then under a prostrate trunk, with its catch of drift-wood, as promising of fouled hooks, and in neither respect am I disappointed. My minnow has hardly struck the water when it is contended for by three or four hungry bass. In this case the devil takes the foremost, who in a jiffy gets the hook fast in his mouth, and, as he darts this way and that to rid himself of it, is closely followed by his companions,—who knows whether envious, curious, or sympathizing? A little later two of them lie with him among the clover. The next cast is too near the drift-wood. The minnow gets among it, and the hook is snagged. Ruisseau helps me out of the scrape with some swearing and a possibly more effective pole, and I suffer no loss but of time, patience, a hook, and part of a snell. The remaining bass can hardly wait for their turn while I am bending on a new hook and rebaiting. They come close to the surface, underseeing the operation, and then in turn they are served out.

The next loop of the stream is cast about a wooded bank, and in it, on a sandy shallow, is a swarm of "rock," or "sand pike," handsome little fellows, with barred sides, the largest among them not exceeding four inches in length. All are hugging the golden, shimmering bottom, casting their spawn and milt.

In a deeper rapid three or four large suckers are heading the swift current, as motionless as if moored there. A boy, with a noose of brass wire at the end of a pole, is trying to snare one, for our suckers are true to their name, and never bite. After much slow and careful manoeuvring, he gets it midway inside the noose, and with a vigorous pull throws it out, and there is a happy boy and a most unhappy fish.

Presently we come to the wide, deep pool known as the "Dixon Hole," and under its sheltering elms eat our lunch and moisten it with Sungahneetuk, this

year's vintage of mountain-snows, and dry it again with smoke of the Virginian and the ranker Northern weed, home-grown by Ruisseau. The ashes and charred brands of a recent fishing-fire remind him of his favorite sport, concerning which he discourses: "I'd drudder feesh fo' bull-pawt as basses;" which he does at night, by the cheerful light of a pine-knot fire, with his spar of cedar and stout line and big hook baited with a tangle of worms, anchored with a ponderous sinker, the splash of which, when he casts it, rouses echoes out of the circle of gloom which surrounds him. Sometimes he gets a hundred bull-pouts and two or three or more eels. "An' de eel an' de bull-pawt ees de bes' feesh I'ms like, expectin' shad." by which he means to except the white-fish of the lake, known here as "lake shad."

Ruisseau having reslain his thousands, I resume actual fishing, and soon behold a monstrous bass, who 'lounges' leisurely up to inspect my bait and then turns contemptuously away. He has an eye upon me through the limpid depths. He is a veteran cruiser of these waters, and knows the tricks of men,—a philosopher who can trace effect back to cause, from struggling minnow along line and rod to the guiding hand on shore. Again and again I tempt him, to no purpose, and then reluctantly leave him, to try for less sophisticated fish below, but noting his haunt by a certain bush. A little later I return, making a wide détour, and, when I near the marked bush, drop on to my hands and knees, and so get within six feet of the brink without seeing the water or being seen by any of its denizens, and lightly drop my minnow out of sight behind the grassy bank. The trick succeeds: here is a minnow without a man, and the lord of the pool seizes his tribute at sight and is fast at the first snap. Then the tough fibres of the lithe rod are tried to their utmost, first to keep him from gaining the vantage-ground of some sunken logs and brush, then to lead him to a clearer field, when he makes a rush, spinning fifteen yards of retarded line off the reel, and, with a surging leap, flies into the

air, shakes the hook from his mouth, and leaves me disconsolate. It is small consolation to think that I have added to his wisdom and that he will not dare touch another minnow for a week,—as small as that contained in Ruisseau's "I'ms tole you you'll lost him, sartain." Likely enough, before he has forgotten the lesson he will be dragged ashore in an unlawful seine or smitten under the fifth rib by a spearer prowling by torch-light. As ignominious was the death of the last salmon of this stream, which, tradition says, was speared by some boys with a pitchfork, a few turns below here, on a June day sixty years ago.

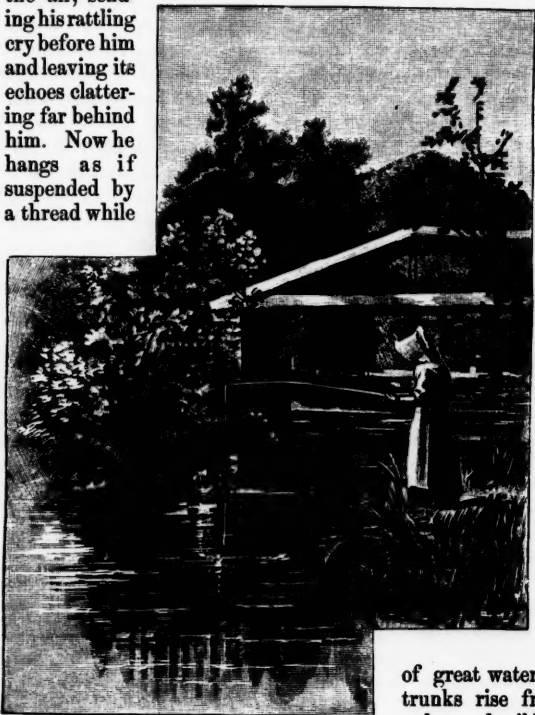
Slower than the stream flows we follow it where curling deeps promise fruitfulness of fish, trying every foot of such water, sometimes rewarded with the fulfilment, sometimes not, and faster when the thin, barren current ripples over pebbly and sandy shoals, shortening now and then our course a half-mile by a cross-cut of a few rods.

Climbing the two fences of a road and passing its bridge and then skirting a wide thicket of willows, we come to a farm-bridge, beside which an aged Quakeress is fishing. Perhaps it has been "borne in upon her" that she should go a-fishing to-day: at any rate, she has been "greatly favored," and shows us with quiet pride a goodly string of fish tethered under the abutment, conspicuous among them the bristling olive backs and golden-green sides of half a dozen fine bass. Looking upon her placid face, one may well believe angling a gentle art if it can draw to it such a saintly devotee. The stream has grown as placid as she, and now winds voiceless between its willowy banks, giving no sign of its flow but by some gliding leaf or twig and the arrowy ripples of dipping branches and mid-stream snags.

Here is a straight reach, hedged on one side with willows tall and low, interwoven with wild grape-vines, on the other walled with a green bank topped with a clump of second-growth pines and hemlocks. Looking back through this vista, we see the noble peak of

Tawabedeewajo, bright with last winter's snow, shining against the eastern sky.

On the opposite bank I get a glimpse of a rival fisher stealing warily through the thicket in a coat now rusty and ragged though two months ago sleek and glossy enough. Without rod, snare, or spear, the mink is a notable destroyer of fish. Not so silent is the kingfisher that now comes jerking his way through the air, sending his rattling cry before him and leaving its echoes clattering far behind him. Now he hangs as if suspended by a thread while



A GENTLE ANGLER.

he scans the water twenty feet beneath him. Then the thread breaks, and he drops headlong, and, almost before the spray of his plunge has fallen, rises with a little fish on his short spear.

Here, too, minnows are taken in succession by some fish biting differently from a bass but evidently larger than rock-bass or perch. A third minnow is offered him grudgingly, for frequent drafts and some deaths occurring in spite of half-hourly changes of the water

have reduced the little prisoners of the bait-kettle to a dozen. Success has made him bold, and boldness works his ruin, for this time he swallows hook and bait. He swims deeper than the bass, and as stubbornly for a while, but gives up sooner, and, as he is drawn gasping alongside the bank, proves to be a fine pike-perch of two and a half or three pounds' weight. He is not a frequent

navigator so far up the stream, but is often caught near the mouth in adjacent Wonakakatak and in great numbers in the lake, notably at Kozowaapska and Sobapskwa. He is handsome, game, and in every way a good fish.

Again my hook gets foul in a drift of brushwood, and Ruisseau, wading out to clear it, again lapses into profanity over his "jim rubbits, half fill of de creek!" With the Canuck, india-rubber is always "jim rubbit."

As the stream is drawn to the level of the lake, its character changes more and more. The sluggish current sweeps slowly under the double-curved branches

of great water-maples, whose ice-scarred trunks rise from low banks rank with sedge and wild grass and sloping backward to wide marshy swamps, where we hear bitterns booming, rails cackling, innumerable frogs piping and croaking, and the fine, monotonous chime of toads, and mysterious voices that may be those of birds or of reptiles supposed to be voiceless. Every streamward-slanting log now has its row of basking turtles that tumble off at our approach, and the little green heron launches as clumsily from his perch in the tall trees and goes flapping before us. Now our way is barred by an impassable outlet of

the swamp on one side, and here I catch the last bass of the day.

A swarm of little fish, the biggest not an inch long, come swimming up-stream, a school yards in length hugging our shore. As here and there a silver side flashes in the sunlight, it is as if a suit of chain-armor was being drawn through the water. Now a swift bolt strikes it from beneath, and a hundred shining links are driven into the air. In the bubbling swirl beneath the break I see the brazen mail of a bass, and a few feet up-stream I drop my minnow, a prey far more tempting than these atoms, and no sooner seen than seized. In the fight that ensues I have some trouble to lead him to a fairer field and a proper place for surrender, to do which he must be got over a sort of boom which serves for a water-fence, being a single pole

spanning the stream and in the middle sagging an inch or two below the surface. Shortening my line and raising the tip of the rod, I half lift, half drag him over it, and, after some further skirmishing, bring him to shore, and Ruisseau, wading into the mud half-way to the top of his "jim rubbits" to rescue him, shows himself an artist, making a bas-relief in clay.

As I range the result of my day's sport side by side along the sod, a comely rank of fifteen bass and one pike-perch, Ruisseau proudly remarks, "I'ms guess dat ole wimmens ain't beat me, don't it?"

The sun is burning the low clouds and setting the western edge of the world on fire, and so, making a jail-delivery of our few remaining minnows, we turn backward on our long shadows and wend our way homeward.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

A PASTORAL PICTURE.

(NIGHT.)

A CROSS the darkness of the night
I see a slender thread of light,—
Light that approaches swift and clear,—
The earliest fire-fly of the year.

A disembodied pulse he seems,
Lit by soft phosphorescent gleams,—
As if beneath his restless ray
Some ocean-wave had gone astray.

A slow breeze wafts along the rill
The mandate of a whippoorwill,
Whose note revengeful seems to be
Softened by mocking fantasy.

The cricket's voice, an iterant trill,
Teases the silence of the hill.
The stars are cold and high to-night,
As vestal virgins robed in white.

The darkness deepens; overhead
Fragments of cloud are thinly spread;
A meteor's brief and baleful spark
Of hurrying fire insults the dark. . . .

A radiance of rare splendor born,
Like some red miracle of morn,
Falling from measureless heights of sky
On night's black breast to throb and die.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

LOVE AND FIREWORKS.

THE haymakers at work in my uncle's side-hill meadows had an original way of telling the noon. They were not the owners of watches, and the church-clock was hidden behind the elms, over the tallest of which the top of the white spire, with its lazy vane, could barely be seen. Just at present, too, that sacred time-piece was suffering its semi-annual repairs at the hands of the deliberate Mr. Harriman, the village regulator. No: our chronometer in the hay-field was a simple but admirable combination of horse and hickory-tree. Old Charley, maneless and all but tailless, long since turned out to grass, used to take refuge from the sun under the shade of this hickory, which stood in the pasture at the foot of the hill. Here he would remain, with his nose to the trunk, switching the flies that settled on his ribs, and, as the shadow wheeled slowly in a shortening radius through the hours of the forenoon, Charley turned with it like a kind of revolving sun-dial, with his nose for a pivot. At noon the shadow thrown by the sparse foliage of the hickory was reduced to a round spot on the pasture, leaving large portions of Charley exposed to the sun. Then, with an impatient whinny, the old horse would start for the shelter of the red barn across the field, and thereupon the haymakers, hanging their scythes over the fence-rail and wiping the sweat from their foreheads, would get ready to take their nooning.

I was then *etate* twelve,—just the meridian of the errand-running age,—and so when Charley made for the barn

I would make for the spring, where the lunch was kept, treading as far as I could on the line of the windrows, and my bare feet shrinking over the intermediate stubble. The spring was under the hill, walled up with stones and shaded by a large chestnut-tree. The meadow thereabout was spongy, and a good place to find fringed gentians in October. A basket of bread and cold meat reposed in the shadow, and in the spring itself bobbed about some dozen stone bottles filled with cider. These bottles, when emptied, became convenient prisons for the little garter-snakes which the haymakers used to catch in the long grass. Many are the bottled snakes which Cousin Bob and I have carried up from the field and let loose among the indignant poultry in the hen-yard.

On this particular day I had taken from the cellar some of the best russet cider—*interiore nota*—from behind the big cistern. Each bottle had two raisins in it to assist fermentation, and had been laid on its side after being filled, to keep the cork wet. The selection of this choice deposit was a bit of hero-worship on my part: the hay-field was to be honored by a distinguished guest,—no less than Cousin Bob himself, who had come all the way from Philadelphia to be present at his sister Kate's wedding.

"It was so kind of you, Bob," said poor Kate, with tears in her eyes, "to come a whole week beforehand and leave all your patients."

"Awful rough on the patients," answered Bob, kissing her in the front hall: "patients under a monument by

the time I get back, I guess; and 'twouldn't make a very large cemetery either."

That was the evening before. Inside the house the family were surrounding Bob in a joyful group. Outside stood the red stage, brilliant in the light that streamed from the parlor windows. The driver was struggling up the walk with Bob's trunk, and I was dancing wildly about under a chaos of valises, dusters, and fishing-rods. A stage-arrival was always an excitement: the arrival of Bob was something to banish sleep for hours. In the watches of the night I longed for the morrow and for Bob's cheery voice shouting, "Shorty, how's 'Old Smoke'? Suppose you get some grease, and we'll go at the barrel." Or else, "Bad hay-weather, Charley; looks good for pickerel. Suppose you get out the scoop, and we'll try the Pound Brook for live bait right away after grub." And in the morning I awoke to the thought, "Bob's come! He's in the next room. There goes his guitar now."

I jumped out of bed, and dressed like a minute-man of the Revolutionary War or a freshman who hears the last strokes of the prayer-bell. I really believe that Kate's wedding seemed chiefly important to me because it brought old Bob home for a fortnight.

"Come in," said Bob, as I knocked at his door. He was seated superbly on the edge of his bed, clothed upon with his night-shirt as with the toga of old Rome, strumming an accompaniment on his guitar and singing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." His generous bass bore out the song's suggestion of winds and waves and "the wet-blown face of the sea." His deep chest-notes breathed for me the quintessence of all manliness, and even the faces which he had to make when he gave them utterance were of heroic cast,—like the tragic masks of the Greek actors. "How you was, old pard?" inquired Bob, unstringing a peg in the guitar. "Do I smell the breakfast in the air, or dooz my eyes deceive my earsight?"

"I guess it's the waffles," I responded. "We're going to have some." As for

Bob's delightful slang, his "daliaunce and fair langage," I never could answer that except by gleeful and appreciative laughter.

A noise was heard below, as of a bell fiercely wielded but impeded in its vibrations by some wooden obstacle. It was produced by my uncle, who, in his matutinal energy, sought to reinforce the action of the bell by rapping it against the balusters as he rang it. Presently we heard his voice thereunto calling, "Come, get up! Get up! Breakfast! Get up!"

"Ah, *bella* — *horrida bella*!" said Bob. "There's the governor again. Been at it since cock-crow. Now, I suppose my landlady, with the usual foresight of her sex, has packed my collars and cuffs at the bottom of the trunk. Here, Charley, lend a hand: put those things on the bed." And he handed out in succession half a dozen pairs of boots, a pile of shirts, a box of cigars, a medicine-chest, a powder-flask, a dress-suit, and two or three human bones. "Put those on top,—Ossa on Pelion. Begun Latin yet, Charley?"

"Not yet," I answered; "but I'm going to in the fall. Jim Cassidy said I'd better. He says the classicals always lick the Englishers at foot-ball. I'm going into Classical Four. He is in Classical Three now."

"Look out for that box. That's something for Katy." And, after a pause, "Charley, is George Spencer in town?"

"Yes, he is. He came last week. Kennedy says he caught a four-pound bass in the pond Friday; right over by the Point. That's a bully place for bass, Kennedy says. *He* got three there all in an hour," etc., etc.

After breakfast, Bob lighted a cigar and stood with Kate out on the piazza, with his arm round her waist.

"How you do smell of tobacco, Bob!" said his sister.

"I suppose, now, Ketchum doesn't smoke any?" suggested he.

"Smoking!" exclaimed my uncle, coming to the door and sniffing. "Smoking's a foolish and expensive

habit. Never smoked in my life. Never used tobacco in any form." And he vanished within. We could hear him as he went through the house and left all the doors open behind him, and we laughed.

"Charley," said Bob, "never smoke. Be virtuous, and you'll be happy.—

'I'll never smoke tobacco, no. It is a filthy weed.

I'll never smoke tobacco, no,' says little Robert Reed.

. Bless you, my child, bless you!"

"Now, Bob, how can you make fun of pa in that disrespectful way? And, besides, you are just encouraging Charley to learn the habit when he gets older; and you know father wants him not to."

Katy had been a little nervous and petulant of late. Bob made no reply, but puffed reflectively.

"Jim Cassidy smokes catalpas," I volunteered; "and he isn't but six months older than me; and he said his father saw him smoking one the other day, and he just laughed."

"Frightful levity in a parent!" said Bob. — "Aren't you looking a little thin, Katy?" he went on, squeezing her waist a bit.

"I don't know but I am," answered Katy listlessly. My cousin was a tall girl and very pretty. She had rosy cheeks, and gray eyes, and a large, sweet mouth.

"By the way," continued Bob, a little awkwardly, "Charley says that George Spencer has come home."

Kate said nothing in response.

"Charley!" I heard my aunt's voice calling to me from the back yard.

"Yes, in a minute," I shouted. — "Cousin Bob, I've got to go down to the hay-field now and take the lunch. You're coming down by and by, aren't you?"

"Any cider left?"

"Yes, some bully,—russet cider."

"Well," said Bob, "I'll come down about noon."

"All right. They're mowing the heater lot to-day." And I started around the house.

Accordingly, when the old horse struck twelve in the manner which I

have described, and just as I was lifting the cider-bottles from the spring and the haymakers were gathering under the apple-tree in the lower part of the field, I saw Bob vault the bars and come down the hill. At the same time a buggy stopped at another set of bars. It was drawn by Dick, successor to Charley, and bore my uncle and Mr. Ketchum, the gentleman who was to marry my cousin Kate. After "hanging" the horse to the post, they also came down through the meadow, and we all met at the spring. Bob and Mr. Ketchum shook hands.

"How are you, Ketchum? My congratulations."

"Thank you, doctor, thank you. Kate said you was coming on the stage last night, and you must excuse me for not having been at the house to meet you. I had some important business at the Farms. I'm trying to get my business all done up this week. Business before pleasure, you know."

"Yes, of course; don't mention it. Did you drive down with the governor?"

"With—? I beg your pardon."

"With my father. Of course you did, though. I saw you get out." Bob laughed constrainedly, and turned to shake hands with his old friends among the men, who had seated themselves at a respectful distance and were waiting for their lunch.

My uncle was a smooth-shaved, stoutish man, with a face of a uniform red color. He carried a rough apple-tree stick. He stood with great emphasis on the ground (*his* ground), with jaw dropped and eyes askint in the sun, regarding the mowing-machine, which came clicking up through its last swath and stopped at some distance off. "Grass in that holler pretty thin, ain't it?" he shouted to the driver.

"Wal, 'tis kind o' light. There's a piece in the middle you'll have to cut with the scythes, I guess."

"Cut it with scythes? What's that for? Don't want any peekin' round with scythes. Men got enough to do along the fences."

"Wal, I can't go in there with the machine. It's too rough. Scratch it all to thunder.—Whoa, there!"

"Rough! What makes it rough?"

"Stuns makes it rough."

"Stones! Stones in there? That's some of McFadden's shiftless work. I told him to get 'em all out last fall and pile 'em on the wall. Gave him gunpowder to blast 'em with."

"Wal, squire, guess he used your gunpowder up shootin' woodchucks, then. He left an almighty pile of stuns in that holler, anyway."

This conversation was carried on in a shout. Then the mowing-machine started up its click and went off across the meadow. My uncle's little blue eyes continued to squint in a mechanical way over the landscape. Suddenly they settled on me in the immediate foreground: "Halloo! shoo-shoo! Where's your boots? Mustn't go barefoot. Dirty trick! Mustn't go barefoot. Get your feet cut: get the lockjaw."

I retired slowly toward the red barn, where my shoes and stockings were stowed away on a beam, and as I went I ruminated. My uncle seldom interfered in my education. He left that to the women,—i.e., to Aunt Sophia and Cousin Kate. His attentions to me were usually confined to sudden warnings about the danger of walking on the picket-fence or climbing the barn roof. "Hi! hi!" he would shout from some coigne of vantage,—the wood-shed door, for instance,—"mustn't fool round the horse. Get kicked." He often gave me sixpences and asked me if I should like to be a lawyer when I grew up. Only on one occasion had he taken my education directly in hand, and that was when it had suddenly occurred to him that my æsthetic culture was being neglected. "Don't play on any musical instrument, do you?" he inquired. "I used to play the fife myself when I was a boy. Don't read any poetry, do you? Come into the office, and I'll give you a copy of 'Hudibras.' Got four or five."

A single anecdote will illustrate sufficiently my uncle's fitness to guide un-æsthetic youth into the higher realms

of imagination, and will show how much sympathy he was likely to have with the sentimental grievances of those under his control. Cousin Bob—who fancied himself something of a connoisseur in painting—had picked up at a dealer's in Philadelphia some half-dozen little oils which he affirmed rather vaguely to be "originals." They represented various saints and martyrs of all degrees of maceration. They were visible only in a strong light, the background and the raiment of the holy men having seemingly been reduced by smoke to a uniform blackness, against which stood out here and there a leaden face or a sallow and emaciated leg. These cheerful effigies Bob brought out of his trunk when home on a visit, and, after having explained their points to Aunt Sophia, who put full faith in them, and to Kate, who laughed at them, he hung them—without frames—on the walls of his room, where they remained after his departure. Bob's room was over my uncle's office. It was a sacred apartment, always reserved for him, and retaining a faint odor of tobacco-smoke. The mantel-piece was littered with glorious *vestigia* of its occupant, such as old pipes, sword-belts, rusty fishing-reels, and surgical instruments, which were never disturbed. I sometimes penetrated to the seclusion of this chamber, inhaled its subtle aroma, so suggestive of dear old absent Bob, and gazed upon the ghostly presences which bedecked the walls. These, as originals, inspired me with a mysterious respect, and not for the kingdoms of this earth would I have dreamed of laying sacrilegious hands on them. But one day—oh, my prophetic soul! my uncle!—my uncle, I say, had brought a house-painter on the premises. After he had painted the well-curb, the fence in the front yard, the red benches in the back stoop, the green shutters of the milk-room, etc., my uncle, ransacking the house with his accustomed energy in search of further objects needing repair, lighted on Bob's saints. "Here," he shouted to the painter from the top of the office staircase, "here! come up here! Sup-

pose you touch up these picters. Give 'em a coat or two apiece: make 'em look pretty: faded out so you can't see what they look like."

I had followed uncle,—having made friends with the painter, who conversed affably with me while he plied his brush all the forenoon,—and I now stood rigid with horror, regarding alternately the red face of this avuncular Vandal and the parchment visages of his intended victims. "But, uncle," I faltered, "Bob used to say that the dark colors were all the beauty of these paintings."

"Don't want any beauty of 'em here. Dingy old things! Touch 'em up a bit. Brighten 'em up, so folks can see what they are. When you get through, come down into the office and I'll pay you."

Then did that smearer of barns, without a misgiving,—nay, even with a simple faith in the resources of his art which begat in me a kind of confidence,—proceed to adorn Bob's originals with fresh garments. To the mantle of one he imparted a brave vermilion, using the very pigment with which he had daubed the benches in the stoop. The girdle which bound the withered loins of a dying eremite was painted a living green,—the green of the milk-room shutters. Only a doubt as to the precise nature of the aureole which encircled the head of one glorified martyr saved that mystic circle from a coat of the best brown paint. And, finally, each leathery cheek received, exactly at its centre, a hectic bloom of the shape and diameter of the old-fashioned copper cent. And then the artist, having surveyed his work with honest pride, picked up his paint-pots and descended into the office to receive his ill-gotten gains. I rushed at once to my cousin Kate and dragged her to the scene. She laughed till her pretty eyes were full of tears, and sank gasping into a chair. The comments of Bob on his next visit home were brief but emphatic. The restored originals disappeared forever.

Well, I had put on my shoes and stockings and returned to the spring just as Bob was opening the first bottle of cider, when a man was seen coming up

the hill with a gun over his shoulder and a game-bag slung under his arm.

"Halloo!" cried Bob, looking up, "there comes George Spencer. What has he been after? Woodcock? To-day is the 1st of July, that's a fact, and the law is off." Spencer bowed as he passed us, a few rods away, and was going on up the hill, when Bob sung out, "Oh, George! You aren't going to give me the go-by, are you?"

"Why, doctor, how are you?" responded Spencer, stopping suddenly and approaching us. "I'm glad to see you home; indeed I am."

He shook hands warmly with Bob, and bowed stiffly to Mr. Ketchum and my uncle, the latter of whom simply glared at him in return and then faced about and fixed his eye on some distant point in the valley. The new-comer was a tall, boyish-looking young man, with a careless, not to say slouching, gait, but graceful withal, and having a merry blue eye with just a bit of the devil in it and an expression of face as of one who took the world perhaps too easily.

"Any sport?" asked Bob, pointing to the game-pouch.

"These," answered Spencer, taking out some half-dozen small bodies, mostly feathers and bill: "the spoils of the chase," he added, with a laugh.

"Oh, golly!" I began, fired with the predatory instinct and regardless of possible snubs, "you ought to see the bag Dave Brown had, day before yesterday, coming out of Parson's cover. Sixteen woodcock and—"

"Look out, Charley," broke in my cousin: "don't be giving Dave away. Mr. Ketchum is in the legislature, you know, and has to look out for the game-laws."

"Day before yesterday was Sunday," said the law-maker in question, with an accent of disapproval.

"That's it," said I. "Dave Brown says Sundays don't count in law. He says—"

"Charley!" shouted my uncle, "here! Take this basket down to the men, and ask 'em if they have got enough cider."

Spencer glanced up with a look half of annoyance and half amused. His face flushed slightly, and he dropped the birds back into the pouch, and, saying, "Well, I must be off," turned and pursued his way over the field just as I was moving reluctantly off on my errand.

It was not so much what my uncle had said, but the tone in which he said it implied that he didn't want me in Spencer's company. I hurried back to the spring in time to hear him say, "I thought that fellow was gone to New York for good,—gone to be an architect, or something."

"I suppose he is taking a little vacation," ventured Bob.

"Taking a vacation, hey?" said my uncle, with a snort. "Better stick to his work. Young men take too many vacations nowadays."

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Ketchum, with slow and mournful unction, "that it's vacation with Spencer pretty much all the time. I'm afraid he won't make architecture go. He is too unstable: 'unstable as water, he will not excel,' as the good book says. Now, I spoke to him before he went to New York about making the plans for an extension we are building to the mill; I wanted to give him a lift; but he didn't seem to take any interest, and my partners got sick of waiting for him, and gave the job to another man. What a man wants to succeed in business is concentration. Spencer scatters himself,—goes round playing chess, and botanizing, and tooting on a French horn, and all that sort of fooling. He doesn't bring himself to a focus, like he ought."

"He's a poor toad," pronounced my uncle sententiously and with an air as though Mr. Ketchum was refining too curiously on a subject unworthy of such metaphysical analysis.

Bob seemed uncomfortable under this criticism of Spencer, and it was no less than shocking to me, in whose system of hero-worship that over-versatile genius occupied a place second only to Bob himself. Was not his prowess with rod and gun acknowledged even by Dave Brown,—him, the unsabbatical, the scorner of

statute law, the profane and bibulous brother of the angle,—who frequently in my own hearing had borne testimony to George's gift, as he sat and spat among a crowd of idlers on the stoop of the Eagle Hotel?

"Thar's the Hinmans," Dave would say: "they gits *some* trouts, but I kin beat them. Thar's Joe Briggs: he's a pretty good fisherman; he gits *some* trouts, but I kin beat *him*. Thar's Willem Holt,—comes up from 'York,—he thinks he knows how to fish. Wal, he gits *some* trouts. But I kin beat the hull on 'em, by —! Me and George Spencer kin beat the hull d——n lot of 'em!"

It was this Crichton of a Spencer who had taught me how to cast a fly and to construct a sucker-trap. He had a canoe on the river, and had given me lessons in paddling. Once he even lent me his double-barrelled shot-gun,—under conditions of the strictest secrecy and caution in handling on my part. He could whittle anything out of wood, and he had made an elegant model in soap-stone of St. Swithin's Church, which was quite the gem of the church-fair where it was raffled for. He would dash you off pen-and-ink caricatures of all the queer people in the village. And how often at night, when passing his mother's little white house, had I listened with rapture to the strains of George's French horn, where his lonely taper glimmered late among the pines! And then, too, what an admirable woman was Mrs. Spencer, the mother, and how toothsome the vergalieu pears in her side-yard!

But I knew, though rather vaguely, why my uncle was down on this hero of mine. I am telling this story *ab extra*, and solely from recollection of what I myself saw and heard. I will not vouch for hearsay evidence, and I was not of an age when one is usually taken into family councils; nor should I have taken much interest in the sentimental woes of my elders, having in especial a boy's contempt for young women and their love-affairs. But thus much I partly knew and partly guessed: George Spencer and my cousin Kate had been sweet-

hearts, and their passion had been frowned on by my uncle, who, in an angry interview with the young man, had spoken most disrespectfully of his "prospects" and had ended by forbidding Kate to see him. This in itself might not have been enough to break off the affair, for Kate was a spirited girl, with a large share of inherited obstinacy; but there had followed some misunderstanding between the lovers. Whether Kate thought that George took his dismissal by her father too proudly and kept away from her in consequence, or whether he thought that she took it too lightly and consoled herself too readily by flirtations with her other admirers, I never quite knew. Kate certainly was a little of a coquette, as indeed she had a right to be, being the acknowledged belle of the village and much sought after by the young men at picnics and hops. Poor George took it hard enough. I used to meet him in the dusk mooning furtively about the outskirts of our orchard, and to wonder what he was at. It has since occurred to me that he was watching the light in Kate's window,—as time out of mind has been lovers' wont,—and that the apple-tree shadows were to him in lieu of those "broom groves whose shade the dismissed bachelor loves."

And once he bribed me with the sum of fifty cents, to me in hand paid, to give him an old photograph of Kate and say nothing about it to any one,—a bargain which seemed to me advantageous beyond the wildest dreams of "swaps" and speculations in jack-knives or rabbit-coops. Kate, too, moped badly at first. She chose melancholy airs for her piano. She had redness of the eyes,—like the drunkards of Ephraim; and I used to find scraps of Byronic verse on her writing-table and evidently of her own composition, beginning,—

Oh, there are times in life's dull dream, etc.

Alas! this was in ante-Tennyson days, when L. E. L. was still in vogue; and Kate was not without a strong dash of romance in an otherwise very healthy and sensible temperament.

After a while she came out of this mood and was quite gay again; and, finally, after a desperate flirtation with Mr. Ketchum, she engaged herself to that gentleman with her father's full approval,—my aunt Sophia, as usual, acquiescent rather than enthusiastic. Mr. Ketchum was quite the rising young man of our village. He had a third share in the large cotton-mill at Whistleville. He was of an inventive turn, and owned the patent of several agricultural implements, which brought him in a very pretty plum. He was our postmaster, and had represented the town twice in the State legislature. It was mainly through his public-spirited exertions that the railroad extension to the neighboring town of Whistleville had been procured. He was Sunday-school superintendent and junior warden of St. Swithin's Church, of which my uncle was senior warden. He was reckoned rather a handsome man, too, with his luxuriant side-whiskers, black eyes, and big red lips. His manners were even excessive. If my aunt Sophia or any lady entered the room where he was sitting in an arm-chair, he would rise and insist upon her taking his seat. Once, when he dined at our house, I was greatly impressed by the delicacy which he showed in holding his handkerchief before his face, as a screen, while he picked his teeth. And yet, in spite of these unquestioned virtues, I knew that Bob was never quite reconciled to Mr. Ketchum's engagement with Kate. But, if asked to name his objection, he always put it on some absurd ground, as, for instance, that Ketchum wore cloth shoes,—which was quite as unreasonable as Petruchio's motive for throwing his wine-sops in the sexton's face. As for cloth shoes, Mr. Ketchum certainly dressed elegantly, wearing a black frock and a tall hat, even on week-days. His affable prosperity had never seemed in stronger contrast with poor George's prospectless condition than now, while the latter, in his faded brown coat and seedy trousers, was climbing slowly up the hill toward the bars that led out of the meadow into the Whistleville turn-

pike. His very back, as he walked, had a dispirited and almost loaferish expression.

But now the only absent member of my *dramatis personæ* came on the scene,—the heroine herself, who, with a wide straw hat on her head and a bunch of pansies in her belt, appeared on the other side of the bars just as Spencer reached them from the field. We could see the quondam lover raise his hat and let down the bars for her to pass. We could see Kate smile; we could see that they exchanged a word or two as she stepped through the gate and came toward us down the smooth green slope, while he replaced the bars and went up the road. Only a word or two, but it proved to be enough. Balzac tells of a quick-witted demoiselle who could *dépêcher une accolade* while mounting the staircase behind her duenna.

Kate was humming a tune as she approached the group by the spring. She had a heightened color and a conscious look about the mouth. Her eyes, cast down demurely, seemed looking for some wild flower along the shaven meadow-ground.

"Well, good-morning, Miss Kate," began Ketchum, taking her by the arm with an air of ownership which she seemed a little to resent. "Come tagging after the men, have you? Couldn't keep away from us. No; I thought not. That's the way with the ladies all. Isn't that so, doctor?"

Mr. Ketchum, though a man of business habits and a Sunday-school superintendent, was by no means a person of severe and gloomy mien. He often said that in his view religion should be a cheerful and not an ascetic thing. In his business he found it more profitable to be "genial" than "stuck up." Though not "a drinking man," as he would explain, he would take a drink upon occasion with commercial or political acquaintances, and would himself insist upon "setting 'em up all round" with hospitable iteration whenever the business in hand required such lubricants. Though holding strict views touching the observance of the Sabbath,

he was, on the whole, a progressive and liberal spirit, and in the famous contention in St. Swithin's Church as to the propriety of singing operatic selections he held with the popular side. He was secretly adored by the young ladies of the choir and of the Sunday-school, who esteemed his air of mingled gallantry and playfulness as the perfection of high-bred wit, to be met on their part only with applauding giggles and cries of, "Oh, Mr. Ketchum, *do* stop making me laugh! You're *too* funny!" etc., etc.

But to-day this excellent fooling was for some reason thrown away on Bob, who sullenly declined response to Ketchum's appeal and made as though he heard it not, ransacking the hamper in silence to find the corkscrew.

"We saw you talking with Spencer at the fence," pursued the humorist, winking at the unresponsive Bob. "I guess I shall have to be looking after Spencer. Come, now, tell us what he said. Did he promise to dance at the wedding?"

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" said Kate, disengaging her arm and darting a look expressive of rather complicated emotions at her prospective bridegroom. "I want some lunch. Is there any pie, pa?"

"No pie here. Don't want any such flummery round here. Good, plain bread and meat, cider, boiled eggs," answered my uncle, with his mouth full of the last-named item.

"Come, step up to the counter and ask the squire for a glass of cider," urged Ketchum.

"Cider goes to my head," answered Kate, with a pout; "but I want a sandwich.—And, Charley, get me a glass of spring-water, please.—Bob, you bad boy, what made you run off just after breakfast? I've scarcely seen you yet, and I've got lots of things to talk to you about."

"Fire away," said Bob, who had found the corkscrew and was opening a fresh bottle.

"Well," remarked Mr. Ketchum, consulting his watch, "time's up with me, so I'll clear out and give you a chance. I know Kate has got lots of things to talk to me about, too, but she's too bashful to

say them before company. So you'll have to be patient, Katy, and keep 'em till next week."

"Oh, go along with you," replied she. "I haven't *anything* to say to you,—not anything at all."

One perceives that our poor Kate was nothing of a Beatrice and had little else at command in the shape of repartee than the sauciness of any old-fashioned Yankee girl.

"Well, good-morning, Mr. Craig; good-morning all. Ta-ta, Katy; keep up your spirits, and try to get along without me for a while." And Mr. Ketchum took himself off.

Presently, Kate put her arm into Bob's and strolled down into the pastures, leaning against his shoulder, talking and laughing. My uncle had already started for a distant corner of the hay-field, to examine a fence that needed repairs, and thus the lunch-party broke up.

The wedding was appointed for the 10th of July. On the evening of the Fourth there were fireworks on the village green. Our house fronted on this centre of disturbance, and as soon as it grew dark the family and many neighbors assembled on the piazza and in the yard, which was filled with chairs and settees, prepared to witness what the local press afterward described as a "grand pyrotechnic display." The scene, in sooth, was not without its qualities. In the middle of the green was a platform thickly sown with torches, by whose smoky glare an infuriated brass band performed discords. The Eagle Hotel was brilliant with candles in every window, and its stoop was crowded with the sturdy yeomanry of the vicinage. Fantastic lights and shadows flickered over the turf, and a ring of darkness shut in the whole, save where a few Chinese lanterns twinkled among the trees of some patriot's doorway. Into this outer blackness the fireworks cast momentary illuminations, and here, upon the skirts of the village, the boys lay in wait for the dropping of the rocket-sticks, useful in the construction of kites. I was in those days a keen

hunter of the rocket-stick, and, though larger game may since have crossed my path, I am ready to maintain that there is an excitement in that mystic nocturnal chase which nothing in later life can quite supply. The flight of a rocket! You wait in the shadow with a beating heart, till suddenly—a rush—a scream, and the noble creature sails heavenward with the deliberate grace of a serpent or an eagle, hovers an instant above the world in a column of dissolving fire, and then a soft explosion, and a few lambent stars, crimson and green and violet, come dropping earthward through the summer night; and away we go after them, plunging into the dark, with eyes fixed on the course of the meteors and ears straining for the thud of the sticks as they hit the ground. Sometimes they fall on a roof, sometimes in a pond,—and then I have known the entire hunt to leap in after them, clothes and all, in the heat of the chase.

On this particular evening I had been unlucky, and had secured only one short stick. I was posted alone in a field north of the green, near the Whistleville pike, and most of the rockets had taken a different direction. For half an hour there had been nothing put off but blue-lights, pin-wheels, and such small deer. I had begun to despair of further prey, and had just made up my mind to strike out for home and claim my share of the lemonade and sponge-cake which I knew that Hannah was to distribute among the spectators in our front yard, when—*fr-s-h!*—the blackness overhead was cleft as by an arrow of flame. The head burst just above me, and the sticks descended toward the north side of the field.

"By the mighty, I've got 'em!" I chortled* in my joy, and started across the field on a run. Farther yet—farther! They'll drop beyond the fence, perhaps in the road, perhaps in the next lot. And, indeed, just as I reached the fence the sticks fell. They struck the top of a carriage that was driving along the road, and frightened the horses so

* For "chortle," *vide* "What Alice Saw through the Looking-Glass."

that they reared and plunged. The night was dark, but I could see the figure of a man standing at the horses' heads, and I heard from the carriage a woman's voice—a voice that I knew—saying, in a low, agitated tone, "Oh, George, what was it? Take me back! please take me back! I wish I hadn't come."

And then I heard the man—whose voice I recognized also—answer soothingly, "It's nothing, darling: nothing but one of those cursed rocket-sticks, that startled the horses a bit. But they are all quiet now. They're perfectly gentle. Don't be afraid, dear. Keep hold of the reins a minute till I jump in."

And in a trice he was in the carriage, and the team was off down the road at full speed. It had all happened so quickly that I had had no time to think what it meant. I had even forgotten the rocket-sticks, till the tramp of feet and a rush of boys across the field recalled my mind to the quarry, which had now somehow lost its importance.

"Say, young feller," the foremost called out, "did them sticks fall anywhere round here?"

"In the road, somewhere," I answered indifferently. And, leaving them to search for them, I hurried home and joined the circle in the front yard.

"Where is Kate?" I whispered, as soon as I had picked out my aunt Sophia from among the mothers in Israel who were purring gently in the back seats.

"Kate went into the house with a headache, Charley, some time ago. Perhaps you had better go and see how she is, and ask her if I can do anything for her."

I ran up-stairs and knocked at Kate's door. No one answered. I opened the door. The room was empty, and the lamp burning. Then I looked for Bob, and found him at the front gate, making himself agreeable to a local young woman.

"Cousin Bob," I said, "come into the house, please, a moment. Something important."

"Important! Been blowing your fingers off with a toy cannon?"

"No. Please come in. Really and truly it's important. Come."

Bob excused himself and followed me into the hall.

"Kate has run off," I said breathlessly.

"What do you mean?"

"With George Spencer," I added.

"Where? When? Who told you so?"

I explained as rapidly as I could.

"Come into the office," said Bob.

We found my uncle seated at his desk, writing. The front door was sternly closed, that he might seem to lend no countenance to the fireworks, which he disapproved of as frivolous and dangerous inventions, liable to set fire to barns and other property,—whereby plaintiff hath suffered great damage.

"Tell him what you saw, Charley," said Bob.

I entered upon my narrative, my uncle listening with a dazed expression, and, when I had finished, breaking out with, "Hey! What? Kate in a wagon? Who with? Spencer? Where was she going?"

"Toward Whistleville."

"Whistleville? What for?"

I hesitated, and Bob came to my relief: "Why, it is very clear, sir, I think, that the girl has run off."

"Run off! Flummery! What would she want to run off for? The boy has made a mistake. Kate is out looking at the fireworks. Saw her myself half an hour ago."

"No," I cried eagerly, "Aunt Sophia says she went into the house some time ago with a headache; and I looked in her room, and she wasn't there."

"Then she is just taking a little drive. Run off! What should make her run off? Stuff and nonsense!" But he rose from his desk with an anxious look and grasped the apple-tree stick that stood in the corner by his chair.

"I'm afraid it's more than that, sir," said Bob gravely. "Kate has been acting queer the last few days. She's too good a girl to do anything in a premedi-

tated way that would give us all pain. But, then, the best girls have romantic notions, and she may have given way all of a sudden. She used to be very fond of Spencer at one time, you know; and it isn't likely—is it?—that they would be just taking a drive all for nothing at this hour of the evening."

"The miserable hound!" shouted my uncle, suddenly experiencing conviction and displaying an equally sudden energy. "Tell William to put Dick into the buggy—quick! Charley, run over to the post-office and tell Ketchum to come right over here. Send your aunt into the office."

"Hold up a bit," said Bob. "Dick's no good. We want the fastest pair they've got at the livery-stable, and a light wagon. Charley, dust out and order Scott to put in the best team he has got. I'll follow you there in a minute.—And if I were you, sir, I wouldn't notify Ketchum or say anything at all to mother. There's no use making a scandal, and it may be I can overtake them before the 10.35 train leaves Whistleville. They must be meaning to catch that. Time enough to kick up a bobbery if they get off."

"Do what you like, Bob," answered his father, sinking into his chair with an air of utter collapse.

"Run ahead, Charley," said Bob. "I'll take you with me.—You had better stay in the office, sir, till we get back, and act as if nothing had happened. I'll go up and lock Kate's door and tell mother that she is asleep and not to disturb her."

At this point I left the office, and cannot say what further conversation passed between father and son. But when Bob joined me at Scott's stables, some fifteen minutes later, he reported, with a shake of the head, that the governor was badly cut up.

Our team was a fast one, and hardly needed the cut of the whip that my cousin gave them as we turned into the Whistleville road. The night was dark and warm. The trees and bushes went by with a rush, and I had such a wild feeling of adventure that I could scarcely

keep from shouting aloud as Bob put the ribbons into my hands while he lighted a cigar and said, "Let 'em spin, Shorty! Give 'em head. They've got at least half an hour's start," he added, as he resumed the reins. Beyond this we exchanged no words about our errand, but bowled along in silence, having that shamefaced reticence in matters sentimental which prevails between a man and a boy. It was five miles to Whistleville. We had gone about half the distance, and had reached the top of a bare hill, when Bob pulled up abruptly. "Hark!" he exclaimed. "Is that the sound of wheels ahead?"

We both listened intently.

"No," I answered; "it's only the brook down in the hollow."

"Pshaw! So it is," said Bob.—"Get up!"

But, at the instant of starting, one of the hind-wheels rolled gently from its axle, the carriage toppled over on its side in a leisurely manner, and I found myself lying among the sweet-fern and huckleberry-bushes by the roadside. The horses stood perfectly still. There was a moment of silence, and then,— "D——n everything!" said Bob, from the ditch. He had kept hold of the reins, and neither of us was hurt, as the carriage, luckily, had no headway on and the fall was soft. "Strike a match, Charley, and look at my watch. I can't let go the reins."

"It is a quarter past ten," I reported, after some fumbling.

"The game is up," said Bob.

"It's only two miles and a quarter," I suggested: "couldn't we hoof it?"

"What! in twenty minutes? Not much we couldn't. We had just about time enough to make it with the wagon."

"We might get another wagon from a farmer."

"There's nothing but woods for a mile ahead. No; about face! The next time you see your cousin Kate, young man, her name will be Mrs. Spencer."

We unhitched the sweating team, drew the carriage off the road, and

started homeward on foot, Bob leading the horses and whistling softly as he went. About half a mile up the road we came to a farm-house, where the lights were still burning. Here we got a pole, and, putting in the horses, drove back to the village. It was near midnight when we reached the green, and the Fourth was over. A smell of gunpowder still lingered in the air, but the houses were dark, except where a few sleepless revellers kept wassail in the bar-room of the Eagle Hotel. We left the horses at the stable, and went directly to my uncle's office, where a light was burning. Bob shrank perceptibly from entering. There were voices inside, and, as we opened the door and walked in, we found Mr. Ketchum in the act of taking leave. He evidently knew nothing of what had happened, for his face wore its habitual look of smug self-satisfaction. My uncle, on the contrary, had an expression of ill-concealed nervousness, which deepened into alarm as his eye sought Bob's for tidings of our success. Bob shook his head. No one spoke.

Mr. Ketchum saw that something was the matter. "Anything wrong?" he inquired, looking from one to the other. "Anybody sick?"

"Sit down a minute, Ketchum; sit down," said my poor uncle. He made one or two efforts to speak, but his voice shook so that he could hardly utter a word. Finally, he controlled himself, and began, "I hoped it would turn out a mistake, or that we could stop it in time, and so I said nothing to you. But—but—I am terribly shocked—terribly mortified to have to tell you. My daughter has acted badly: she has disgraced her father. You can't feel worse about it than I do."

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter?" demanded Ketchum.

"Oh, let's have it out," broke in Bob, stepping forward. "Ketchum, she has run away with George Spencer,—this evening, while the fireworks were going on. They went to Whistleville, and I went after them as soon as we discovered it; but the wagon broke down on top of

Mosses Hill,—and so they've got off; and, upon my soul, I'm sorry for it, and I didn't think it of Kate. If she wanted to break with you, she might have done it fair and square. This running off in the dark is a shabby business. The girl has treated you badly, Ketchum, and the family owes you an apology."

Bob held out his hand, but Mr. Ketchum did not appear to notice it. His face went white and red by starts, and the passions of grief, anger, and shame chased each other over his broad cheeks like flying cloud-shadows across a meadow. "Why didn't you tell me this when I came in here to-night?" he demanded at length, facing my uncle.

"I thought Bob might catch the fools and bring 'em back in time to save this disgrace and hush the thing up," explained the runaway's parent.

"Oh! And you thought the girl was good enough for me anyway, even if she had run off with another feller."

"There was time to catch 'em; there was time to stop it, before they could get the down train, if the wagon hadn't broke down.—Mean, stinking wagons Scott always keeps!" he added, with parenthetic rage.

"Oh, the wagon broke down, did it?" sneered Ketchum, with a black look at Bob. "Yes; I've heard of that kind of wagon before.—I'll tell you what it is, Squire Craig, I can see when a job is put up on me as well as the next man, and I ain't going to swallow it so sweet and nice."

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said my uncle.

"I mean that I may not be a college-educated man or belong to a high-toned family, but as long as you felt sure I had the stamps you was glad enough to take me all the same, and so was the girl. But as soon as this report about the mill gets around, you shake me quick as a wink. And the joke is on you, after all. For, as sure as I sit here, that story about our paper's being protested in Thimblebury is a darned rotten lie, and the man that started it knows it's a darned lie." And he brought his fist down on the table with an emphasis on the

expletive that lent it almost the dignity of an oath and doubtless gave its utterer a delightful thrill of wickedness.

"So help me God!" said my uncle, after a pause, "I never heard any report of the kind till this minute, and it wouldn't have made a particle of difference with me if I had. I didn't want your money, and my daughter didn't want your money. I favored the match myself because I thought you a worthy, industrious young man of good principles and steady habits."

"It's a put-up job," asserted Ketchum, rising and taking his hat from the table. "I don't say that you are in it yourself, Mr. Craig,—and I dare say you ain't; but your daughter is, clear enough, and so is her brother. Well, I wish you joy of your son-in-law,—a cuss without a cent, and that don't know how to make a cent for the life of him. As for that little flirt—"

"There," broke in Bob; "that'll do. Not another word. I took you for a gentleman, and I made you an apology accordingly, which I see I didn't owe you; but if you say anything—"

"Bob!" interrupted my uncle authoritatively. And, as Ketchum stalked out of the office, he continued, "The man has been insulting, but he has a right to feel hard toward us. Kate has treated him shamefully: she has treated the whole of us shamefully."

"Well," replied Bob, breathing short, "I don't defend the way she did it, but I'm glad she's done it, after all. That fellow is a cad to the bottom of him. I always thought so, and now I know it. Spencer's a gentleman, if he isn't anything else."

"Halloo!" exclaimed my uncle, recovering his usual manner as his eye fell on me. "What's the boy doing here? No place for boys. Time to be abed. Here,—here's a dollar for your savings-bank: buy fire-crackers next Fourth. Off to bed with you." And I withdrew.

Here is the letter which my tearful aunt Sophia received from Kate a day or two later. I found it last week in a

bundle of yellow papers in the little hair-cloth trunk under the garret-stairs. *Eheu fugaces!*

"NEW YORK, July 6, 18—

"MY DEAR, DEAR MOTHER,—Will you ever forgive me? You must, for I am so happy. I know that I have done very, very wrong; but George was so impetuous. He had a presentiment that unless I went with him that night we never should be married. You know what a strong *will* father has, and I did not dare to face the *scene* that would have taken place if I had broken off my engagement with Mr. Ketchum in the usual way. Poor Mr. Ketchum! I have treated him very badly, and I *did* like him—in a way. But, mother, I found that I could *not* marry him. He was too vulgar. Only think! I discovered that he had bought a book called 'Etiquette and Eloquence; or, The Perfect Gentleman,' telling about how to behave in company, etc.; and he used to learn little speeches out of it and say them to me when he called. Please all of you forgive me, and write to me at No. 137 Blank Street, where we are boarding. George has a good situation with his uncle, who is an architect and is going to take him into partnership some day. I wish you could see how happy I am.

"Ever your own loving daughter,
"CATHERINE C. SPENCER."

"P.S.—We were married that evening at Whistleville, by Rev. Dr. Quickly, in ten minutes. We have heard of poor Bob's accident with the wagon. Dear Bob! how I love him! Ask him to pardon us for it."

It is needless to add that every one came round in time,—even my uncle, who held out manfully for several months. Even Mr. Ketchum, if he did not forgive, at least forgot so far as to marry a rich young woman of Thimblebury, with whom he subsequently moved to that flourishing burg and to higher spheres of usefulness in business life.

HENRY A. BEERS.

AN AFTERNOON IN A FRENCH HAMLET.

I THINK what decided us to pass the afternoon there was the music of a French horn,—a bewildering, distracting, fantastic strain, compounded of wonderful odds and ends, fragments of songs and operatic airs, as if a dozen music-boxes had broken loose in the player's head and the medley conveyed somehow to the vibrating tube of his sonorous instrument. When the strange, wild music first struck our ears, it seemed to come straight from the very heart of the forest, dilating the imagination with visions of some huntsman gone mad. But it turned out to be only the village musician playing an arrangement of his own, as he headed a wedding-party which had been taking its pleasure under the green boughs of the forest. For the little hamlet in which we had stopped for breakfast was on the skirts of the famous woods we had come from Paris to see.

We had hardly been an hour in the village before this wondrous music burst upon the still air. When we rushed to the windows of our little inn-bedrooms to see what it all meant, what was our delight to behold a most enchanting wedding-procession coming directly from the midst of the woods down the path that led into the village street! The *cortège* was headed by two musicians, one blowing vigorously into the brass tube of his French horn, the other carrying his violin and bow beneath his arm. The bride and her groom came next, and behind them there filed a long line of peasants in their holiday array. We were in luck. We had chosen for our day's outing Saturday, the wedding-day of the people all over French soil. This particular wedding-party, after the good old custom, which even the Parisian workmen and *bourgeoisie* keep up, had gone into the forest to take an airing; for a wedding in France among the people that does not include a drive or a walk under the open sky or beneath

the green boughs of the nearest park or woods is no wedding at all. How many such wedding-parties have I seen in the Bois, and followed as they wandered about through the leafy paths, or watched as they sat at the long tables of the open-air restaurants to eat the marriage breakfast! Daudet's Sidonie, who on her wedding-day breakfasts at Véfours and drives to the Bois with her numerous *cortège* of gayly-dressed friends in white silk-lined carriages, is very far from being the bridal party of my predilection. Frequent observation has developed a taste for plebeian weddings, as furnishing a more natural *mise-en-scène*. I have always fancied the bride's song had a heartier ring to it when she was too poor to sing it to the click of glasses filled with Mumm's extra dry. What luck to catch a glimpse of a peasant-bride here in her home-setting, with the frosts and the suns of the meadow on lip and brow! I gathered up my skirts and fairly flew down the steep stone stairway of the little inn, to meet the procession as it came down into the street.

The musicians stepped past quickly, and then I saw that the bride was a fresh, keen-eyed brunette, with a color on her cheeks that made the flowers she carried seem faded. She wore her bridal finery of white alpaca and tulle veil with the native grace of all born Frenchwomen, although it pleased me to see that she carried the train with a certain *naïf* awkwardness, looking over her shoulder at it with the furtive glance of secret pride. Both her step and her carriage were those of one used to free ankles untrammelled by the discomfort of long skirts. I presume it was out of compliment to the exquisite cleanliness of the little street that she let the train sweep its full length behind her; for a satin-shod foot could have traversed its entire distance without fear of soiling.

The groom was a dapper, smartly-dressed little man, who wore his wed-

ding-favors with the air of one to whom matrimony carried no terrors. There was nothing of the peasant about him. His waxed moustache and tightly-frizzed locks suggested a knowledge of the world undreamed of by the simple rustics who followed him. He was so much a man of the world as to be annoyed that his bride could not keep step with him. Every few moments they stopped to try a fresh start, but they always fell out again after a few paces. Then he would bite his stiff moustache and mutter something in a tone very unlike that of tenderness. French bridegrooms, I have noticed, have none of the meekness of their transatlantic brethren. They think, I presume, that in the matter of discipline one cannot begin too soon.

But the most interesting part of the procession was not the chief figures, but the long line of peasants who composed the wedding-party,—the women in their black skirts, spotless aprons, and gay kerchiefs, the men carrying flowers in their button-holes and at the sides of their peaked felt hats, and the children in brand-new *sabots* and their tight, close-fitting little caps. It all made a charming picture, these coarse, work-worn faces and their rustic finery, set into the framework of the beautiful quaint old street, with the sunlight falling on the rickety houses and tumbling walls, and the blossoms of the delicate pink peach sprays shedding their perfume upon them. The women, I noticed, had the slow, sluggish movements of those accustomed to carrying heavy burdens or to toiling through deeply-furrowed fields. Even now, on this festive occasion, the grave music of their step seemed incapable of taking on a lighter, brisker measure. Their faces also were attuned to a serious cast of expression, and there was a soberness in their smiles which seemed curiously out of keeping with the occasion. It is a mistake to suppose the French peasant of gay, light-hearted nature. His temperament differs with the province in which he is born and lives. It is true that the *méridional*

has all the devil-may-care joviality of the Southern-born man: the sun warms his blood and makes him look smilingly at things. But the peasant of the North is for the most part grave, taking sober views of life and his toil. On this wedding-occasion this characteristic was plainly made manifest. These marriage-guests, trying vainly to keep step with the jolly mad music of the inventive horn-player, were like some long-unused instrument which requires much tuning before it gives forth a gay air.

I continued to follow them down the winding street, till I saw the entire procession entering the door of a long, low house, which shut upon them when all were in. The wedding-feast was set within, doubtless. Then I remembered that my own breakfast must be growing cold at the inn.

When I entered the large, low dining-room, I found my friends breakfasting in company with our host, a fine, noble-looking peasant, whose robust torso was covered with the inevitable blue blouse. There was also a young man present, whom he introduced as his son, and whose faded velveteen jacket and flashy cravat seemed strangely out of keeping with the long checked apron his father wore. There was also a sweet fresh-faced girl, in wooden *sabots* and an odd high coif, who waited upon us, and a kid that followed the girl and nibbled at the bits from the table that fell to the floor. Conversation was going on at a rapid rate, and I found the topic was America. One of our party, who had lived on a ranch in the far West, was explaining to the older peasant the life there: he was dilating on the chances of gain, on the vast stretches of country, the great herds of cattle he had owned, and the money he had made. The old man listened to him as he might to the tale of an Eastern romance. There was no lighting of the eye with the eager interest and the balancing of possibilities we had seen exhibited by a Cornish farmer only a few weeks before, when a similar conversation had taken place. Père Picard nodded his head approvingly, as if the story pleased him from a

purely impersonal point of view, saying, as his eye wandered to the narrow window-casement through which one could see the carefully-tended little vegetable-garden, "Ah, yes, America is a great country; a great country. But—France is good enough for us Frenchmen." And he smiled radiantly, as he fed the chickens that came in through the open door, as if the point were incontestable. There was something quite imperturbable in his content. Only once did it give symptoms of being ruffled. Père Picard had a soul above cabbages, and that soul longed to see the great world. We were telling him of where we had been,—to England, to Germany, to Italy, etc.

"Ah, how fine it is to be young, to have money, and to travel!" he cried, interrupting us with a sigh of envy.

"Yes, that is one of our national faults. You French stay at home, but we Americans run about all over the world."

"It is not a fault; it is a quality," he replied, with the nice discrimination of the fine French mind.

Père Picard was an admirable type of his class. He had that remarkable combination of ignorance and intelligence which makes the French peasant such a riddle to those who do not understand him. In his own sphere he showed a really surprising capacity and shrewdness. He had also the conversational ease and quickness of apprehension characteristic of the Frenchman in whatever rank of life he may be born. But his ignorance of matters and things in general—such information as the weekly newspaper conveys to even the most isolated backwoodsman in America—was really grotesquely funny. He spoke with deep commiseration of the widow of Washington, whose demise he supposed to have just taken place, General Garfield being quite too modern a name to have penetrated the classic reserve of the French provinces. His views of the ethnological mixture of races in the United States were much too hopelessly mixed to permit of our even making the attempt to set him straight. Indians, negroes, Brazilians,

and Esquimaux were firmly fixed in his mind as being our somewhat heterogeneous ancestry; and, as he observed our undeniably Anglo-Saxon skins out of the corners of his shrewd, keen eyes, it was easy to read his conclusion that we were lucky in being so white.

His son, for all his fine clothes, showed himself no better scholar. He had little to say, and, instead of joining in the conversation, contented himself with a true Frenchman's rude stare of admiration at the pretty girl of our party. When the talk turned on Paris, his interest fired, however: he wished *he* could be there; a man had some chance in such a city as that.

"Why not go? It is but an hour away."

"Ah, here a man is not free to do as he chooses,"—with a pregnant shrug of his shoulders.

"Do you mean that for me?" and his father turned upon him angrily. Then, in a voice full of scorn, he added, "*Monsieur mon fils* wishes to be a fine gentleman, to be an artist and live with the great wits and celebrities of Paris. We are too old-fashioned for him; we are like a *sabot* that leaks." It was evident that the velveteen jacket was a sign of revolt. There was all the width of difference between it and the father's coarse apron that lies between the old and the new generation.

After breakfast I asked the son to show me his sketches; for he had been telling me of them while the others were talking. He took me into a high, remote little room in one of the distant eaves of the old house, a room dark and barren, pathetically wanting in those pretty adornments which even the poorest artists contrive to place about their studios. But the sketches were admirable, showing real talent and an unusual breadth of handling. I told him so, and he laughed: "Talent? Oh, yes! wonderful. My father thinks so, at any rate,"—as if the question of his merits as an artist were a very obvious joke. Then he told me how unhappy he was because his father was so opposed to his being a painter. "But that is the curse

of our class. Born a peasant, you must forever remain a peasant. All the doors are closed against you; you must spend your life behind a plough, or be laughed to scorn as a fool and a ninny," he burst forth bitterly.

I could think of little that was encouraging to say to him, but patriotically suggested America as offering a wider field for his discontent. But I was obliged to hurry away, for I was anxious to take another stroll through the village.

When I went into my little bed-chamber to put on my bonnet, I found the sweet-faced peasant-girl there, turning down the sheets of the bed. As I entered the door there was the brisk staccato step of some four-footed creature behind me, running along the stone passage-way. It was the kid I had seen at breakfast. It came in with me, and, after an inquiring glance, as if looking for some one, it seemed satisfied, and proceeded to make itself quite at home on the goat-skin rug which served in lieu of a carpet. But there was evidently an affair of the heart between it and the pretty, sad-eyed girl, for it had all the restlessness of a lover. It got up, and was clearly only happy when following her about as she busied herself in filling the stone ewers with water.

"Does he always follow you about?" I asked.

"*Oui, madame*; he cries unless he is with me," she answered; then, a little while after, with the shyness of one not used to conversational amenities, she continued, "I brought him up on the bottle, like a baby. He had the misfortune to lose his mother when he was only fifteen days old. Since then he has never left me. I shall be sad when they kill him, he is such a knowing little *bichon*."

"You have no children, perhaps?" I said, noticing for the first time the small gold circlet on her marriage-finger.

"Ah, madame," with a fall in her sweet voice, "I lost my own, my only one, a few months since. I didn't think one *could* feel so badly,—for a baby. When it died I prayed to the Virgin

Mary to die too. Then we came here, and I had the house to look after, and *bichon* to nurse, and I had no time to cry." As if conscious of his mission in life as a comforter, *bichon* lifted up his voice and bleated in sympathetic response. She took him up in her arms then, and stood for a moment in the door-way, with the kid's four legs in mid-air and his head nestling in her bosom. And so she carried him as she followed me on my way down the steep stairs. My friends had already gone into the forest, Père Picard said, and had left word that I was to follow. But I preferred to stroll down the beautiful, quaint village street and get better acquainted with its lovely ancient face.

From the very beginning of our journey the little village had been wooing us to fall in love with it. It had been among the first of its charms that, with the instinctive reserve of quaintness, the hamlet lay some distance away from the railroad. We had approached it by no less a last-century process than a genuine stage-coach drive, with the accessories of a scarlet-habited postilion, bell-harnessed steeds, and the ringing notes of the traditional bugle. The kerchiefed peasant-women who crowded the *intérieur* of the little stage got us in tune, as it were, for the thoroughly rustic character of the people and the little hamlet, which latter, though but an hour from the most intensely modern of modern cities, seems a thousand years away from it. Indeed, everything about the little village suggested that it dated back to the Crusades.

But on this fresh spring morning, as we had rattled over the bright, cobble-laid little street, it was made very evident that even the ghost of that mediæval fear had long since been consigned to oblivion. The great arched doors opening into the large court-yards were stretched wide apart, the hens and the goats were nibbling peacefully away at the straw, the narrow windows were raised, the toppling walls making no braver defence than such as moss, lichens, and running vines could provide, and apparently not a soul in the entire vil-

lage was left to stand guard in case of a marauder's sudden assault on the chickens. What had become of all the people? Was it a deserted village? If it had not been for the brilliant noon sunshine which gave the street the animation of its dancing light, and a little group of children sitting quite unconcernedly in the middle of the roadway with the assured air of being undisturbed in their play, the little hamlet would have been as uninhabited as an empty grave.

"Where are the peasants? *Ma foi!* they're over yonder," answered our brilliant-garmented postilion in response to our inquiries, pointing east and west to the tilled fields which ran out to meet the horizon in their level greening beauty. "It's only the *vieilles mères* and the children who can stay at home, to keep the soup stirring, in such weather as this."

Our neighbors in their high coifs nodded an emphatic assent, and laughed among themselves. It pleased them to see the ignorance of us fine folk. It was the hour of the *grande-boire*, one of the women explained,—the peasant's mid-day meal. As we looked over the broken, irregular lines of the high wall, we could see that the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were alive with groups of workmen and women resting from their toil. Across the meadows came their strong, coarse voices and their short, high laughter, which, as they reached our ears, seemed the right music to match with the bursting vigor of the early spring: it was the rude canticle of the plough.

One particular group among these peasants I remember as taking their hour of ease under the shade of a large maple. There were some women among them, most of them loling on the grass and mopping their hot faces with their great cotton kerchiefs. The tree was the only one standing in the midst of a large area of fields, and these peasants had had to walk some distance over the rough ground to reach it. I could not help thinking how a solitary tree like that, in a country whose every

inch of ground is too valuable to spare space for trees to grow, becomes at once shelter, shade, an out-of-door inn,—a home, in a word. Imagine growing to love such a tree as a child, when one had played beneath it, counting upon it as a refuge in the later years of toil, and then try to think of the grief and consternation if the tree were cut down and the place left bare. Such a loss would be as cruel as death.

"*Ah, mais oui*, the peasants love their trees,—there are so few of them; they know every branch, when it begins to grow and when it dies," interpolated one kerchiefed neighbor, as she heard me speaking my thought to a French friend who was with us. And now, as I was strolling down the bright sunlit little street, I noticed how few trees there were: none at all along the cobble-laid pavement that ran up close to the walls and the houses. Some small fruit-trees growing within the stone enclosures of the farm-houses shot their pink-and-white bell-flower blossoms above the tops of the high walls, and vines there were in plenty, running riotously over houses and roofs, and flower-pots could be seen blooming in the narrow window-casements. If the village had been set out for purely picturesque purposes of grouping, this sparse foliage could not have been more perfectly "composed." The vines made a leafy curtain which softened the harsh outlines of the pointed black roofs, artistically draping the stained façades of the older houses. Those irregular sprays of the budding fruit-trees, suddenly pink and marvellously white against the blue of the sky, produced that charming effect of nature, suggested rather than defined, which makes the Japanese artist's touch so subtly poetic.

As I walked along the beautiful little street, peering into the farm-yards and catching glimpses of delightful interiors, of brick-laid floors and bright fires and rows of shining pots, I noticed how each separate house, and even each courtyard, had its own distinct physiognomy, showing indeed far more individuality of character and expression than the faces

of the old dames and children who came to the windows to see who was passing. For all the peasants of this village bore a certain family resemblance to one another, having that kinship which comes when for generations the inhabitants of a small hamlet have married and intermarried.

One of the children who had been staring at me through one of the tiny diamond-shaped panes, braver than the rest, or more curious, came out and stood gravely eying me from the better vantage-ground of the open arched doorway. It made a quaint little figure in that old setting, with its woodenish round little face in a tight frilled cap, a ridiculous little pale braid sticking from beneath the latter, and the two fat little legs sunk in the monstrous *sabots*. It was evidently of the opinion, however, that of the two I was by far the more ludicrous object; for, after a critical survey of my English felt hat and my tailor suit, the moon-shaped little face lost its woodenishness and laughed outright.

"Why do you laugh, *mon enfant*?"

There was a long moment's pause, when I thought I detected a flicker of fear. But the little maiden was made of good stuff, and she had all the frankness of the critic. "*Ah, c'est si drôle!*"—it is like a man," looking me full in the eyes.

Having learned the effect produced on the infant rustic mind by a costume in accordance with the most approved Paris fashions, I preferred to carry the conversation to less dangerous ground.

"Do you go to school?"

"*Oui.*"

"And after you stop going to school, what shall you do?"

"I shall work in the fields,—like my sisters."

"Shall you always work in the fields?"

"Oh, no: I shall be married; then I shall spin." This with such placid certainty of assurance that it made me smile in my turn; seeing which, and as if to confute all possible doubt, she added, "*Grand'mère* is spinning my linen, and *mon père* is laying by my *dot*."

Fearful of smiling again, I dived into my pocket to search for my *porte-monnaie*, that I might make this bride-elect a practical demonstration of my admiration for so well planned a life; but I found only a twenty-franc gold piece.

In my dilemma I turned to find the nearest shop, where my gold piece could be changed into less ruinous gifts. The slender resources of the village in the matter of ready money came to light by means of this little transaction. I went into the first shop, whose realistic sign of a large cabbage and a brand-new broom seemed to promise a large range of commodities; but the old woman of whom I made my request looked all through her cash-drawer in vain, for old bits of flannel seemed far more numerous than coppers in the little empty compartments. "*Désolée, madame*, but she had no *petite monnaie*; if *madame* would but step across the way, *Monsieur le marchand de tabac* might be able to furnish the change." And *madame* stepped across the way. But the tobacconist, who suspended his occupation of tailoring to become the most polite of cigarette-venders, was equally bankrupt in change. His regret was expressed in a voice poignant with grief; but with unblushing candor he frankly admitted his doubt that I could procure the requisite amount of *petite monnaie* in the entire village. Determined not to disappoint my chubby-faced little friend, who was watching operations through the doorway, I opened negotiations for a small loan of the coppers the obliging tobacconist had on hand,—for an English hat and French spoken with an accent are the only letter of credit one needs on French soil.

Just as I was turning to leave, after a French salute had been bestowed on both cheeks in payment for the coppers, an old woman stepped to the farm-yard door, calling the child; a moment after I heard her calling me. It was too much, she protested; the child would not know what to do with so many sous, and would not *madame* step in and rest for a moment? She was so evidently in earnest, and my curiosity was so great to

see the inside of one of these old houses, that I readily enough consented. The kitchen she led me into was perfect, with its ruddy brick floor, its brass-knobbed furniture, the white-curtained bed with its monstrous scarlet *duvet*, the yawning chimney, the spinning-wheel, and the rich old china hanging about the walls. Through the door, which faced upon the large court-yard, the barns and out-houses were in full view, the golden straw bursting through the barn-windows, and a cow's yellow coat gleaming from the gloom of its stall. Soon the inmates of the barn-yard made their appearance in the little kitchen. First a procession of chickens came to take a good look at me; then the goat and the kid followed, to make sure I was not eating up their supper; and the pig, after a grunt of disapproval at having company at all, proceeded to shove me aside from the chimney-corner as he seated himself in its coseyest nook.

"*Dame! sont toujours comme ça :* they want to see all that's going on," said the old *mere*, with a little chuckle of satisfaction.

It was easy to see they were considered quite as part of the family and their prejudices and tastes respected. Then I asked her about the old furniture, and I found each separate piece had its history. The desk was a Henri IV., descended from her ancestors; the beautiful carved wardrobe came from the palace yonder when it was sacked in '92. Those yellow plates had been set before the dainty Marie Antoinette, and the eight-legged table had been bought for a song after Napoleon fell. It is little wonder, I thought, that the French peasant is rich. He possesses the national taste for "collecting," and leaves to his children solid mementoes of his choice in good furniture.

When I rose to take leave, the old dame bade me farewell with a simple grace and an old-fashioned courtesy a Parisian dowager might have envied. And I remembered afterward, when I thought over her gentle refinement of manner, contrasting it with the hard, brusque ways of our New-World farmpeople,

what a French friend had once said in commenting on this fact,—that the old *noblesse* had civilized France, the influence of their elegance and fine manners being traceable to this day throughout the whole country, and that, in proof of what a code of courtesy they had established among the peasantry, it was a fact that wherever a French court had once lived, or even had been established for a short period of time, the manners of the country-people were noticeably more refined than in other places. I was quite willing to believe that old *Mère Bertrand*, as I found she was called, had learned her good manners from the first duchesses in the land,—duchesses whose blood was too pure to have escaped the guillotine.

As I turned down the street, wondering which way I should go, I saw something which brought me back with a start from courts and guillotines to the very latter part of the nineteenth century. It was nothing less modern than an artist's easel, planted beneath the eaves of an old ochre-tinted, dormer-windowed house. In front of the easel was seated a trim, jauntily-dressed young woman, who was sketching away for dear life. She was much too busy to be conscious of my approach, or even to heed my audacious curiosity as I looked over her shoulder. Why is it that an artist's sketch, if we catch sight of one on an easel in the open air with the artist in front of it, always seems a kind of public property, which we criticise so much more freely than we should dare to do an unknown writer's manuscript? Is it that writing is a more personal thing than art, or that there is a more universal interest and sympathy with even a poor picture than with a good essay or a fine poem? This young woman's sketch was very far from being poor; it was even masterly for a feminine brush. It was a vigorous drawing in black and white of an old woman in tattered garments bending over a rude broom made of fagots with which she was sweeping. Looking up, I saw the model was unconsciously posing for the sketch, as directly in front of us were two or three old women busily sweeping

the village street with their primitive brooms. They were sad, bent old creatures, with years of hard toil written on face and hands, and the artist, with admirable poetic feeling, had sketched in the outlines of the outlying country, with its stretch of long tilled fields, and its few melancholy poplars, over which she had hung a curtain of dull, sombre sky. The whole picture breathed the pathos of that patient toil whose work is never done and whose narrow, dreary destiny seems fixed and unalterable. How few were the strokes, but how powerful the story!—the story that Millet, Rousseau, Vallou, and Breton have told on their world-famous canvases! I think that is what makes the chief merit of modern French art, and, indeed, of the best modern literature as well. The great pictures and the best novels put us in relation with people and conditions of life that lie outside of our own world, and which our duller sense and sight would have found little in common with. But there comes the genius of Millet or George Eliot, and, behold! toil, in the patient acceptance of its narrow lot, its hopeless monotony, its humorous aspect, and its pathetic ignorance, is as an open book to us. As I walked away from the absorbed young artist sketching her old women, all the village and the people in it were invested with a new meaning. Art had come, at whose touch the commonplace was made one with beauty.

I had been walking so quickly, hurried on by my thoughts, that I had reached the outer edges of the forest before I realized just where I was, when a barking of dogs made me turn my head. Looking down a side-lane, I saw half a dozen fine setters rushing toward me, followed by a gentleman and lady. The gentleman was in knickerbockers and a gay scarlet vest, while his companion's great Gainsborough hat and graceful *tournure* made me wonder what a Paris toilet could be doing in this old village. The forest, the dogs, and the scarlet vest ought to have left me in no doubt. The dogs certainly meant to demonstrate their rights of possession. They charged upon me in a body, bark-

ing as if their bodies were all throat. The gentleman hurried forward, calling them off in a loud voice. But I suppose they had scented my own beautiful setter I had left at home in Paris that morning, whose parting had been of a more than usually effusive order, for he was obliged to give the excited creatures a smart snap from his short riding-whip before they slinked off; then he begged my pardon in the purest of Parisian French. The lady joined him in excuses with her higher, sweeter treble, and I was almost grateful for the accident which made them speak to me, for they were a charming couple, she in the grace and beauty of her blond loveliness, bewitchingly set off by her piquant rustic costume, and he matching her in his dark manliness and the brilliant colors of his huntsman's dress. As our paths lay along the same road, they drew me into one of those delightful talks in which their urbane felicity of expression makes the French seem immeasurably superior to others in the art of conversation. They talked of the village, the peasants, the hunting,—which, the gentleman said, was ruined by the peasants setting traps for the hares and the foxes,—and then they talked of Paris. I could not have told why, but when the talk turned on Paris and its gay life it seemed to me that the lady looked furtively at the gentleman, with an anxious expression on her sweet face. Then, looking at her more closely, I fancied there was a longing in her eyes which put out some of the bloom on her cheeks, and a tinge of sadness in her voice which only made its music the more penetrating.

That evening, when I went to bid old Mère Bertrand farewell, I heard a bit of gossip which proved my surmisings were not wholly false, for the hamlet would hardly have been a complete little village without its scandal. Had I remained there twenty-four hours longer, doubtless I should have found it as full of gossip as its chimneys were of smoke. Luckily, I left it in time to have the illusion of its being a Paradise dispelled only by the tale the *mère* told

me. It was the same old sad story of a woman's leaving all to gain love, and now her lover was tiring of the chain. They had been in the village two years, and he,—*il s'ennuie à mourir*,—all the world could see that, the old *mère* said. And, she added with subtle discrimination in her allotment of judgment, "It is a pity; for, *hors de cela*,—her living with him like that,—madame is a good woman, much too good for him; her purse is always in her hand. All the village has tasted of her charity."

Not knowing the dark blot on their lives, I was sorry enough to leave them that glowing spring afternoon, for soon my friends came along and I was obliged to hurry forward to meet them.

In comparing adventures, I found I had both gained and lost by not going into the forest with them. They were full of the beautiful strange sights they had seen: of the woodsmen felling the great trees, of the wildness and grandeur of the forest, more beautiful than our American forests, they thought, because it had a more humanized look, as if some one had once lived there (as, indeed, a great and famous court once had) and then had moved away. It might have been the very forest of Arden, such was its beautiful Shakespearian picturesqueness.

But it was no Audrey whom they met in the midst of the woods. It was the figure of an old woman bent nearly double, carrying a great load of grasses and fagots on her back. She was walking into the village, she said; when they asked her if carrying such a burden did not tire her, "Ah, no, she was used to it; she had always done it,—always cut grasses and taken them into the village." It was hard work for an old woman like her. "*Dame!* people must work or starve: some cut trees, and some worked in the fields: she preferred to cut fagots." And they left her staggering under her great load, but with contentment in her heart. She came in sight just then as we were talking about her, and walked, or rather crawled, so bent was she, past us down the village street. She stopped before one of the oldest and poorest of the

houses, and let the huge mass slide off her back with an ease and dexterity it went to one's heart to see. But, as she rose slowly and straightened herself, she recognized my friends and gave them a cheery enough greeting.

Almost unconsciously we had followed her down the street, and now, behold! as we were in the midst of it, it was quite another village that confronted us. Instead of the silence and stillness of the afternoon there was a Babel of sound, as of a hundred tongues let loose; for the little street was full of the bustle and life which come in French villages with the twilight hour,—that hour sacred to gossip and to knitting. All the farmhouse doors now were wide open, the stone benches were filled, and along what would have been the sidewalk, had there been one, several old dames had planted their three-legged stools and were sitting crooning together over their canes. There was a sound of steel needles in the air, and of tongues going faster than the needles, and of high, shrill laughter, and of the lusty evening salute of the crowing chanticleers. At the other end of the street some boys were shouting the "*Marseillaise*," lying flat on their backs, kicking their *sabots* in the air. Women fresh from the fields, with their rakes and hoes slung over their shoulders, stooped to kiss their children, who ran forward to meet them. Scattered among the groups were other peasants, whose holiday attire made it plain that they had been of the wedding-party. About them, I noticed, there was a larger circle of listeners than elsewhere,—for there was news of the very latest edition; and, from the comments and criticisms on the bride which we heard as we passed along, it evidently lost nothing by being retailed *viva voce*. What a picture it all made!—the chattering, picturesquely-dressed peasant-girls, surrounded by those wrinkled, toothless, turbaned old women leaning forward on their canes and tilting their rickety chairs in their eagerness to hear every word. The tumbling houses seemed to have taken on fresh new tints, and the hard lines of those coarse, work-worn faces were softened

to blend with the tender harmonies of the glowing twilight and the delicacy of the spring foliage; for the sun, like the great artist he is, had sent down through the little street a broad golden wave of color that transfigured all ugliness into beauty.

One figure among the many that peopled the little street remains indelibly stamped upon my memory. It was that of a handsome, tawny-haired girl who was busy carrying large bundles of hay to some cattle she was feeding. She seemed to take no part in the general idleness and the busy chattering, but went on with her work as if heedless of the bustle about her. I watched her for some little time, for there was something striking about her, about her bearing and her beauty, her frowsy coronal of reddish hair crowning a figure of noble, vigorous proportions, while there was a look in her face, as it loomed out from the darkness of the little stalls, that had a peculiar fascination. I noticed that she patted the dumb, patient creatures, as she fed them, with the caressing touch of one who loved them; and for a certain cow she took the pains to kneel down and rearrange its straw bed.

Just then a baby's wail smote the air, and the handsome herdsmaiden started. A second later the rough cobble-laid barn-yard was swept by the harsh music of the swiftly-flying *sabots*. She reappeared at the door-way with a babe in her arms,—a babe in the scarlet period of minuteness and presumably chronic colic, for its shrill shrieks were still piercing the air. I could not have told why, for she tossed and trotted the whining tiny thing with all commendable patience, but it seemed to me there was less of tenderness in the motions with which she soothed the child than in the strokes she had given to the coarse hides of her grateful cattle. When, later, she bared her full bosom to the child's insistent wants, there was no melting mother's look in the proud lovely face. As she was nursing the infant, some of the

neighbors passed her by without the usual greeting,—which made it easy enough to read her history. She was a *filie mère*, doubtless, for whose sin the people had found no such mantle of charity as that with which they had covered the transgression of the dainty lady at the château.

A few moments later we had reached the end of the village street. We were led on out and beyond it, to the skirts of the great plain that stretched out toward Paris, by the thrill of a nightingale's song. Behind us, all the babble of the noisy little street sounded now as faint and as dim as voices heard in a dream. The only things suggestive of life in the great stillness of that vast illumined sky and in the motionless calm of the plain were the chirpings of the crickets in the sweet freshly-turned earth and the throbbing notes of that wondrous song. Against the golden-vaulted background there was nothing to break the great expanse, save here and there the fluffy tops of some low copses of shrubbery, and, to the west, the pointed blackened lines of a jumble of roofs,—little hamlets that huddled together like sheep, as if fearful of straying. Then, in the twinkle of an eye, all the gold had faded out of the sky, the plains grew suddenly dark, and the picture of the moment before was but a blurred, confused blackness. It was then that there loomed out of the dimness two figures, a man and a woman, striding across the fields with slow, measured tread. Both had rakes slung over their shoulders, and the girl's hand was in his. Lovers they were, no doubt, for whom, hand clasped in hand, that rough ploughed ground was softer than the velvet of the turf and the dawning stars more brilliant than the light of morn. The little hamlet lay far behind us now, silent and dark. Only those two figures were etched against the gloom, fit symbols of the toil that all the world over is sweetened by the touch of love.

ANNA BOWMAN BLAKE.

FAIRY GOLD.



"HE HAD NO OTHER THOUGHT," PURSUED MR. MORRIS.—Page 57.

CHAPTER I.

THE burden and heat of the day always fell off my soul when I went into Madame Ramée's garden. Inside the great school-building everything was so conventional, so grim, and I knew, besides, so intimately each knot of curtain-fringe and rub on the furniture, that it was a feast for eyes and mind to see the tops of the maples and acacias waving in the wind and feel that here things might expand into the universal air. In a way, the garden meant for me life and freedom, youth and its dreams. When the white-stucco house was first built, it had stood in the midst of green fields; and as the suburban city grew, madame shut out the rows of sordid little tenements that had sprung up around by raising a high brick wall about her grounds. Luxuriant creepers clothed these walls, and there were few months

in the year when arabesques of blossom did not light up the cool greenery of ivy and woodbine. To-day the June roses were out, and the garden was at its fairest. I had been four hours at the piano, and now that I had my half-hour's recess I took my luncheon out of doors to eat it on the bench beneath the acacias.

Marion Hubbard, one of the elder girls, was sitting there. "Did you see a man looking through the slats in the gate, Miss Amber?" she asked me.

I had seen nothing.

"The sun was in your eyes," Marion continued. "He is there still, stooping down and peering in."

"Madame must resent his impertinence: I shall not. He cannot rob us of our garden."

I looked up at the sky through the interstices of the branches. This was a pretty nook under the acacias. In blos-

som-time there was a pleasant fragrance, and the gold-brown bees hummed there all the day long; then, in the fall, when the dry pods rustled, there was a different sort of music.

Marion looked at me with her dumb, dog-like, brown eyes. "You are tired, Miss Amber," she said.

"Miserably tired. Nothing annihilates me like giving music-lessons,—or, rather, teaching notes to beginners."

She continued to look at me wistfully. I had sometimes thought the young girl entertained a fondness for me, but I never exaggerated the worth of the affection of any school-girl, knowing it to be almost wholly the pressure of youthful emotions denied a natural outlet.

"What are you going to do this summer?" she asked.

"I shall stay here and look after the repairs."

"Is madame going to Europe?"

"Yes; she is invited to spend a month in Normandy with her husband's mother."

"She is taking an unfair advantage of you," declared Marion forcibly.

"Don't say so! Don't even think so!" I exclaimed. "You don't realize what she has done for me. I have had no other care than hers since I was twelve years old."

Marion smiled and shook her head. There was a certain stubbornness about this girl the moment an idea really took hold of her. The processes of her mind were hidden, but once in operation her fancies became incontestable and existing facts. "What shall you do here all alone?" she asked.

"The two little Cubans will stay with me. I shall let them play here, and I shall sit by, resting. To watch the weeds grow along the silent garden-paths is my notion of happiness."

"A second Mariana in the moated grange."

"On the contrary,—walking forlorn, with nobody to come or go, is what I look forward to. 'He cometh not,' or, rather, 'she cometh not,' is the answer to my prayer."

Marion smiled at me furtively, and we sat dumb for ten minutes more; then by the clock on the gray stone church-tower I could see that my half-hour was up. My last words still had their echo in my thoughts, and when all at once Madame Ramée appeared at my elbow I was startled, fearing she had heard my impatient complaint. It was my intention never to complain. I had long since discovered that it was essential for me not only to keep on good terms with madame, but to make her interests my own. I took care that our wishes clashed in nothing, for I knew that if I made reservations, gave an unwilling, half-allegiance, I might grow to be miserably discontented.

I was used to madame's noiseless methods of approach. She had crossed the grass which the rest of us were forbidden to tread on, and now appeared from behind the clump of laburnums at my left. "Mademoiselle," she cried shrilly, "you have a visitor."

"A visitor?"

"A relation."

"Is it Mrs. Burt or one of her sisters?"

"It is a gentleman,—connected with your mother."

My mother's only surviving relation was, as I knew, her younger half-brother. But it seemed so unlikely that he should have come to seek me that I remained silent and puzzled, while madame's habitually keen glance grew sharper with curiosity.

"Had your mother a brother?"

"A half-brother,—Henry Farnham."

"It is he, mademoiselle."

Still my imagination was not stimulated. I did not move.

"Go and make yourself fresh," ordered madame. "I will take your classes for an hour. He says he has not seen you for many years."

I rose, but did not remove my eyes from her face. I was accustomed to minute directions.

She shrugged her broad shoulders: "He is only your half-uncle."

"What would you have me do?"

She put her chilly lips to my cheek,—an habitual caress with her, but the least

caressing in the world. "Ah, *mon enfant*," she said effusively, "have I not supreme faith in thy fidelity and good sense?"

Her words implied a caution; but once out of her sight warm currents of blood began to run through my veins, and while I brushed my hair I recalled my madcap uncle Harry, always in scrapes and always in the highest spirits. The last present he had ever given me was in my dressing-case, and I put it round my neck, clasping it as I ran downstairs. At the door of the little reception-room I stopped short, trying to make out the figure on the holland-covered sofa.

He rose hastily and came forward.

"Uncle Harry!" said I, holding out both hands.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you are the girl I saw in the garden!" He had grasped my wrists and was looking into my face. I quite expected he would kiss me, but after a moment's eager scrutiny he dropped my hands abruptly and turned away. "Do you really remember me, little Millicent?" he asked.

My eyes were now accustomed to the gloom of the shuttered room, and I could make out his features. Some trepidation seemed to seize him as I looked: he tugged at his long, thick moustache in a manner that betokened nervousness. I had not seen him since I was ten years old, but I knew the set of the head, the rollicking air, and the dark laughing eye. "I remember you perfectly. I put on this"—here I held up the little locket and chain—"to show you I remembered you."

"Did I give you that?"

"The last time you came to see us you took me out to walk and bought it at a shop and put it on my neck."

"I don't remember. I haven't a good memory. Still, I do believe I knew you the moment I saw you in the garden. I said to myself, 'If that were Millicent, I'd go in and have a talk with her.'"

"I am glad you knew me."

"It was like a convent-garden, walled about. You reminded me of a nun in your black gown. I've seen

hundreds of them creep about with sad white faces in just such gardens,—always by couples, though. You were alone, and your handsome, high-spirited face was not spoiled by a veil, either black or white."

"I am a good deal of a nun, nevertheless."

"I dare say you are not corrupted by too many of the pleasures of this world," my uncle remarked, with a knowing little glance. "Well, I came on from Washington this morning, and I was just stepping on the ferry-boat, when it crossed my mind this was the place where you used to be at school. I thought I'd come and ask about you. I say," he added, dropping his voice, "Madame Ramée is a majestic woman." I nodded. "After I was once inside the door," he went on, "I grew nervous. I'm not fastidious about the treatment I receive in general, but I've got my susceptibilities, and I don't like to put myself in the way of meeting contempt. I reflected that I was not the sort of visitor often admitted into folds of innocent lambs, and I wanted to run away. But all at once, before I heard a sound, here she was. 'You inquired for Miss Amber?' she asked. I told her I was your uncle,—hadn't seen you since you were a little thing. She remarked that I had allowed many years to pass; and I admitted it. I said to her what I say to you, Millicent, that it is a confounded shame I've treated you so. But there were reasons,—reasons of all kinds. I was poor—I was not too—too—in fact, New Orleans is a long way off, and I rarely came North." He had taken a seat, but he moved uneasily as he spoke. It seemed as if he were little accustomed to social restraints and observances and felt himself cramped by them. "How many years is it since your mother died?" he inquired.

"Eight."

"I suppose your father's people—"

"Papa had neither brothers nor sisters, father nor mother. I know some of his cousins."

"By the way, isn't Snow Morris a relation of yours?"

"Yes; he is one of my father's cousins. I don't know him, but his sister, Mrs. Burt, has been very friendly at times, and I have met her sisters."

"I suppose they have helped you along."

"Helped me? I never expected it. I did not wish it. I have done very well. There was enough for mamma as long as she lived, and then twelve hundred dollars came to me. This was given to Madame Ramée for my board and education. Since I was sixteen I have taught in the school."

His discomfort seemed to grow with every word I uttered. "My life has been out of the common," he said,— "out of the common. I remember your writing me about your mother's death and your circumstances. I could no more have answered a word then, or have taken a step to see you, than if I had been chained in a deep dungeon. My old life seemed finished, dead, clean swept out of the world somewhere. Still, it comes back now as I look at you." He sat silent, biting the ends of his moustache and bending his strong, dark gaze upon me. "They must have treated you tolerably well here," he observed after a time, "or you could not have developed like this."

"Madame has been very kind."

"You wrote when the money your mother left was exhausted. I remember something about it. It was heavy on my conscience then that I could do nothing for you. Just at that time I had had a run of—of bad luck. I couldn't have laid my hands on a thousand dollars."

The idea of anybody's laying hands on a thousand dollars for me!

"Evidently that seems a big sum to you," he said, with his head on one side and a short amused laugh. "How much do you get here?"

"One hundred and twenty dollars a year."

"Ten dollars a month!"

"Of course I have my board; and madame often takes me on a journey in the vacation and pays my expenses."

"What do you do in the school?"

"A little of everything. I teach the

rudiments of music and French, I correct exercises and compositions, and I am study-mistress."

"How many hours a day are you kept busy?"

"I am dressed long before six, and am never in bed before eleven."

"You strain every nerve and labor incessantly for a hundred dollars a year!"

"A hundred and twenty dollars. Remember that I have no expenses except for my dress: I save money, in fact. I am very well off for a girl who earns her own living."

"I dare say you know more about everything than the highest-salaried teacher here."

"On the contrary, I am a mere smatterer. I have had no leisure to learn anything thoroughly."

"I'm glad of it. You're clever enough to do anything, but you were never cut out for a teacher, Millicent; no, by Jove! You were made for life; not to serve, but to be served. I don't see much society,—I have been in the best I could get, but it would probably seem to you pretty bad,—but I'm a judge of three things, a woman, a horse, and a dog, and you're a thorough-bred if there ever was one!"

His excited manner disconcerted me a little, and his comparisons hardly flattered me. He changed his seat from time to time, but always took pains not to approach me too closely, although his look and tone were intimate and familiar. As he had ranked me with the quadrupeds, I on my side could afford to indulge myself with the idea that he was not unlike a dog, who, when doubtful of his reception, first cringes, then, assured of kindness, is ready to burst into exuberant barks and jumps. But it was so evident to me that he was under the influence of strong kindly feelings that I was ready to humor his advances.

"I hate a spiritless woman," he went on. "If you had turned out a cut-and-dried school-ma'am I might have pitied you, but I should not have longed to alter your fate, as I do now. There are women who fill me with disdain. I

hate them to be careless with anything, slipshod in their dress or ways. You have beautiful hair, and it is dressed just as I like it. Your gown fits like the skin. Your hands and wrists are perfect. Just let me see your foot."

I stretched it out. Luckily, my boot was new.

"You *are* a thorough-bred," he murmured. "You deserve a brilliant fate."

His whim diverted me. Perhaps, too, his enthusiastic admiration disarmed my pride and my fastidiousness. He was my nearest relation, and had a right to praise me if he liked. I had thought with a certain envy of girls who are beloved, flattered, made the objects of a delicate homage. Nothing in life came to me unalloyed, and, instead of the delicately implied worship my instincts craved, it was, no doubt, characteristic of my destiny to offer me this sort of meed. I could not wholly admire my uncle. He was comparatively young, and really handsome, with large rather dull black eyes which occasionally lit up into mischievous brilliancy. His mouth was heavy, but with rich curves which suggested a sweet nature. Something plainly told me that he was unaccustomed to the respectabilities and proprieties which he nevertheless made a distinct effort to preserve. He constantly shifted his legs and arms, as if cramped in each position. He was sufficiently well dressed as to materials, but all his garments showed a cut which was unusual and suggested some individual and over-jaunty idea in his own mind to which he preferred to sacrifice the prevailing fashion. In his dark-blue satin scarf he wore a pin shaped like a horseshoe, with large stones which flashed like diamonds as they took the light, and his heavy watch-chain carried half a dozen glittering charms. Thus, looking him over, I knew very well that my poor uncle Harry was not a man of unimpeachable taste; but I found something in his face which triumphed over the flashy effect and made me love him. There was, too, genuine kindness in his voice, although it alternated between the rollicking and the fierce. It was as if

the sight of me had stirred long-disused emotions and opened deeps and perspectives into past and future in his mind. He questioned me concerning my likes and dislikes, and seemed desirous to know what my wishes and caprices would be if I were free to indulge them. I was guarded in reply, conjecturing that much of what we said was overheard, but I could not wholly repress a girlish feeling, which, after being curbed and straitened so long, leaped forth with sudden flashes at his suggestions.

"How should you like three years of downright loitering?" he asked me finally.

I laughed slightly: "Don't tempt me to think of it."

"You shall have it," he said. "I can afford it. I ought to take a rest. I lead too vagabond a life; I spare myself too little. Sometimes I have thought I did not care,—that I preferred a short existence and a full one, to indulge all my ambitions and all my wishes, and give up the idea of old age. But with a girl like you to live with,—to—" He looked at me with intense affection. "I don't suppose you could ever care about a rough fellow like me," he added. His words touched me. "Don't make professions," he broke in, just as I was about to speak. "Know me a year and a day before you make up your mind. You don't understand much about the career of anybody like me. Say, now, if you trusted a man,—found him clever, upright, honest, liking things decent and worthy in essentials, but indifferent to some of the niceties of refined life,—could you endure the fact that he was ill spoken of by the world?—I don't mean actually condemned, but rather slightly regarded?"

"If I really believed in him,—yes."

He regarded me with satisfaction.

"Read not my blemishes in the world's report; I have not kept my square,"

he quoted.

"So you read Shakespeare, Uncle Harry?"

"I know actors, and I heard them spout that. It gathered force in my mind as I turned it over." He took

out his watch. "I must go," he said. "I have business in New York, and to-morrow morning I must be in Saratoga."

"And shall I not see you for another ten years?"

He laughed: "You will see me within ten days. When I come back I shall have a clear scheme to propose to you. You are a girl to do beautiful things, grand things, to see life on its best side, and I want to offer you the opportunity."

"Be sure to come back, Uncle Harry."

"And will you think of me meanwhile?"

"Of course I shall think of you."

"And kindly?"

"Indeed it will be most kindly."

He came closer to me: "You are not likely to hear much about me, Millicent, but, if you do, don't trust it altogether. Wait until you know me. You may believe in me. I'm better than my record. I'm ready to throw off my old life like a glove and trample on it. I'm not more than half a bad fellow."

"I do believe in you." I put up my arms, drew his head down, and kissed him.

"I wouldn't have asked it," he muttered, with a sort of sob. "I'm hardly worthy yet, but—I—I'm going to begin and be a better man." He stood regarding me a moment in silence, then put his hand to his scarf and pulled out the pin. "You've kept that other trinket so long, I'll give you something better worth having," said he. "Here, take this: it will become your dark hair." He gave me no time to answer, but went out at once.

CHAPTER II.

I FOLLOWED my uncle into the hall; then, after the outer door slammed, I stood still for a moment, turning the horseshoe-shaped pin over and over between my fingers. I was thinking of what I must shortly tell Madame Ramée. She liked full confessions, and, as a rule, I admired her clear judgment. But certain airy possibilities had been suggested

in this interview which I shrank from submitting to her practical common sense. I knew by instinct that she would be inclined to resent any new plans for my life, and I felt inclined to wait a little and test the worth of the chance of my promised freedom before I talked about it. So far in life I had had no personal wishes, and this new experience presented ideas so far out of the common way as to stir the whole range of youthful sensations, desires, and powers.

While I stood preparing myself for madame's cross-examination, some one said, "You have had a visitor, Miss Amber."

I knew the voice, and did not look up: "An unusual circumstance, is it not, Mr. Harrold?"

"And you have had a present, too, which excites your admiration."

"Isn't it exquisite?" I cried, throwing as much force into my words as they would express, and holding the ornament up to him.

He bit his lip. Mr. Harrold was the Greek and Latin teacher, who came from New York three days in the week. He had been in many respects a kind friend to me, but there seemed always some reason for his finding me in fault, and from his look and manner now I could hardly help the conviction that, after seeing me friendless and lonely for three years, he was inclined to resent my not being friendless and lonely still. He was the youngest of the male teachers in the school, but the most inaccessible and by far the most stern. His forehead was broad, his mouth bitter and sad; his eyes were deep-set, clear, often brilliant, but there was apt to be a little frown between his brows. He had an abrupt way of speaking, which, always peremptory, was sometimes passionate; and on the least provocation his whole face and manner showed an indescribably indignant expression. Still, I liked his glance, which always seemed full of the mental force behind it, and, although I may have been afraid of him, he stirred caprices in me, and there was some piquancy in vexing him. "I was won-

dering," I said, "if these stones are real."

"Real diamonds? You know little enough about their value, Miss Amber, to think of such a thing. Diamonds of that size would be worth thousands of dollars."

"I must confess they look to me as if they were brilliants of the first water."

"You talk out of phrase-books and novels!" said he, angry at my affectations. But, while he spoke, he took the gold horseshoe in his hand, held it toward the light, then, going toward the glass door, scratched the pane. "It makes a mark," said he, with some surprise. "However, I know nothing of such things. An expert could tell you what the stones are worth. What are you going to do with it?"

"Wear it, of course." I slipped it through the knot of ribbon at my throat, then asked, with a pretence of coquettish concern, if it became me.

"You know very well that it becomes you. You study that sort of effect too much."

"Pray tell me, Mr. Harrold," I exclaimed with petulance, "when you have seen me study effects."

"Not a teacher or even a pupil in the school can compare with you for nicety and elegance. You have a parching thirst for whatever is rich and rare. It is impossible for you to accept plain and sober fashions. You ostentatiously vaunt your youth and good looks. You must be exceptional, piquant, daring, original."

I did not dislike the character he gave me, and I told him so.

"Oh, I dare say. But how well does it suit your surroundings, your real position, your expectations? However, with those inward rebellions of yours I hold it as extremely fortunate that some restraints are put upon your freedom. On my soul, unless you were meshed in by the fine wires of madame's rules, regulations, and routines, I don't know what would become of you."

The consciousness that I was at this

moment half dominated by the novel impressions my uncle's promises were stirring in my mind lent peculiar force to these words. I looked at Mr. Harrold deprecatingly. "Aren't you just a little—unjust?" I asked.

His eyes dropped before mine. "But then you fret, you irritate me so," he muttered under his breath. "Have you not been playing with my natural feeling of—of curiosity at finding you on such intimate terms with a stranger? I witnessed your parting." His pale face had flushed.

"But you have not asked me who he was."

"Whoever he may be, I distrust his looks. I saw him an hour ago looking in at the garden-gate. 'A wolf,' I said to myself,—'a wolf gazing hungrily at a fold of lambs.'"

I felt disdainful and not a little fierce, although my uncle Harry had said the same: "He is my uncle,—my mother's brother."

Mr. Harrold evidently regretted his outburst. "I beg your pardon," he began: "it did not occur to me—"

"No, it never occurs to you that I can be in the right. What you really thought I do not wish to know."

"He looked young enough to be your cousin."

I gave him a look which I meant should freeze him with my disdain. He felt it enough to realize at least that he had mirrored his uneasy susceptibilities rather unflatteringly in my mind, and he would have made an effort to remove the impression before it became fixed. He had no opportunity, for the classroom bell rang promptly.

"I am keeping you," I said, and drew back.

He gave me one glance, then, with a knitted brow, strode on to the platform. I heard his impatient "*Now, young ladies!*" as I ran up-stairs.

I had altogether forgotten the ornament at my throat when I went into the study-room, but Madame Ramée, sitting at my desk, found her closest observation challenged at once. She called me out and took the horseshoe from me.

She was at first incredulous as to its possessing any value, but, after comparing the stones with the little solitaire in her own brooch, scratching them, breathing upon them, rubbing them, she declared herself a novice if they were not diamonds of unusual value. Nothing would suit her but to set out for town at once to submit them to a jeweller, and by seven o'clock that evening she returned with the startling information that I was the possessor of a jewel fit for a queen and worth what I considered quite a little fortune. The diamond horseshoe became the excitement of the hour. It was for days considered the chiefest boon I could bestow to allow the school-girls to look at it, put it in their braids, puffs, and frizzes, let it flash across their neckties, or hold it up in the light while they crowded about, professing to be dazzled by its splendors.

Between the fact of my uncle's having come and gone and left me this treasure and the promise of his speedy return yawned an hiatus which was full of meaning and excited gossip, comment, and conjecture. The air was full of rumors. Everybody's imagination was at work. An uncle who could thus shower princely gifts was clearly no inconsiderable personage, and that he would shortly come back and bear me away with him to fairy-land was the least the girls expected.

Certainly to his suggestions that he had it in his power to change my destiny into something more brilliant his gift gave definite form, substance, and color. From the day of his visit there was a perceptible tinge of something not unlike awe in madame's manner. She was, too, a little abstracted, and out of sorts, and no longer discussed her summer plans, remarking dryly that everything was uncertain. She evidently regarded me as on the threshold of some desirable fate, and was half annoyed and half desirous to propitiate me. If we were to part, there could be no occasion for remorse on either side. Madame had not been generous, neither had she been ungenerous. She had arranged with my mother to board and educate me for the twelve

hundred dollars which made my little fortune; and when that was gone, at the end of four years, she had told me frankly I must now begin to be of use, and had shown me how to be of use. In effusive moments she was in the habit of declaring I was like her daughter,—that I saved her two house-teachers. She herself never worked except under pressure of necessity, but she understood the art of getting out of others the very best they had it in their power to do. She did not domineer or coarsely tyrannize, but she had nevertheless fixed me in the strictest limitations, and every atom of my strength had been expended according to her directions. The dull barriers of my life, the fixed routine, the impossibility of solitude, had had the effect of benumbing my personality. Nothing had come to me for eight years except by the consent of madame. When I was younger, I had responded to the passionate friendships of the girls who had urged me to visit them in their own homes in vacation. Madame had coolly negatived all such overtures. The thing was misleading, and the effects would be pernicious: such visits would require extravagant outlay, and new experiences would foster wild wishes certain to be followed by heart-burnings and disappointments. There was something so amazingly clever, systematic, and comprehensive in her schemes for me, I was ready to yield at once without accusing her of injustice. Almost every year she took me on a journey with as many of the girls as she could have intrusted to her care, and once we had made the tour of Great Britain and spent a few days in Switzerland. I had had pleasure in these glimpses of travel, although my mental perspective was almost closed by my incessant duties. Vacations were never, in fact, periods of relief for me, since there were usually three or four of the dullest scholars left under my care to make up lessons or to be coached for the examinations.

I had been useful to madame, and I could understand her irritation at the apprehension that I was about to slip from her grasp.

CHAPTER III.

MADAME had questioned me anxiously for a week as to the probable length of my uncle's stay at Saratoga. By the time ten days had passed without any word from him, everybody began to forget that there had been an event in the air and that I had deluded myself with expectations. The end of the school-year was approaching, and the days were crowded with examinations and preparations for commencement. The regular routine was broken up: the girls studied anywhere, in-doors or out. I heard no lessons, but I had examination-lists and reports to make out, letters of all sorts to answer, bills to compare and add up, and the girls' silver and linen to assort. I was, besides, compelled to drill the performers in a French play for three hours every afternoon, and to go over daily all the minor pieces which made up the programme at the coming exhibition. If I had had dreams of emancipation from such cares, I was in the way of becoming disillusionized. It seemed the veriest chimera that for a few days I had looked forward to a change in my career. My sickening from hope deferred made it all the easier to slip along the old track of duties, and the feeling that I was watched and my probable disappointment conjectured among the teachers and elder girls was a cause the more for my undertaking everything with the best heart I could.

"'He cometh not,' she said," ran so perpetually through my head in those days, it seemed as if the words must be in the consciousness of others as well. It almost passed belief that in the few days since I had told Marion Hubbard I was no Mariana I had passed so absolutely into that state of mind, with one thought in heart and brain all day long: "Why does he not come?"

"I fancy Mr. Farnham returned directly to New Orleans," madame said to me at the beginning of the last school-week, and I assented. She shrugged her shoulders and half smiled, closing her eyes, then went on: "He is, without doubt, a man of many rôles. He has played the part of fairy godmother once."

"No doubt," I said, "he has other occupations in life besides looking after me."

"You take it sensibly. You are always sensible," madame pursued with blandness. "He left you alone for ten years—"

"I think it probable he will leave me alone for another ten years."

"He did not tell you the nature of his affairs?"

"Not at all."

"Nor if he were married?"

"He would have told me if he was married. He spoke of having no ties."

"All these things open a broad field of conjecture," remarked madame cheerfully. And I fully understood that she thought it best for me to give up the idea of seeing my uncle again.

She resumed her preparations for her voyage to France, and began to make arrangements for my carrying on the house and the repairs after she was gone. If anything could have given emphasis to her suggested doubts, it was the logic of these plans.

Madame was always cautious, and, above all things, where money was concerned she never made a mistake. One morning—it was the day before Commencement Thursday—I heard her giving instructions to Mr. Andrews, her man of business, to take her passage for Saturday of the following week. I knew then that it was certain my uncle would come back to me no more. There was a new energy in madame's look and movements, and I believed she had taken means to end her suspense by enlightening herself concerning my uncle.

For a moment I experienced almost a sensation of relief. At least I need no longer suffer the fluctuations of a hope and dread which were simply perturbing. A little later I realized that I had lost something which had been an element of strength. To the momentary calm succeeded a painful sense of weight, as if I were carrying a dead body about with me. I had a part in an eight-hand arrangement to play, and when the hour came for practice I found myself too benumbed to go on with it. The girls

crowded about me. "Ah," said Mr. Wandelewski, the old music-master, "you have given out. I will play your part, and you must have a cup of coffee."

The coffee made me stronger. I dreaded above all things to break down before the coming Saturday, when almost everybody would have gone, and under the pressure of this necessity I took my place at the piano and went on with the symphony. By nine o'clock that night my duties were over. The table was set; all the papers were made out. Madame's door had been shut for an hour: she had told me she wanted a good long sleep to make her fresh for the morrow. The girls, who had been romantically pacing the garden arm in arm, had come in, and there was a low-voiced chatter all through the dormitories.

Marion Hubbard came to me. "Now that you are through," she said, "come out for a breath of fresh air."

I had looked forward to this, and we stole noiselessly down. The gas was lighted only in the hall, and the great door swung wide open to the garden. My heart grew full as I felt the beauty and the grateful coolness of the darkness. The night was soft, but not brilliantly clear. Vega and Altair were just visible above, but not another star shone on that side. Some faint glow of sunset still haunted the horizon, and a young moon was visible through the branches of the acacias. The other trees stood rayless, motionless, tall as giants. The rose-thickets were touched here and there with points of white which betrayed the flowers. The night was absolutely silent, and not a sound came from the great house behind us. Down the dim alleys darkness and silence beckoned. Nothing escaped my senses, which fastened with relief upon the slumberous calm, the occasional chirp of a young bird dreaming of that day's first flight, the fragrance, the warmth, the softness.

Marion pressed my arm. "Lovely, is it not?" she said, in a whisper.

The relief was intense and unexpected. I felt immeasurably happy, as youth can without reason and without

a wish. I pressed the little round hand which was nestling in mine.

"Miss Amber," said a voice out of the darkness.

It was Mr. Harrold's voice. Marion suddenly withdrew from me, and I stood still, peering anxiously straight before me at the tall figure looming nearer. He took both my hands in his. I could see his face quite plainly in the pale light which streamed from the open hall door.

"How odd to see you here so late!" I exclaimed abruptly.

"It does seem odd. My hours are from one to four, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. But here I am, and it is pleasant to be here. I have been waiting for you to come into the garden, like the lover in the poem."

"Waiting for me! Did you expect me?"

"I asked Miss Hubbard to bring you out."

"Where is Marion?" I asked uneasily, for it now became apparent that she had vanished.

"Walk with me awhile," said Mr. Harrold.

"But why did Marion go in?"

"She has not gone in. She is buried in the glooms somewhere. Surely you are not afraid of me, Miss Amber?"

The little note of pique in his voice put me quite at my ease. To be scolded by him was no new thing in my experience, and neutralized the novelty of this strange proceeding. It was certainly unlike him, as it was unlike me, to be wandering up and down here. But with my duties performed and madame fast asleep I could afford to be irresponsible and rather reckless. "Afraid of you?" I exclaimed. "Not in the least. No frivolity, no half-learned German lesson, is on my conscience to-night."

"You think of me merely as a pedagogue," he returned, with an accent of vexation.

"How should I think of you, sir?"

"As a friend."

"I know that you are very good to me."

"I wanted to be good to you. I saw

that you had courage and ability, but that you lacked training. I saw, too, the signs of an impulsive temper and undisciplined impulsiveness."

"You mean, Mr. Harrold, that you made up your mind I was rebellious and impulsive, and you longed to govern me."

"Yes, I should like to govern you," said Mr. Harrold, with rising wrath. "You have a Faust-like restlessness. Were you once free, I—"

"No danger of my being free!" I cried sharply.

My words perhaps disarmed him, for he at once said, in a different voice, "At least give me credit for a genuine friendly impulse. The only way I knew how to show it was by offering to teach you German. You may think a half-hour three times a week is nothing; but I have to count my hours as I do my dollars."

"I never realized—" I murmured, conscience-stricken.

"No, you never realized that my interest was in you,—in your personality. It was pleasant to teach you, for you are clever, a born lover of ideas. It is difficult to make my manner the medium of my real feelings. Here I am to-night going on in the old fault-finding way, when I feel tender-hearted over you as if you were a little child whom I want to shield with my superior strength."

He leaned down close to me, and I trembled with a sort of terror. His manner was so unusual that I was in doubt what reply to make. I reflected that perhaps on my side I was bound to make confession and let him understand that I had played tricks upon him out of pure mischief, and that what he considered my princess-like whims and caprices were simply comic youthful devices of my own as an offset to his sternness. But I said nothing. A spell of shyness had come over me. We walked silently up and down. The moon had vanished, and the night grew clearer. The stars throbbed out, and burned brighter and brighter every moment.

"I confess," said he, "this is a novel experience for me, promenading in a fragrant garden with a young and beautiful woman on my arm."

"I have known these paths painfully well for years, but never have I paced them before with a classical and elegant—"

"You are laughing at me, Miss Amber."

"Well, were you not laughing at me?"

"I never felt less like laughing in my life."

"Flattering me like that!"

"Aren't you young and beautiful?"

"No."

"You are certainly young, and I supposed you knew your other advantages,—rather piqued yourself upon them. Poor child! you have small chance to find out anything. You are always tired out. I suppose you have been busy to-day?"

"Rather busy."

"Where are you going for vacation?"

"Oh, I shall stay here. A mansard roof is to go up on the wing, and other repairs are necessary."

"But of course you are going away?"

"No: I am to stay and superintend matters."

"Are you actually to have no holiday?"

"I look forward to a very complete holiday. I shall be all alone here with the little Martinez girls, with nothing to do save teach them English and music."

"You are worked to death," exclaimed Mr. Harrold, in a tone of profound irritation.

"You have often enough lectured me on my idleness, sir."

"Well, well, believe me, Miss Amber, it really hurts no one, man or woman, to be cribbed and limited between the years of seventeen and twenty-five."

"The years when one is really young?"

"Youth, left to itself, is full of mistakes."

"I want to make a few mistakes!" I

cried wilfully. "I am young, but I have had no youth. You say I have a Faust-like restlessness. I may resemble Faust when I am older, when he cried, 'Give me my youth again, that I may use it.'"

"You always remind me of Faust."

"Unlike Mephistopheles, you offer me no life in exchange for this dreary one."

The clock in a neighboring church suddenly pealed out ten strokes. I had been out an hour, and felt that this dallying was becoming too prolonged. The wind had risen a little, and blew in the tops of the trees. It swooped lower, circled about me, and waved a little curl across my face. Mr. Harrold was looking at me in the pale-yellow light, and now carefully put the little stray ringlet aside. How unlike him all this was! Why had he come? Why did he not go away? There was something in his manner not only unknown but unimaginable. "What are you going to do this summer?" I asked, merely to break the oppressive silence.

"I shall take a party of eight boys to the White Mountains. We shall camp out."

"Ah! that would suit me."

"I should like to see you on an excursion like that, provided I had the privilege of taking care of you."

"I must go in," I exclaimed.

"Stay a moment."

"It is late."

"I have not yet told you what I came for." He caught my hands in his.

"What is it?"

"It concerns your uncle."

My heart, which had been beating strongly, seemed to stop, leaving waves of pulsation that throbbed all through me from head to foot. I had forgotten my uncle for the last hour. "About my uncle?" I repeated vaguely. "Is he coming back?"

"Be strong to bear it. Do not feel it too much."

"Is he dead?"

"He died at Saratoga three days ago."

He said more than this, but I could

hear nothing save an indistinct murmur. Black, noiseless waves seemed rising higher and higher, and I felt myself falling cold and numb to the bottom of an immeasurable depth of sea.

CHAPTER IV.

So this, I told myself next day, was the end of my fancies that I was, after all, like other girls, with some one to love me, to be proud of me. I had tried a little excursion into the fairy-land of hope, and had made a miserable failure of it. When I first awoke that Thursday I shed a few bitter tears, partly in regret for my dead uncle, but more, I fear, over my own desolation.

No one knew of my faintness the night before, save Mr. Harrold and Marion. My sleep had refreshed me, and I rose strong enough to take up the part I had to play and go on with it until the end. By ten o'clock that morning people began to come, although the commencement exercises did not begin until one. Madame sat in the parlor in her black-satin gown and talked with her patrons, with whom she was on the best of terms. Her school had been established by her mother, Madame Chamel, fifty years before, then carried on by the Demoiselles Chamel, when the youngest of the sisters had married the French teacher, M. Ramée, and kept up the school, first as a wife, then as a widow, until the present time. No establishment for girls was considered more safe, and no sordid economies vulgarized its associations. Mothers who had been educated there in their youth brought their daughters with full reliance upon Madame Ramée's good sense and admirable management.

Mr. Harrold looked in toward noon. He was received with much elation by madame, who believed he came to grace her triumph. I thought it a sufficient answer to his long, curious glance that I was going about in apparent health and spirits. I associated him with bad news, and shrank from speaking to him. I knew by instinct that he had felt a de-

sire to let me know the truth about my uncle as speedily as possible. He liked the truth, and sacrificed it to nothing; feeling, on the contrary, he perpetually sacrificed. He had suspected me of nursing dangerous illusions, and wished me rid of them at any cost. I had no more illusions, not even the illusion of believing that I was always to be as miserably unhappy as I was to-day. I knew that I should tide over this present crisis and take up my old life again without any additional burden of disgust and weariness.

The next day every teacher and pupil was gone, except the two little black-eyed, dusky-skinned Cubans who were to be my charge through the holidays. By Saturday night all the rooms in the great building except madame's were mere wide, empty spaces of deal floor, white walls, and uncurtained windows. Madame was in high good humor. All day long she had been like a general at the head of an army. I was her *aide-de-camp*, and every servant in the house had been supplemented by two others, all at her beck and call. Carpets had been taken up, beaten, rolled, and put away, furniture covered and stored. We were used to despatching business with promptness and efficiency: our processes had been evolved from experience and brought to perfection by a series of experiments. Madame was not tired. She was never tired, and never sick. To ward off such evils was the object of her life, and every one within her reach was sacrificed to her love of ease. She had had a successful year, and now had the prospect of a delightful holiday. She had accepted sixteen more pupils than her usual number for the ensuing year, and could look forward to still greater pecuniary rewards. "You will have more to do, perhaps, mademoiselle," she said to me. "I shall raise your salary."

She gave me a little glance and nod, as if she expected me to show elation. I experienced instead a void where thought ought to have been, and did not try to hide my indifference.

"Money does not seem to you im-

portant now," madame pursued. "You have never felt the need of it. Now, formerly I was poor. My mother sunk all her money in this place, and for years I had to count every penny and make the most of everything. After you have once felt the clutch of debt, which grasps your purse and will not let go, it becomes a pleasure to hold it tight and feel that it is full. But, whether you care for money or not, I shall let you have one hundred and fifty a year."

"Better not," said I. "It will cost you money to put on the mansard roof."

"Bah! I see my way. I do not like to build. 'He who builds a great house orders his coffin,' Mr. Ramée used to say." A pensive look came over her large, fair face. "I do not think," she added, presently, "that you care enough about money. Not even that diamond pin your uncle gave you seemed to afford you any satisfaction."

I said nothing.

"I notice, *mon enfant*, that you wear black ribbons on your gown these three days."

"Yes, madame; my uncle is dead."

"How did you know that?" she demanded, quite startled. "I locked up every paper until it seemed a suitable time to tell you."

"Mr. Harrold told me Wednesday night."

Madame stared at me, evidently a little staggered in her belief in her own *finesse*. I had suspected that she knew the fact of my uncle's death. She was an insatiable devourer of newspaper personal items, and I remembered, too, that it was on Wednesday that she had decided to take her passage for Europe. Nothing could have accorded better with her views than keeping the event from me. "A season for everything," was her motto: she liked everything orderly and systematic, and had no doubt waited until I had leisure for grief before she invaded my peace of mind with the news of my loss.

"I wanted to tell you myself," she now observed. "I wanted to keep you from the comments of those odious

teachers who stare at you. I felt, poor child, it would be a grief."

"Mr. Harrold told me," I repeated.

Madame looked as if she had questions to ask, but she desisted. She read character to the point of detecting what was beyond her and unreadable, and where she could not reach she never probed. "I respect you for bearing your silent struggle so well," she said softly.

"Did you say, madame, you had the papers?"

"I kept them all for you."

"Do they give particulars?"

"Many. Your uncle was, I should judge— In fact, some notoriety was attached to him."

I felt vaguely hurt, as if fine arrows were hurled at me out of the darkness. "Do you mean," I cried, "a discreditable notoriety?"

"I cannot judge. He had race-horses; he was connected with the turf. Actually, *mon enfant*, I am as ignorant of such matters as a babe. You heard, I suppose, that he was thrown from a horse and died from the injuries?"

"Please let me have the papers."

"It is lucky he gave you those diamonds," madame remarked, with her arch air; "otherwise they might have gone for his debts."

I did not look at the papers until madame had sailed for Europe.

"Read not my blemishes in the world's report,"

he had said to me, with little enough idea that they were to be laid open before me so soon. Henry Farnham had lived on the shady, dubitable side of the world, but came into the glare by his sudden and dreadful death. He was indeed a notoriety in his way, and had a pseudonyme well known to racing-men both here and in England. He had been mixed up with all sorts of stories, which now came out with considerable piquancy. He was knowing, enterprising, audacious, and had many irons in the fire. There was something singular in the fate of a veteran who had lived with horses for so many years. The animal that

had cost him his life was a three-year-old of his own rearing. He was showing the beast off, when, for no apparent reason at all, he was violently thrown, and, as ill luck would have it, broke his back, falling against an iron pump in the stable-yard. This had happened the fourth day after he had left me. He had lain unconscious for sixty-eight hours, and they had not expected him to rally. He did rally, nevertheless, and talked of getting well, but at the end of a week began to sink, and coma supervened. His lawyer had been with him, and he had made some disposal of his effects; but it was unlikely that his assets would do more than cover his liabilities. His property was chiefly in stables and studs in different parts of the country, and was known to be heavily encumbered. He had no family, and nothing was known of heirs-at-law. He had married twelve years before, in New Orleans, then had been divorced, and his wife had died soon after of yellow fever. These were the facts I gleaned from the papers. Each statement was given in a dozen different ways, with details and amplifications. I could not fail to observe that even in death the man was treated in a light, familiar way, as if he had never inspired respect, but had been, in spite of that, a capital fellow. The general disposition was not to condemn him, but to extenuate his faults and stretch charity to the utmost.

"I do not believe he was a bad man," I said to myself, with a sort of defiance of any verdict against him. I could remember my mother's belief in him through all his reckless extravagances and incessant youthful scrapes. He had been born with high animal spirits and with an eager love of pleasure; he had knocked at every door he wanted to enter, and, led by the full pack of appetites and instincts, had seen strange places and jostled strange companions. But nothing could make me believe that he had not, even before he saw me, experienced a disenchantment, arrived at the knowledge that he had made a bitter mistake and must set to work and remedy it.

I found myself mentally pleading for my uncle from morning until night, and, strange to say, the person whose opposite views I was always combating was Mr. Harrold.

"The question is," Mr. Harrold had said again and again, "is it right or is it wrong? There are blunders and blunders; but do not make that most foolish of all blunders and call wrong right."

It was a clear conviction in my mind that Mr. Harrold would condemn my uncle. But then he had felt the fetters of such strong restraints he was inclined to think nobody ought to be free. He had been brought up to wealth, but, his father dying when he was twenty, and leaving his affairs in confusion, he had been obliged to set to work to support his mother and sisters. One could not help respecting a man like the teacher of classics, who made little of his sacrifices,—in fact, resented the name of sacrifices, and declared that so long as he had a man's work to do he had nothing to regret. But, while I was compelled to think of Mr. Harrold's probable condemnation of my uncle, it was something to be able to accuse him of littleness and over-regard for meagre-spirited moralities.

CHAPTER V.

I HAD leisure to think all this out. The days were long. Workmen had taken possession of the house, nailing, shingling, slating, and painting by turns, and I spent half my time in the garden, where the grass grew long, and the paths, no longer worn by sixty pairs of tireless feet, was soon overgrown with weeds. I used to sit on the bench under the acacias while Anita and Bella Martinez played on the turf. If anything could have added to my mortal weariness, it would have been the sight of those two little girls, who seemed to find this new Northern world a place of gloom, mystery, and ennui,—who never smiled, never seemed to enjoy, but moved as I directed, one always following the other

with slow and silent steps, like two little pallid spectres. Sometimes, to lighten their dullness, I tried to join their games, but it had the effect of making me their spectacle, and they sat down and were content to gaze at me with languid curiosity. The only thing which stirred their sluggish tropical instincts was music: the first bar of a waltz made them ardently alive to their finger-tips.

But in general I was as torpid as they. At times it startled me painfully to find how the summer weeks were drifting on, although, as they passed, the days and nights oppressed me with their torturing slowness. I dimly realized that here was my coveted opportunity for rest and freedom, yet I was not free and I could not rest. My heart had somehow of late been given a push. For a few days I had gazed through a window hitherto closed in the land of the ideal, and when it was again shut down I felt the loss of those lovely horizons. It would have been for my peace to have gone on in unconsciousness, for fancy once awake had stimulated all my powers, and now, denied its wishes, left me exhausted and unsatisfied. I had been so long at work, I had had so little chance of recreation, that I experienced a passionate youthful rebellion against this destiny. For eight years Madame Ramée had been instilling into my mind the most practical ideas. I was penniless, and she not only helped me to gain a sufficient living, but had more than once significantly hinted that I might at some distant day succeed not only to the proprietorship of the school, but to her savings as well. There had been times when I was glad to feel my future assured; but now the very idea of this state of things becoming permanent gave me a black, miserable discontent.

One morning toward the middle of August a card was brought to me with the name "Mr. Snow Morris." A dozen times a week parents and guardians came to ask questions, to make arrangements, to spy out the nakedness of the land. I took the card without interest, until I recalled the fact that

Mr. Snow Morris was a cousin of my own, the brother, too, of Fanny Burt. I was obliged to send for him to come into the garden, for the house was uninhabitable, and I thus had the advantage of a fair view while he was descending the steps. He was a tall, carefully-dressed man, with a long, fair moustache, and an erect and almost soldier-like carriage. He held out his hand as he approached. "How do you do, Cousin Millicent?" he said. He had a cool, deliberate way of speaking, and his manner had an ease which made anything he claimed appear to be his right. His eyes were brown and of the serenest brilliancy; his forehead was full and high and carried off a little effect of over-fulness in the lower contours of his face. I knew that he was thirty-four years of age, a lawyer, and considered, by his sister Fanny at least, to be a very clever one. "I suppose you have heard of me?" he proceeded to say.

"Frequently," I answered. "Please sit down."

He sat down, put his straw hat on top of his walking-stick, which he grasped with both hands, and stared hard at me.

"Where is Cousin Fanny this summer?" I asked.

"Oh, somewhere on the Maine coast. Fanny and I know little about each other in warm weather."

That seemed a pity, for, Fanny Burt dismissed in this way, there seemed a singular dearth of matter for conversation. Looking at Mr. Snow Morris, I saw that he was entirely beyond my experience,—that he passed, besides, the powers of my imagination. His thirty-four years had been spent in getting so much out of the world, it would have been occasion for despair had I felt myself forced to provide his entertainment.

"This place reminds me equally of a convent and a prison," he remarked.

"Are you all alone in it?"

"Madame Ramée went abroad early in July."

"Why did she not let you go away to some more cheerful asylum?"

"Solitary imprisonment was considered best. Besides, I have to teach those two little girls English and look after the workmen."

"Does anybody come to see you?"

"Parents and guardians."

"What must you not by this time be willing to give for the sight of a living human being,—a cousin, an admiring cousin, too?"

As there seemed no sensible answer to be made to this, I merely laughed. Some curiosity as to the nature of Mr. Snow Morris's errand I began to be dimly conscious of.

"I wonder I never came before," he went on. "But then I knew you were a school-teacher, and I have an antagonism toward useful, valuable women who know things."

"Evidently, then, we shall not get on at all."

"Do you mean that you are a blue-stocking?"

"Assuredly. There is no end to my learning."

"You don't show it, Cousin Millicent. From your looks, I should say your vocation was to charm the world, not to improve it."

"It is difficult in this sort of conversation to quote Greek or demonstrate problems, but if I had a cue—"

He laughed, jumped up, and leaned his walking-stick, still surmounted by his hat, against a tree, then came back. "Your uncle gave me some idea of you," he now observed. "Still, you surprise me. Do you mean to say you learned all these witches' arts in this gloomy prison?"

He was my cousin, but not a very near one. I had never seen him till now, and his familiarity of tone and manner offended me a little. But his allusion to my uncle interested me, and I began to wonder if his visit in any way concerned the dead man who for so many weeks had governed all my thoughts.

"Did you know my uncle?" I asked abruptly.

"Yes, I knew him well," said Mr.

Snow Morris, becoming suddenly grave. "Business connected with his will brought me here to-day."

"Indeed!"

"He left you everything he had. I made his will, and am the executor."

"I do not suppose he had much to leave."

"Much of his property is heavily mortgaged," answered Mr. Snow Morris, looking straight in front of him with an imperturbable air. "I suppose you had no great expectations?"

"I had no expectations at all. I never supposed him to be a man of any property. Ever since I read that he died in debt, I have longed to ask some competent person whether a diamond pin he gave me the day he was here ought not to be made over to his creditors."

Mr. Snow Morris turned and looked at me with a languid smile. "Why, what an infant you are!" said he. "How old are you?"

"I shall be twenty in October."

"Who has been your guardian?"

"Madame Ramée."

"Your uncle appointed me."

I looked at him puzzled. What did it all mean? What fiction was this of a will in my favor and a new guardianship? "If the diamonds would amount to anything to pay his debts, I would rather, far rather have them used in that way," I said pertinaciously. "I did not know my uncle well, but I knew him well enough and liked him well enough to feel a longing to clear his memory of discredit."

"I am glad you liked him," said Mr. Morris, disregarding the rest of my words, "for he was very fond of you. I had known him for ten years, in a way, but his character would not have stood out clearly without the record of that last desire to do something for his 'little Millicent.'"

The tears rushed to my eyes. I was deeply moved.

"He had no other thought," pursued Mr. Morris. "The day he left you here, he came directly to my office: he spoke of you then constantly. The

moment he became conscious after his accident, I was telegraphed for. All the strength that was in him was spent in settling matters satisfactorily. Everything was left to me *in trust* for you."

My ignorance gave his words a wide range of possibilities, but I understood nothing.

"At that time it was doubtful how much we should realize. Several speculations were in the air, and we could not tell which side of the fence they would fall. In fact, the English races had just come off. I sailed for England the day after his death. His book was well made up. By Jove! everything he touched the last three months of his life had good luck. It gives me a half-superstitious feeling: he seemed to be 'fly.' I still continued silent, looking at him bewildered. "Have I frightened you?" he asked.

"No, I do not feel frightened."

"Don't you like the notion of being rich?"

"Am I rich?"

"What do you call rich?"

"A very little of my own would make me feel rich."

"Well, you are likely to have at least two hundred thousand dollars."

I sat cold and helpless. I had a vague, alarmed consciousness of danger. Where had this money come from? Whose was it, and what was it the proceeds of? "I thought," I faltered, "you said his estate was heavily encumbered?"

"There are mortgages, but the property more than covers them, and it would have been under any circumstances desirable to get rid of that sort of property."

"Do you mean that the rest is in money?"

"In hard cash."

"How could he honestly make so much?"

"Easily enough," Mr. Snow Morris declared, turning upon me with a sort of indignation. "Do you suppose that I should mix myself up in any doubtful transaction? Your uncle speculated in stocks and in horses and made bets on

racers. That is the worst you can say about him."

I had wondered for weeks exactly what it was that seemed open to condemnation in his life and occupations. When I read that he had died poor, this fact seemed in a measure to atone for a shifty life. But he was rich, after all, and this wealth was left to me. My first feeling was a violent shock of repulsion. I felt that I must wait and think it over. I must adjust my views of the honesty of my uncle's processes of money-getting to the fact that I was the one to profit by them. "It would take all the worth of my inheritance away," I said timidly, "if it represented anything I could not look at with respect. I can earn my own bread, and, no matter how hard the work, it would be less bitter than the enjoyment of wealth gained in a doubtful way."

"I agree with you absolutely," said Mr. Morris, with decision. He began to reason with me. He mentioned a dozen names which I knew were accepted by the world as unimpeachable. "Your uncle," he went on, "was as honest and fair in his dealings as any of these men. He was no trickster. Why, Millicent, do you force me to waste breath like this? Do you know who I am? I am considered fairly respectable." I knew there could be no doubt of this. "Trust me to judge what is right for you," said he, and held out his firm white hand. I gave him mine. "Your uncle told me," he proceeded, "that of all the girls in the world you best deserved a fortunate fate,—that there were capabilities in you which ought to have a chance."

I sat with my hands folded on my lap

and my eyes cast on the ground. I was trembling all over.

"I fancy you are a little stunned," said Mr. Morris. "I'll go away now and leave you to think it over. I only came back from New Orleans last night. I have been there ever since I got back from England, hard at work for you, in a climate like Gehenna. If I had died of yellow fever, I suppose you'd have been none the wiser, although you might have been considerably poorer."

"I ought to be very grateful to you."

"You are, are you not?"

"Not in the least. I do not think of you at all."

"What are you thinking about?"

"Can't you understand what it is to have stifled for years, with all individual life pressed out of you? It is so horrible to be all alone yet never actually alone,—to breathe the same air with those you cannot love,—to work in harness,—to be coerced by rules, regulations, routines,—to do nothing because you *consent*, but all because you *must*, and to see no way out of it,—to have for encouragement the promise that it is for life,—for life, when to take up the servitude day after day seems an experience to annihilate you—" Mr. Snow Morris was regarding me with so searching a glance that I stopped short, and said, with a little laugh, "You see, I have taken leave of my senses."

He shook his head and jumped up. "I'll come over to-morrow," said he. "Expect me at the same hour. Meanwhile, I have given you enough to think over." He made a little inclination, turned, and went down the path to the garden gate. There he paused, looked back, and waved his hat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COAL-MINES OF THE STATE OF DADE.



COKE-FURNACES AT COLE CITY.

PASSENGERS northward from Chattanooga, after they have rounded the magnificent barrier of Lookout Mountain, find the train stopping at an insignificant station called Shell Mound. It gets this name from the fact that it is near one of those great shell-heaps which mark the site of ancient Indian settlements along our large rivers; and so abundant are the antiquities of the red-men there that one may fill his pockets with spear-points and broken flints in an hour's walk. Near by flows the Tennessee, sluggish and forest-margined, and perhaps a quaintly-dressed and strangely-speaking family of poor natives will be seen waiting there for a passing steamboat to take them to some equally rural landing up or down the river.

But Shell Mound is an important station, not for its unusual landscape and rural charm, but because it is the junction of a rickety little railway which runs back into the mountains to the coal-regions that largely supply the whole surrounding region with fuel. If the traveller is not afraid to rough it, it

will be worth his while to stop off and run up there. A seat on a coal-car or in the locomotive will carry him jolting through a most charming valley, always rising into the green hills, until he has fairly penetrated their first rank and finds himself landed at Cole City. On the way he has passed one object of special interest,—Nickajack Cave, a cavern in which the Confederate troops obtained large quantities of saltpetre. To explore it requires a boat; and the sight is hardly worth the trouble, unless the visitor is fond of bats, from which the cave derives its name,—a corruption of *Nycticejus*.

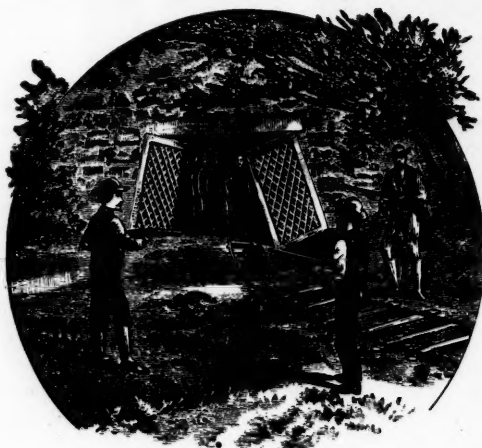
Cole City is nothing more than a small collection of buildings belonging to the coal-mining company, and immense kilns in which they burn coke. If the name had been made *Coke* City it would have been highly appropriate. Here the first glimpse is obtained of the labor by which the coal is mined, nearly all of the workmen being convicts, in the dress—and sometimes with the ball and chain—that malefactors everywhere are condemned to wear. Several guards are

patrolling about, watching gangs of men loading cars, or occupying odd little huts, built for momentary shelter, which serve as sentinel-stands whence they can supervise all the operations. They are all armed with rifles, and are hardly more pleasant to look at than the convicts.

The coke-kilns consist of a long line of stone-built structures, similar to those in use for the same purpose elsewhere. On a level with their tops runs the narrow-gauge track from the distant mines, so that car-loads of coal can be dumped into any of the kilns without rehandling. These furnaces are almost always hot,

on the edge of each car-box, so as to be continuously attached from one end of the train to the other. The object of this rope is to aid the cars in following one another through the labyrinth they are obliged every day to traverse; but the disadvantage sometimes ensues that a long train will coil itself all up and get into a perfect "hard knot" of a tangle, when without the rope it would simply go to pieces. This is told to the intending passenger to explain the crookedness of the line; after which he is invited to "get aboard."

He does so literally, seating himself on a board stretched across one of the small boxes, then mutters a prayer to his patron saint, and is off. The grade is steep, but the tiny engine puffs up at a runaway speed, and the miniature cars go bobbing and bouncing noisily after, jumping the track now and then, but jerked on again by the strong rope, and the hindmost ones being careful not to get under the front wheels of the locomotive coming round some of the curves and angles. It is all the time up, and more and more on the very edge of things, running along on a narrow shelf chiselled out of the steep face of the mountain, until finally a settlement comes



COMING OUT OF THE MINE,—EVENING.

and a dozen car-loads of coke a day are shipped away as their product.

All this is observed while the visitor is waiting for the train to be made ready by which he is to be carried on to the mines. He sees a little locomotive, about half the size of a New York elevated-railway motor,—not much bigger than a large wheelbarrow,—come buzzing down to a very long train of black little boxes, each of which would hold six or eight bushels, mounted on four small iron wheels certainly not more than eight inches in diameter. These are the "cars," forty, fifty, or a hundred in number, and the bell-rope of this remarkable train consists of an inch-thick hawser, which is passed through a staple

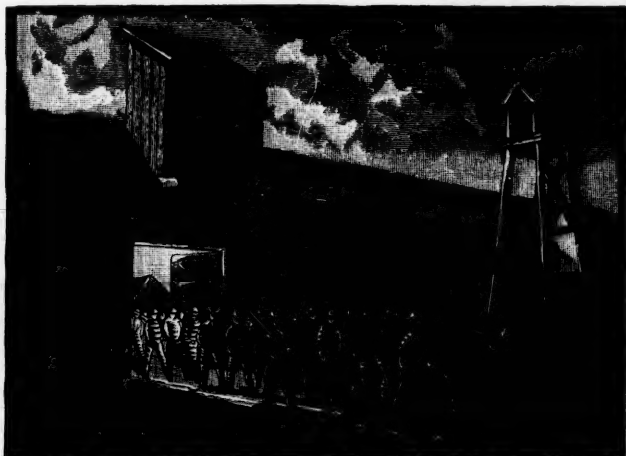
in view, and the back-broken passenger finds himself in Dade City.

He is not expected, but Messrs. Thomas R. Evans, the chief engineer of the mines, and W. O. Reese, warden, are on hand to welcome him to the State of Dade.

The State of Dade was a remote mountain-principality in the old days. To be sure, Georgia said it lay just inside her boundaries, although Tennessee and Alabama were both within gunshot, and that it was only worthy to be called a county; but the mountain-men maintained that that was nonsense, and that the nation was never safe until the State of Dade had been heard from. Dade City is its capital.

The chief importance and all the industry of this city is under-ground. What is to be seen out in the sunshine

consists of several detached residences of the overseers of the work, the railway-terminus, the repairing-shops, an office



THE CHAIN-GANG LEAVING THE STOCKADE FOR THE MINE.

or two, and the great barracks. This last is the central figure, and introduces the subject of convict-labor in private enterprises, which is the rule of the State of Georgia.

Instead of cooping up her felons in central stone prisons and making them work for the benefit of the State there, she contracts with certain capitalists to pay her a revenue for their services and share the responsibility of their safe-keeping. This is called *leasing* the convicts. The lease of the company owning these mines calls for five hundred able-bodied men and one-third of all future commitments for a certain term of years. About three hundred and fifty is the number at present there, besides one hundred and twenty-five free persons, employed chiefly as railway-men or in some oversight of the work.

At sunset the men come out of the three mouths of the mines, having been at work there during the previous eight hours. They are a muddy, grimy, weary lot, and the lamps in their old caps have about gone out. They throw their tools one side, hitch themselves together by the chains about their

waists into gangs, and march off in prison style, followed by the slouching guards. Going up, they pass a gang descending, who will take their place



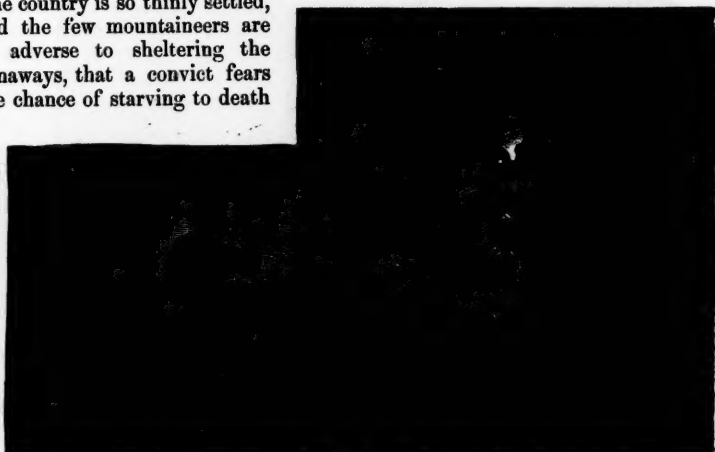
"A DEAD SHOT."

and work nearly all night, relieved in turn by a third "shift" for the morning.

Following the gang just relieved, the visitor ascends a steep, rocky, and well-wooded hill, where he is confronted by a stockade forty feet high, consisting of upright logs. On this side is a great gate, surmounted by a little hut and balcony, where a long-haired Tennessean sits as sentinel. Around the whole circumference is carried a walk on top of the stockade, with more watch-houses, and here patrol sentinels, night and day, all armed with Springfield rifles and a plentiful supply of cartridges. Attempts at escape are rare, and still more rarely succeed. The country is so thinly settled, and the few mountaineers are so adverse to sheltering the runaways, that a convict fears the chance of starving to death

too much to try to escape, unless he is in for a very long term, which is not the case with most of these men. The murderers are kept at Augusta.

Inside the stockade is a whole village of log and frame houses, all neatly whitewashed. A rather gay air pervades the place during this hour of relaxation, and laughing, talking, and smoking are going on. In one hut are several negro women (four-fifths of all the convicts are colored), composedly sewing in rocking-chairs of home manufacture. On one side are the barracks, where the men sleep in



IN THE MINE.

bunks and are locked up; on another, the bakery, the kitchen, the laundry, etc. The food of the laborers is tasted and found "not at all bad," as the English say, while a sumptuous albeit totally improvised supper awaits the traveller in the log house of the bachelor warden, just outside the stockade. It is cooked and served by men in that striped raiment which is so unpopular in polite society.

After an evening cigar in the balmy summer air of this most delicious climate and amid the wild luxuriant beauty of these rich Southern hills, a visit to the mine is undertaken, and rough coats are donned. Getting into one of those same little railway-cars, now drawn by a mule,

the visitor and his guide curl up in the bottom, and the beast is started. The darkness is Egyptian; but little cares that hard-headed mule. He breaks into a gallop, and you descend a sharp incline into the body of the mountain at what seems a most terrific speed in that pitchy darkness, between those wet and echoing walls. The stoutest heart shakes at this first experience. You beg the driver to "slow up," but he cannot hear in the clanging of the wheels and the rail and the mule; and there seems no end to it, for three thousand five hundred feet must be traversed before the twinkling of the little lamps appears and you alight to explore the terminal chambers whence the coal is now obtained, and see how

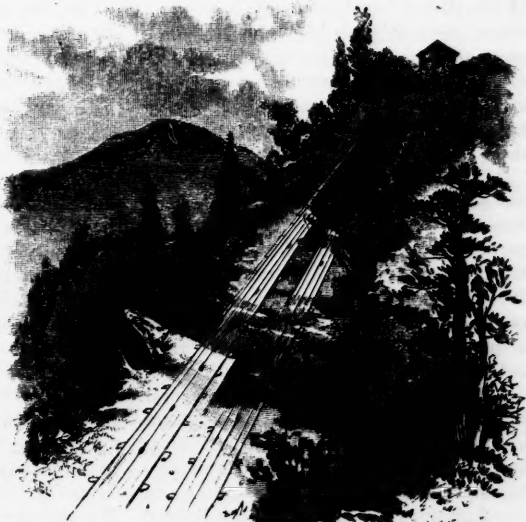
the men must often lie upon their backs or sides at full length to pick down the mineral before they can get at it in an easier posture. Then by another route and another mule a different pit-mouth is reached, and the warm night-air fans the temples with a new sense of its sweetness.

But on the next morning a more thrilling experience awaits the visitor than any race into the centre of the earth at the tail of a reckless mule.

One of the mines is high up on a hill, and distant from the other. The traveller is shown the way over there, and finds that to deliver the coal a tram-way has been constructed right up and down the side of the mountain, the tracks inclining at an angle of about fifty degrees. On one of the tracks a little car, holding a ton or so of coal, comes down to deliver its load at the railway storehouse, and an empty car is simultaneously drawn up by a wire rope which runs over a drum at the top. The only way to get to the top of the hill is to climb into the car; and the traveller does so. Though the wheels are at an angle, the bottom of the car stands level, and he goes up with a breezy enjoyment that is highly exhilarating. There he gazes entranced upon one of the loveliest landscapes in that region of marvellous beauty, walks over to the pretty glen beyond, and then prepares to descend.

But no empty cars ever go down. He must ride on a full one, outside! He gazes down to where, almost vertically beneath him, black specks are moving that he knows to be men and horses, and he lets two or three cars sink swiftly

out of view ahead of him before his courage reaches the proper height, while he is gently informed of how frequently accidents happen, and how, when a car breaks loose, it goes on down across the railway, across the creek, out into



THE INCLINED PLANE.

the woods, and they never pretend even to look for it. Then he gets ready. Jutting out from the framework at the back end of the car-floor he finds an end of a plank large enough to get the toes of one foot on. With this foothold, and clinging to the outside of the back of the car as best he may, he shuts his teeth hard, signals the start, and feels the earth drop away beneath him, as if he were sinking through a mile deep of water in mid-ocean. The lower terminus of the tram-way rushes up to meet him, and all at once a great wind has risen. The upward dart of a balloon just released must be like that ride! Then, suddenly, when he thinks he is going to leap the sheds and the precipice at the bottom, his car mysteriously and gently stops.

ERNEST INGERSOLL.

THE TIGER OF THE SEA.

"In the Louisiana lowlands low."

THE last notes of the old refrain, rendered doubly sweet by negro voices, came drifting over the reef and waters of Biscayne Bay, dying away as our boat crunched into the coral sands of the key of that name which in part forms the extreme southeastern end of the Florida peninsula.

We had "browsed along," as Scope, our cook, expressed it, up the reef from Key West under easy sail, playing the parts of wrecker and fisherman, and now, under the friendly gleams of Cape Florida light, were on the way to a camp of sable fishermen and spongers whose acquaintance we had made some time before.

Our dingy hauled up on the coral beach, we were soon upon the confines of the camp, which in the warm tropical twilight seemed set for weird and picturesque effects. The moon-beams and the flames from a huge brush-fire lighted up the men, boats, and fixtures, casting curious shadows upon the white sandy beach that stretched away around the curve. The bay was "dead calm," and so still that the far-away "Ha! ha!" of the wakeful laughing gull and the thundering return of a shark or ray to the water came distinctly from the outer reef miles away. Two rude tents that might have been relics of the Seminole War were raised against the brush, while several boats, a well-patched seine, and numerous sponging-hooks and lines formed the stock in trade. The banjo was never picked by a jollier party, and, lying upon the sand about the fire, they were waiting for the "'way-up moon'" before hauling the great net. Captain Dave and myself accepted seats of honor where the smoke was densest and the insects consequently least annoying. Scope joined the musicians to the windward, and the songs rolled on, waking the dormant echoes of the old reef again and again. Now the rich, sonorous voices

rose in chorus, followed by a laughing solo improvised on the spot and dealt out lavishly to the inspiriting "picking" of the banjo. The stern realities of life had no place here: light-hearted, clear of conscience, these boyish men lived a life of sunshine and enjoyment and were contented. From far and near they came, and were at home anywhere. Some sang from personal experience of the "Louisiana lowlands low," others of the "Yellow Rose of Texas" and the "Suwanee River," while Sandy sang of the "old Kentucky home so far away."

The evening was well along when the tide gently surrounded old Alick's feet, which were extended seaward, a quiet reminder of work to be done. "Turn out yer, you lazy coons!" shouted the good-hearted tyrant, who was the recognized boss in perpetuity. "You Sam an' Pinckney First, run in de dingy, an' de res' of we kin ten' de payin' out. We ain't a-gwine toe have dis yer sene wasted de way she was over yander. —You see, gem'n," he continued, addressing Captain Dave and myself, who had risen to lend a hand, "we hauled over de mouf of de Maumee de oder evenin', an' w'en we swunged in de net she bag so, an' I see de mullet beatin'. I give de word, an' dese yer boys in wif de net wif a rush, an' I'm dogged ef dey didn't land fifty of de wustest, onaryest mango-roots in county Dade, sah." But the net was in the water, and all hands laid hold to assist in paying out,—some of the boys wading in with it, to see that it did not foul. Out it ran like a huge fiery serpent, the meshes, floats, and sinkers waking to life myriads of phosphorescent creatures, that sparkled and glittered like molten gold, and every movement as we waded along threw out streams and flames of dazzling brilliancy that seemed to dart away, veritable creatures of living light, into the darkness. When about two hundred feet from the shore, the dingy

swept up the beach, "Pinckney First" (there were four of them) pulling hard and Sam paying out. Finally the end was reached, and they headed in, and when near shore the boys waded out and grasped the line. The silence was broken now: yells, peals of laughter, snatches of song, and heave-hoys rent the air, and under the inspiring influence of the uproar the net came quickly in, the space between the floats showing decided signs of animation. Here a score of mullets sprang into the air, or some larger fish essayed to cross the line. Myriads of sardines leaped affrighted from the water, the moon-beams glancing from their sides in silvery gleams. In they came with a rush, the finny victims leaping and splashing. The uproar grew fast and furious; everybody yelled and pulled, while old Aliok, up to his waist in the jumping mass, encouraged first one side and then the other in inarticulate words and invective, his speech occasionally ending in a hoarse gurgle as he disappeared under water to fish up a mangrove-root and toss it outside the magic circle. It was during one of these submarine excursions that he came to grief. The net was well in-shore, and nothing was visible of the old man except his bald pate, around which the mullets seemed to play mischievously. It was only for a second, and then up he rose from the sea as if driven from the mouth of a volcano, and with a mighty crash fell upon his face and made for shore, wildly giving orders to drop the net. But it was too late, and, as it came in, the cause of the old man's flight became apparent. A great fish was rushing from side to side, confused by the throng of smaller fry and mowing them down with terrific blows. It was a man-eater, and to save the net a sponge-hook was caught in its gills, and soon the unwelcome visitor was high and dry. The net, for the moment dropped, was now with a rush dragged well up on the beach, and its load of struggling forms hurled upon the sand. How they glistened and gleamed! every tug at the net turning them over in great waves of silvery

light, twisting, sliding over one another, the larger tossing the others high in air in desperation, while the patter of the lesser fry was like the falling rain. Mulletts with their rounded heads, jacks with golden fins and silver scales dripping with phosphorescent drops, grunts that opened their wide mouths in audible protest, hog-fish, jew-fish, angle-fishes of resplendent vesture, parrot-fishes that vied with their namesakes of the land in gorgeous coloring, snappers red and brown, groupers, sea-shad, porgies, yellow-tails, and a host of others, made up this Argus-eyed assemblage, while the crabs, sea-eggs with bristling spines, sea-cucumbers, and other strange creatures that came in entangled in the net would have warmed the heart of a zoologist.

The snappers, groupers, and porgies were sorted out and tossed into a great car floating near the beach that was even now overloaded, and would be called for in a few days by a smack in the Havana trade. The mullets were reserved for home consumption; and, finally, the great net was hauled up on the shore to be cleaned for the morrow. "I'se been on de back," said old Aliok, "of nigh on to everything in dis yer country, from a wil' steer to a manatee, but I never did 'spec' to be toted by a sherk. He dash right 'twixt my legs, an' den sent me blim into de air. I don't keer fo' any mo'. I'm a-talkin' now."

"He's good for a gallon of oil," spoke up Sam.

"Dat's a fac'," rejoined the old man.

"I didn't ride him for nuthin', son; an' I 'spec' we may as well try for mo' in de mawnin'."

The prospect of having a chance of hauling in a man-eater from the shore was enticing, and we decided to remain on the beach all night and join in the sport.

"We do a right smart business in shark-oil," said Sam, as we resumed our places around the fire,—an Adirondack "smudge." "We try out the oil, an' when we gets a barrel we ship it up to Jacksonville or down to Key West."

"What is the oil used for?" we asked.

"Well," said old Alick, with a mysterious air, "dat's reliably one of de secrets of de trade. Dis yer sherk-oil goes to Jacksonville, dat's sartin sho', an' dey say dere's a right smart call fo' cod-liber oil on account of dese yer inwalids a-flockin' dere. Jes' where de oil goes I can't say: you can draw yo' own influences."

The "influences" opened a field of speculation too extended for the lateness of the hour, and soon the sands of Key Biscayne resounded with the hoarse breathing of the whole camp. Our morning toilet consisted in shaking the hermit or soldier crabs from our pockets, followed by a swim in the warm water. Then we turned our attention to the fried mullets which Sam was turning with a mangrove-branch fork to the tune of "Ham-Fat, Ham-Fat fryin' in de Pan."

The boys were soon at work: the trying-pots were taken to a small inlet lower down the beach, and five stout poles were driven into the ground, about fifty feet apart, to which the lines were attached. The lines were ropes about sixty feet in length. The hook was a gigantic instrument, eight inches across, that worked on a swivel attached to the line by a three-foot chain. The bait, a large grouper, was fastened on, and then the lines were towed out by the dingy and thrown over fifty feet from the shore, near the channel. Each line at the water's edge passed over a crotched stick, the fall of which was the signal of a bite.

"Did any one ever get bitten by a shark about here?" asked Captain Dave, as we lay stretched out in the shade of the bay cedars, waiting for a nibble.

"I knew of one case," replied Sam, "down by Sea-Horse Key, and the man was my own cousin. We was goin' out the southwest channel, when the sail jibed, and the boom struck Dorsey and knocked him over. I threw the oar at him and put the boat about, but before I reached him he threw up his arms with a terrible scream and went down.

It was a great place for tiger-sharks, and one must have taken him. They jump ten feet out of water and take fish hangin' over the stern of a smack."

"I've seen worse than that," said one of the men, named Paublo. "In 1857 I was sold in Havana to the captain of a slaver, and made two trips to the African coast; on the last one, bless the Lord! we was captured, and all hands brought in to Key West (you remember that, Captain Dave?), and bar-ra-cooned on the beach, near Fort Taylor. One trip we had some ugly fellows, and, before the ship sailed, one of them killed a white sailor, and the captain had him up to the yard-arm in less than no time. Poor devil! he got clear of slavery, anyhow. They let him swing all day, as a warning to the rest, and about six o'clock in the evening I stood looking at the body, when a shark about fifteen feet long jumped clean out of the water and made a grab for the dead man, but he missed it. I sung out to the mate, and, just as he stepped to the rail, whish! came the shark again from the other side, catching the body by the hips. They swung a moment, and then the lanyard broke, and off he went—"

"And off goes my line!" shouted Sam, jumping to his feet.

All hands followed suit, and, sure enough, the stick was down, and the line twitching and jerking as if a curious crab was nibbling at the bait. Most sharks bite in this way from the bottom, nosing the bait before starting off.

There had been some dispute the night before among the boys as to Scope's abilities as a shark-fisherman, he having claimed that he could catch a shark single-handed; and now, at his request, the rest stood back to receive a few lessons. Scope had been our faithful cook on many a trip about the reef, but never had confided to us that he was a shark-expert; but under the taunts of the *mainland* darkies he had rushed recklessly upon his fate. He took the line from Sam's hand just as it began to run out, and, stepping back about five feet from the water's edge, planted his bare feet in the treacherous sand and

"paid out," while the other boys stood around, loquaciously questioning as to whether he had a large family to leave and had made his will. But Scope kept his eye on the line, paying out gradually as the fish "walked off," and finally, when he thought the bait had been swallowed, he braced back; the line tautened, grew rigid, and at this supreme moment he gave a mighty jerk. The result was unexpected. A cloud of sand, a pair of heels in the air after a black object *in transitu*, a terrific splash—and a yell of laughter greeted our unfortunate cook as he picked himself up, ten or twelve feet from where he had originally stood, and scrambled ashore. The fish had fairly jerked him into the sea. But there was yet a chance to redeem himself, and, grasping the hissing line, he lay back upon the sand,—only to let go in time to save a repetition of his late experience.

"Now haul in de fish," said old Alick, shaking with laughter. "You'se a born sherker, sho' 'nuff."

Scope looked at the rigid rope, and laid hold in desperation. Suddenly the line slackened, and, with a look of triumph, Scope threw the line over his shoulder and started up the beach on a run. The shark was swimming in,—a trick they have, often breaking a line in the rush that always follows.

"Look out!" cried Sam.

But it was too late. The great fish, still unseen, suddenly changed its tactics, and a terrific jerk threw Scope backward in a complete somersault, filling his mouth and eyes with sand, and almost breaking his back; before he could recover, the line, which had a turn around his wrist, almost dragged him over, but from this predicament he was rescued by the laughing boys, and, chafed mentally and physically and thoroughly disgusted, he gave place to Sam. How simple it all seemed!—now hauling, slacking out, jerking the line this way and that, running up the beach as the shark made desperate rushes from side to side, Sam was surely the Walton of the shark-line. Suddenly he lay back upon the beach, almost prostrate, his feet ploughing deep

furrows in the sand, while the man-eater, as if enraged at this resistance, rose fairly five feet in the air and shook its ugly maw in desperation. But the clanking chain was its funeral knell. A few more leaps and surges, and the monster was humbled. "Clap on yer, boys!" cried Sam. And all hands seized the rope, and with a rush the shark came in, lashing the water with terrible blows, running its shovel nose into the sand, and was finally landed high and dry, snapping its jaws in savage defiance. It was a noble one,—over thirteen feet long. Alick finished it with grim satisfaction, and was preparing to commence a post-mortem in the interests of the Jacksonville invalids, when another line was noticed running out farther down the beach. Wishing to try the sport, Captain Dave and myself started for the rope, followed by Scope, but before we reached it the line came "taut" with a thud, and the post tore from its bed with a spring and dashed into the water. Upon the impulse of the moment, we launched the dingy that lay upon the beach, and were soon in full pursuit of the log, which was rushing up the channel at the rate of ten knots an hour. It would have been a fruitless chase but for the fact that the channel, like many others on the reef, was a *blind* one, ending in a shallow coral-lined bank. The fish soon reached the end and turned, and the log came tearing toward us.

"Steady!" shouted Captain Dave.

"Steady!" gasped Scope in a hoarse whisper, himself very unsteady with excitement and his late exercise.

As the post shot by, Captain Dave, who was in the bow, grasped it. The little boat whirled about madly, throwing us down among the oars and bailers, and Scope, utterly demoralized, begged the captain to "cut de rope." Up along the beach we tore, two of the boys putting out to lend a hand; but our steed was only warming up, and the rope they tossed us was missed as we went by. "This won't do," gasped Captain Dave, red in the face from the exertion of trying to keep the line in the notch at the bow: "we're going out to sea."

The boys, who were pulling after us, yelled, "Take in the slack!" And this we endeavored to do; but every movement on our part only spurred the shark on to greater feats of speed, and the dingy was now taking everything as it came, and was nearly half full of water. We hauled away, now gaining a foot, then losing it, when suddenly the line slackened.

"He's gone, by Jove!" said the captain, wiping the salt water from his eyes: "the line's broken."

"Thank de Lord!" began Scope—but he went no further.

It was the old trick. The line fairly screeched through the water, slipped from the bow, and in a second was over the side. "Cut it, Scope!" shouted Captain Dave, leaning up to windward. But Scope was getting to windward himself; and with a surge the rope caught under the dingy, the opposite rail flew up, and for a single second we were high in air, and then with a slosh the water came in upon us, and the boat righted, full of water, and rushed away in the opposite direction from that we had taken a moment before. The dingy was light, and we might have clung on for some time, but our erratic steed changed its course again, and Captain Dave and myself were washed overboard, the boat rushing on with Scope sitting, partly submerged, high in the stern. He stood it a few seconds, then, seeing the shoal reef near at hand, flung himself into the water and swam to it. Here he stood for half an hour, among the craw-fish and sea-eggs, like a condemned light-house, the picture of despair. We were soon picked up by the sunken dingy, which was still under way. It was a heavy pull for the fish, and we soon caught up with it, when the boat was righted, and the line transferred to the skilful hands of our rescuers. They played with the great fish, hauling him in, jerking him this way and that, till finally, when he was thoroughly beaten, the line was passed astern and the monster drawn to the surface and the chain made fast. Though powerless to swim, its great

tail lashed the water into foam, and, after bending its body into a curve, it would suddenly straighten out, lifting the boat out of water. At last, as if in desperation, it seized the keel, crunched the pine planks, and shook the boat as a cat would shake a mouse. But the shark was fairly caught, and slowly we towed it ashore, picking up the unfortunate Scope on the way. The line was soon passed to those on the beach, and the man-eater run up on the sand.

The sharks had not been idle: four large fish were thrashing upon the beach. The one that had led us such a wild chase was hoisted upon an improvised derrick and found to measure fourteen feet in length, while none of the others were under twelve. Their girth was so enormous, however, that their great length was hardly appreciable. There were two kinds,—the so-called man-eater, *Car-charodon Atwoodi*, that gave the most trouble, and the mackerel-shark (*Isuropis*). The oil of this fish is especially esteemed by the Northern curriers. Later, we captured a tiger-shark, the privateer of the tribe (*Gallocerdo Tigrinus*), and a thrasher.

In certain parts of Africa the man-eater is worshipped by the natives, who call it the "jou-jou" and consider its stomach the sure way to heaven. Every year a child is selected for the sacrifice,—intended for this purpose from its birth. When the time arrives, the weeping mother with great ceremony bears it to the sea, and at low tide it is bound to a stake, with a goat or some other animal, and, as the tide comes in, becomes a victim to the shark. On the Guinea coast the natives, on the other hand, hold the shark as an inveterate enemy, and destroy it whenever an opportunity occurs. The Kanakas, however, show the most heroism and bravery in attacking these tigers of the sea. Armed with a sharp knife, they plunge into the water, and, when attacked by the brute, in some incomprehensible manner avoid its mouth, slip underneath the fish, and rip it up with savage blows of the knife. The ferocity of the shark has, however, been much

exaggerated. The sharks around harbors are generally well fed and timid. The writer has often jumped from the dock with a party of bathers, some of whom would swim to a key an eighth of a mile away, when sharks ten or twelve feet long had been seen only a few moments before. One of the party, now a staid business-man in New York City, we remember leaped into the water as a man-eater swam lazily along hardly fifteen feet below the surface, with the avowed intention of riding the brute. Suffice it to say, the shark disappeared. It was a frequent occurrence, however, to capture turtles here with all their flippers eaten off by these cowardly scavengers, showing that they did not disdain to attack the helpless reptiles. Among well-authenticated cases of men who have fallen victims to the ferocity of the shark is that of Mr. Joseph Blaney, of Swampscott, Massachusetts. He went out with a large fishing-party, and when on the grounds pulled away from the larger vessel in a dory. Soon after, he was seen to wave his hat and heard to scream for help. A boat was sent, but before they reached him a huge white shark was seen to rush over the dory, sinking her and carrying off the unfortunate man. Mr. Charles Fisher, now in the United States Treasury, was aboard of a ship lying off the rock of Gibraltar, and, while watching the men swimming, saw a large shark approaching. He gave the alarm, and the men all got aboard but one. Mr. Fisher sprang into the boat and reached the spot in time to see the monster sever the man fairly in two. Commerson relates that a shark was seen in the Mediterranean to leap twenty feet from the water in an attempt to secure a human victim. But such cases are extremely rare.

The jaw of our shark, or of the one that had captured us, was carefully taken out as a memento, and found to contain eight rows of serrated teeth,—a formidable array. Though hardly of æsthetic interest, the abdominal contents of one of these sharks might possibly interest the collector of "curiosities."

The list included a steer's horn, with part of the skull attached, three *hoofs*, one old tin can, a quantity of rope, etc., etc.,—probably obtained at a water-side butcher-shop up the Miami River. The backbones of all the sharks were taken out, to be made into canes, a steel rod being run down through them, and the cartilage, when hard, taking a fine polish. Parts of the skin were also saved, these being utilized in the manufacture of bags, card-cases, belts, sleeve-buttons, knife- and sword-handles, and many other articles. In India and the East generally the shark has a considerable mercantile value. In one year over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of shark-fins have been shipped from Calcutta to China to be used for soup. Shark-oil is a still more valuable product, and is obtained in great quantities from the basking shark (*Selache maxima*), known perhaps better in our waters as the bone shark. It attains an enormous length, and, as its name implies, has a curious habit of lying or basking upon the surface, where it presents a most extraordinary appearance. It has extremely large gill-slits, and lives upon small fishes and pelagic animals that float upon the sea, straining them into its throat through a series of rays or fringes of an elastic, hard substance, which are arranged like a comb along the gill-openings. On the Greenland coast they are caught in great numbers. The most important fishery is at Naor-kanek, where three hundred or more are caught during the season (a short one), their livers yielding about two thousand four hundred barrels of oil, which is preferred to seal-oil and finds a ready market and good price at Copenhagen and other ports of Europe. It is extremely pure, resists the cold effectively, and is perfectly adapted for lubrication. Chemically it is comparable to seal-oil. The fisheries on the Greenland coast now extend beyond Fiskenaes and Proven, where the "spec," or blubber, of the Hvowcalder, as the Icelanders call the great fish, is taken as a medium of exchange for tobacco, pipes, coffee, and other luxuries from the outer world.

There is a legend recorded by Mitchell that bone sharks were formerly caught at Provincetown, Cape Cod, in paying quantities. Twenty years ago one was washed ashore off Rockaway, New York. It was thirty feet long. Earlier than this one came ashore at Cape Cod, of such gigantic proportions that the inhabitants went to the beach for blubber, thinking it a whale. Seven barrels of oil were taken from its liver and sold in Boston for one hundred and four dollars. In 1848 a number of them were caught off Cape Elizabeth near the coast of Maine, and a tradition also exists there that bone-shark-fishing was once a profitable industry in the neighborhood. A large specimen was taken a few years ago off Brighton, England, measuring thirty-six feet in length. About the Orkney Islands is a favorite place for them, where they are called the Hocmar. In 1848, according to Sir Charles Lyell, one came ashore at Rothesholm Head, Stronsa, that measured fifty-five feet in length, and for a long time the inhabitants were afraid to approach it: it was finally examined by Mr. Neill, the naturalist, who secured parts of the vertebrae and scapular arch and sent them to Sir Edward Home, of London. They are now in the British Museum, and interesting as being the remains of the largest fish known. In Norway seventy-eight thousand persons are engaged in the fisheries (about four and six-tenths per cent. of the whole population), realizing about sixteen millions of dollars a year. Among these are many who devote themselves entirely to shark-fishing. The great bone shark, the *Squalus acanthias*, or dog-fish, and the Nurse shark, all of which have a wide geographical range, are the most sought after. The Nurse or gunny shark (*Somniosus microcephalus*) is very plentiful along the western coast of Norway and the borders of the Polar Sea. The fishing-banks are about twenty miles from land, in three hundred fathoms, and are visited by the fishermen in decked boats of about fifteen tons' burden. A line about four-tenths of an inch in diameter is used, having a sinker weighing nine pounds,

this and the hook being attached to the line by a chain nine feet long. As soon as the ground is reached, each boat throws over a box, perforated with holes, containing rancid seal-meat or fish. This serves to bait them up. The lines are then put over, and, if the fish are too large to be hauled in by the crew of six men,—as is very often the case, some of the Nurses reaching a length of twenty feet,—the line is passed around the windlass and the game brought slowly but surely up. The liver is then taken out and the air-bladder blown up by a pipe made for the purpose, and the fish released. This is a necessary precaution, as, if they were allowed to sink, the sharks would become over-fed and refuse the hook. The livers vary from twenty to five hundred pounds in weight. The oil is obtained by steam-heating, and is extremely fine, being used for illuminating purposes, while the undissolved portions furnish valuable brown tanner's oil. The annual yield from this fishery amounts to ten thousand barrels of oil, valued at one hundred and fifty thousand gulden. Lately the bodies of the sharks, instead of being cast adrift, have been towed ashore and made into manure. On the coast of Finland the sharks are caught in-shore in the winter for this purpose. Trawls are used in this case, each having thirty hooks eighteen or twenty feet apart and kept just above the bottom by means of glass floats.

Late in the afternoon, as we were about starting for Virginia Key, a hammer-head shark was hauled in,—an unusual occurrence, as they rarely take the hook. They are considered extremely fierce. We can recall but one case, however, to substantiate this belief, and that in 1803, when Joshua Terry, of Sag Harbor, caught a hammer-head twelve feet long, in whose stomach was the body of a sailor. In Cuba they are quite common, and are called *cornudas*. The eyes are placed upon the curious side-prolongations of the head that are its specific characteristics, giving the fish a very repulsive appearance. We secured the head of the "hammer," and before night were aboard of our whilom deserted craft off Virginia Key. The

next morning we sailed across the bay to the mouth of the Miami. Though dignified by the name of river, the famous Miami is a mere outlet of the fresh water of the Everglades. Its scenery is, however, picturesque, being full of a quiet beauty derived from the luxuriant foliage of the banks. Tall cocoas, lime-trees, and rich groupings of poncianas and elders loaded with their brilliant blossoms combine to attract the eye. The entrance to the little stream is particularly pleasant. The banks are green to the water's edge with tall flowing grasses and water-plants. On the clear amber surface are deep shadows, and the reflection of beautiful forms beneath one of the banks forms a striking contrast to a white, shelving coral beach on the opposite side. Here we came to anchor, and spent some time in strolling about the old fort, which has not been occupied since the Indian war. Hearing of our sharking adventures, an old colored man living on the "Mamee" offered to take us to a place where sharks' teeth were to be found as large as a man's hand. It was no exaggeration, for, after a pull of an eighth of a mile up the river, he took us to a mound where in a short time we unearthed some enormous teeth that had belonged to the *Carcharodon*, a gigantic fossil shark of the Tertiary period. As we surmised, they were not indigenous to the Miami country, and had evidently been brought from the phosphate-beds near Charleston, South Carolina, some years ago. One of these teeth was nearly as large as the open hand; and, having collected a goodly number of them, we attempted a restoration after the plan of the jaw of our late captive, who in reality was a distant relative. We arranged the teeth in the same relative position in eight rows to each jaw, and as a result had a mouth that a horse and cart could have driven into, while the body of the shark must have been from seventy-five to one hun-

dred and fifty feet long. The correctness of our crude restoration is shown by the remarks of Sir John Hunter upon a much smaller tooth: "The length of the base of this tooth is four inches and eight lines, that of its longest side five inches and five lines." Sir John adds, "The fossil shark, if having the same proportion to the teeth, must have been over sixty feet long." The fossil tooth used in his comparison was from the Miocene Tertiary formation of Malta, and much smaller than the largest found in America. The teeth, after having lain in the earth untold ages, retain their beautiful polish and fine serrations, the trenchant edges being as perfect as when they were first deposited. Great quantities of them have been dredged from the beds of the rivers at Charleston, as well as at Shark River, New Jersey. Sharks' teeth have their economic value as well as other parts of the fish, but their use is probably confined to the islands of the South Pacific. There they are in constant demand as weapons of warfare, the most dreaded being formed of a pair of cocoa-fibre sleeves that fit over the arms and are covered upon the outside with rows of the sharp, recurving, serrated teeth. These are worn only by the largest men of the tribe, who in battle rush into the ranks of the enemy, seize a victim, and literally tear him in pieces.

Later on we met our friends the sharkers again. It was in the harbor of St. Augustine, and they were working north for the fall shad-fishing. Old Alick was at the helm, and Sandy at the banjo. They had had a rough time up the coast, and had now headed in; the tattered leg-o'-muttons were stretched out wing-and-wing, the notes of the "Louisiana lowlands" floated a moment on the breeze, and the old boat squared away and rushed up the harbor toward the old Spanish town.

C. F. HOLDER.

LIKE CURES LIKE.

"SHE'S comin', Cornelia. Says she'll be here this afternoon, an' she don't want nobody to meet her at the station an' tell her it's only a quarter of a mile walk to the house,—she's seen kentry quarter-miles before; an' they're to come in a waggin. Seems to hev her mind made up, anyhow: that's one comfort. I always hated boarders that didn't hev their minds made up. Guess you'll hev to harness up Dandelion an' bring her up,—her an' her trunks. D'ye hear, Cornelia?"

"Yes, mother," said Cornelia, "I hear."

She didn't look as if she was paying much attention. She was sitting on the top door-step, with her cheek resting on her hand and her eyes fixed on an ant-hill at her feet, which she was absently poking with a twig, to the manifest consternation of the inhabitants. Her hair curled in tight rings all over her head, and her eyes were as blue as a china doll's. She didn't take much interest in the matter, to tell the truth. They had one or more summer-boarders every year, and they were never very interesting. A summer-boarder, to her, meant one of three things,—a maiden lady, who sketched, collected grasses, and found fault with the tea; a country minister, who talked about her privileges in living so near the church and advised her to read some useful work during the winter; and an elderly widower, who came every year, stayed two weeks, and never gave his attention to anything but fishing and meal-times. The prospect of the arrival of an individual belonging to one of these classes was not exhilarating. And, besides, Cornelia Nott had other and very different things to think of. It has never been an easy thing for a girl to decide between two lovers, one of whom dominates her imagination and the other her heart.

Cornelia had had some beautiful letters lately,—one this very afternoon. They really were beautiful letters. She had

seen several in a book called "Decorum," that her aunt had, and none of them were anything like as good as these. They hadn't such fine ideas or such elevated language. She wondered if in the gay world, where such wonderful things happened, young men were in the habit of writing such letters. They seemed too fine for every day, even among people of fashion. The other lover was only Dick Willetts, in the village. He was very nice, and she had always liked him, but he had never written her a letter in his life. She was very fond of him, but, after all, marriage was a serious matter, as she very well knew, and she was not by any means sure that it was altogether a question of fondness. She had heard it said by somebody—she had forgotten which one of the boarders—that marriage was an education. In that case, surely the author of those letters would offer her higher advantages than Dick Willetts could ever hope to do. Well, there was one comfort,—it hadn't to be decided immediately. It was a week or two yet ere she had to make up her mind about the other one,—that is, Philip Edson Cartwright,—such a lovely name, too! Dick she could have 'most any time, she guessed. With which inconsiderate but consoling reflection she threw down her twig and ran to the barn to harness up Dandelion.

The train made a just long enough stop for a slender figure in black to step from the platform, and then rushed on again as violently as if it were not going to stop at another wretched little station about two miles farther on. It was mere affectation, its being in such a tearing hurry.

"Are you Miss Nott?" said the newcomer, walking up the platform with an air of grave interrogation to Cornelia, as she stood shyly, half advancing, half waiting.

"Yes,—that is—I'm Cornelia," she replied, a little confused.

"Yes? Well, it's really the same thing in the end,—that is, if you haven't an elder sister: have you?"

"No; I'm the only one."

"I'm the boarder you expected, you know. Those are my checks. Why, child!" she exclaimed, "you are not going to try and put those heavy things into the wagon yourself? Are you insane?"

"There's no one else to do it," said Cornelia, pausing at the authoritative tone. "Abel couldn't come: so I came alone. They're not very heavy."

"What's that man doing up there? Why doesn't he help you?" went on this sweet but, for some unexplained reason, evidently revolutionary young person.

"Oh, that's Mr. Babbitt," said Cornelia, alarmed.

The bare fact of its being Mr. Babbitt was sufficient to explain matters to any resident of Menton. Mr. Babbitt was ticket-master, and always at the station, but he had never been known to compromise his dignity by doing a hand's turn for anybody in his life.

But Eustace Enworthy was not a native of Menton. "Mr. Babbitt," said she, walking up to him as he stood in dignified ease at the other end of the platform, "please put my trunks into that wagon. There is no one else here to do it."

Mr. Babbitt turned and regarded her with an expression of incredulous amazement, but, meeting her direct glance of calm expectancy, he shifted his tobacco to the other side and walked toward Cornelia, where she stood, blushing and assailed by a strong desire to fly, with one hand on the largest trunk. Mr. Babbitt lifted both trunks into the wagon, and, still under the influence of what seemed to Cornelia to be some strange hallucination, assisted the girls to climb in, gathered up the reins, and handed them to her.

"Thank you," said Eustace. "We are very much obliged." And they drove off.

Mr. Babbitt went and sat down, and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief

he had in the crown of his hat. "I vum!" said he softly to himself. And, after a pause, "Nely Nott, too! I vum!"

Meanwhile, Eustace, apparently unconscious of the tremendousness of the step she had taken, inquired, "What time do you have breakfast, Cornelia?"

"At eight o'clock."

"There! I was sure of it. You know, they told me you'd have breakfast at half-past six; but when your letter came, I said, 'The person that wrote that letter never has breakfast at half-past six.'"

"But we do sometimes," said Cornelia timidly.

"Now, what made you say that?" said Eustace, not severely, but earnestly. "When you see people thoroughly pleased with anything, never tell them the truth about it, because, you know, no one would ever be thoroughly pleased who knew the whole truth. Are they all as pretty as you are up here?" she went on, viewing critically the crimson cheeks and blue eyes at her side.

Cornelia hesitated a moment. "No," said she defiantly, "they ain't."

"That's right," said Eustace approvingly. "If they were, you know, I should have gone home to-morrow. I haven't a bit of petty jealousy, but I hate to be always at a disadvantage."

Cornelia began to think this funny rather than inexpressibly alarming. "But you're pretty yourself," she said boldly.

"Oh, yes," said Eustace, with much impartiality, "I'm pretty, but not as pretty as you are. I don't think my style is particularly taking at first; yours is. Still, I grow on you," she went on thoughtfully. "I certainly do. You see me in red and yellow, and I grow on you awfully." And she concluded with a decisive little nod that made Cornelia burst out laughing. Eustace looked so serious that she was afraid she'd done the wrong thing, but she couldn't possibly help it. This was an entirely new kind of city boarder. She caught her breath with pleased excitement every time she spoke. It was

like sliding down Bent's Hill on Dick's big sled.

"If you have a sweetheart, you'd better tell me when he's coming to call, and I won't put it on," she continued. "Gracious!" as she caught the flush which dyed Cornelia's cheeks; "it's as bad as that, is it? I'd put on a green one, if I had it."

"You may put on what you like," said Cornelia half indignantly.

Miss Enworthy shook her head indulgently: "Oh, I shan't take you at your word. It would be very shabby of me, for, you see, I should have the advantage anyway, for I should flirt with him scientifically. I know very well what you are thinking,—that he's so much in love with you that I couldn't make the least impression anyway. I don't wonder you think so. I should have done so once. But I was cut out by a girl not half as nice as I am, with a man who was awfully in love with me,—just because she understood the principles of scientific flirtation. So I learned them myself after that; but I wouldn't, if I were you,—you're much nicer without: I was, myself. Why don't you have golden-rod about here?"

"It never blossoms till August or September, and this is only the 1st of July."

"Oh, doesn't it? I thought one always had golden-rod in the country,—golden-rod and warm milk. Do you have warm milk at your house? Because, if you do, I wish you'd hang it down the well before I have it. It's the only inanimate thing I hate. You're surprised, aren't you, to see that I know enough to hang things down the well to make them cool? I had a grandmother once that lived in the country, and she used to talk about hanging things down the well, when she meant put them in the refrigerator."

"We have a refrigerator," said Cornelia, laughing. "So you needn't have the milk warm unless you want it. There's our house."

"That's nice. That looks just as I wanted it to look. And that's your mother standing in the door, I suppose?

Tell me about her. Is she nice? Do you like her?"

"Like my mother?" gasped Cornelia.

"Why, yes. Is that so surprising? I like mine ever so much, she's so pretty and clever. I'm so glad she married into our family, as the aristocratic child said. So, here we are. Now, where's Cain, to carry in the trunks?"

"It isn't Cain: it's Abel," said Cornelia, somewhat scandalized.

"Oh, yes,—Abel. I never can remember which one it was that killed the other.—How do you do, Mrs. Nott? I'm not a bit the looking person you thought I was; am I? But never mind; you'll like me better in course of time, I know, than if I were. May I go right upstairs and get cool?"

Mrs. Nott, who, in truth, had looked for rather a severe and hard-featured single lady with every outward sign of a mind irrevocably made up beforehand, was somewhat overcome, as she herself subsequently confessed to Nely. "I was that dashed," she was overheard to remark,—"I was that dashed that I 'most forgot whether I'd fixed the spare chamber or the little room over the front door."

The first thing Eustace did when she had entered the pleasant, large room prepared for her reception was to look in the mirror, and the next to look out of the window. Both views being apparently more or less satisfactory, she opened the bureau-drawers. "But," she said, "there is no lavender here. I thought they always had that, too, in the country."

"But you didn't think it was kept in empty drawers, did you?" asked Nely, who was waiting.

"No; I suppose not," said Eustace doubtfully. "After all, it's 'presses' it's generally in, I believe. Never mind; though I did want my things to smell of lavender."

"There's some in the garden, I think. I'll fetch you some." And Nely ran down the stairs, returning with the leaves, which Eustace proceeded with the greatest satisfaction to lay among

the things she had already begun to unpack.

"Ain't she splendid, mother?" said Nely enthusiastically, bursting into the kitchen.

"Splendid is as splendid does," replied Mrs. Nott oracularly. "Still, I won't say but what she has a sort of a way with her, an' the old lady herself can't say as she ain't handsome." Mrs. Nott had come a young wife to her husband's house, and been domineered over for several years by her husband's mother, an old lady of most contradictory temper and unaccommodating opinions. Fortunately for herself, the younger Mrs. Nott was of an easy disposition, and seemed to resent this sort of training much less than most women in her position would have done. Almost the only sign that she remembered it at all was her way of emphasizing any particularly evident fact by the remark that even the old lady herself could not maintain the opposite, which expression had now passed into current acceptance in the Nott family. "Did you tell her what time we have tea?"

"No'm. Praps she ain't used to havin' it quite so early."

"Never you fear but what if she don't want to make a change an' has to, we'll find it out," said Mrs. Nott shrewdly. "She ain't exactly cantankerous, mebbe, but it'll surprise her so if she don't get her own way that she'll lay awake nights thinkin' about it."

"She had her own way with Mr. Babbitt," said Nely. "She made him put her trunks in the wagon."

"No!" said Mrs. Nott, pausing in the act of hulling strawberries.

"Yes'm: she wouldn't let me."

"Wal, wal!" And she laughed with thorough enjoyment. "If that don't beat the Dutch! Made Bob Babbitt put in the trunks, did she? I'd like to have seen him doin' of it."

Eustace came down to supper, cool and pretty in white muslin, and, far from finding fault with the supper-hour, seemed so well pleased with the good things it brought her that Mrs. Nott, having been forced by her enthusiasm to

admit that the old lady herself couldn't have made better butter, was less disposed to be impartial in her judgment. After tea, the sitting-room and the front porch were left at Eustace's disposal, Mrs. Nott and Cornelia taking themselves to the back part of the house, according to ordinary Nott usage.

"They're their own comp'ny, and not mine," Mrs. Nott was wont to say of her summer-boarders, "and I ain't goin' to worry 'em with the idea all along that perhaps Nely's and my conversation'll be charged for in the bill; and as for pa, he ain't goin' to be made to keep on his coat for nobody."

The next morning, after breakfast, Eustace asked Nely what she did all day to make herself miserable.

"I guess I don't do anything that makes me very miserable."

"Then you ought. You ought to embroider awful-looking yellow flowers on a yellow-green ground, or you ought to get a bow and arrow and shoot till your arm is lame, or you ought to get a banjo and make your fingers callous, or get a grammar and study a dead language. Didn't you ever do any of those things?"

"Never."

"I never saw such criminal neglect of one's higher duties to society in my life. I've done all these things; and now I want to amuse myself. What do people do here to amuse themselves?"

"They—they collect grasses sometimes," said Cornelia rather doubtfully, drawing upon her memories of former boarders.

"Collect grasses? Well, I'd just as lief collect grasses. I'll begin now. Where do you get them?"

"I'm goin' berryin', and if you want to come with me you'll find all you like."

"By all means. Do you really get berries when you go berrying? It sounds like too well defined a plan to really succeed."

That night, Eustace wrote a letter. It ran as follows:

"DEAR TOM,—You told me to write

as soon as I was settled. I'm settled now. I really think I've found the place I've been looking for,—where you never expect things to happen. I tell you, Tom, expecting things to happen is the curse of a woman's life. It isn't that you care whether they happen or not, but you can't go right along and do what you have to do as if you knew they wouldn't. I can't sit down at home for an evening's reading without wondering if anybody will call; and it's so in everything. But the old lady herself couldn't expect anything to happen here. I went berrying yesterday, and in the midst of it caught myself wondering how Larry Holmes would shudder if he should come across the fields and see my face and hands all stained with red juice. You know Larry. He wouldn't have been more shocked if it had been gore. I'm having a splendid time,—as the Americans say,—and I collect grasses. I found a lot yesterday, but I laid them on a stone and went berrying instead. I shall collect some more to-day. It's just as well to begin over again each day, for there don't seem to be very many kinds. Cornelia Nott is the daughter of the house, and she's very interesting. She is pretty, and she has beaux. I haven't seen them, but I know she has them: she has the air.

"I hope you'll write; but don't say any more about that matter we referred to the other evening after having dropped it for six months. I've made up my mind, and the more settled I grow the more I know I'm right. I'll send back your letter unopened if I find anything of that sort in it.

"Very sincerely yours,
"EUSTACE ENWORTHY."

This she sealed and addressed, and then sat down and thought about it. Tom was not at all the kind of man she wanted to marry. In the first place, she didn't want to marry a man that was tied down to his business, as Tom would be for some years yet. In the next, her husband must care more for society than Tom did: he always looked so hope-

lessly bored unless he was dancing with her, and, though that was pleasant now, it wouldn't be when that bored him too. Then, they never liked the same books. Tom liked "The Cloister and the Hearth," and didn't care much for Henry James, Jr. Oh, it would never do! never do at all! There was time enough yet, and when the right one came he should be made to feel as the right one should. Then she proceeded to struggle with the kerosene-lamp. That kerosene-lamp was Eustace's nightly discipline.

Sunday morning came, and Eustace sat on the front steps, idly watching the insects and flowers and birds and sunlight. "I'm certainly getting the pastoral feeling," she said to herself. "I feel so—sort of—natural. I don't care a bit what anybody is doing in the city." This restless habit of never being able to feel without analyzing what she felt was what prevented Eustace from ever being contentedly guided by feeling, and played the mischief with her nervous system.

Nely came out with her hat on. "Goin' to meetin'?" said she.

Eustace looked at her. "Why," said she, hesitating, "it hadn't occurred to me up here, somehow. Yes, now I think of it, I should like to go. Wait a minute."

Nely couldn't get used to this boarder at all. She had never met anybody before who went to church because it occurred to her. She had seen people who, rebelliously inclined, had stated, with a certain touch of bravado, that they were going to stay away, but never anybody who hadn't thought of it.

Who does not know the country church? There were the four old deacons in the front seat, who had heard the word of life so many more years than the minister above them had preached it that after a few moments' indulgent attention they dropped off to sleep, with a calm confidence that no heresy would be broached for their temporary inattention. Indeed, they had already begun to doubt if heresy was always as black as it is painted, so near were they to the land where dividing-

lines converge; but they did not know this: one only read it in the softened old faces. They waked up in time to pass the contribution-box in good order: that was all that was expected of them. Then, there were the old women. They listened with more attention. "Parson Fields was a good man, but he was gettin' sort of unsettled," according to a few minds, and it behooved that careful attention should be paid by the sisters to arrest the least sign of laxity of doctrine, seeing as the brethren, whose business it was, "were so keetless and neglec'ful." There were pretty, conscious girls, and plain, unconscious, and uncaring ones. Henry James, thought Eustace, says women's lives are fashioned out of what is left of the piece when men's lives have been cut out. Plain sisters' bonnets are fashioned out of what is left when pretty sisters' bonnets have been trimmed. Among the young men who came in late, and whose boots made a good deal of noise, and whose hair was very nicely and enduringly arranged, and whose neckties were of a particularly taking sort, one in particular attracted Eustace's attention from the unremitting persistency with which he turned his eyes in the direction of the Nott seat. A glance at Nely's beautiful unconsciousness was enough to convince her of the state of the case, and she involuntarily gave him a smile of encouragement to make up for this indifference, which caused him to suddenly shift his feet, blush crimson with embarrassment and settle farther down into the pew, and, finally, to smile himself in a shame-faced manner, like a child detected in stealing raspberry-jam.

That evening, Eustace left the tea-table, and, calling Nely to come with her, seated herself on the stone steps.

Nely was more silent than usual. An absent manner showed that her thoughts were not at her own control.

"He is very handsome, Nely."

"Who?" said Nely, with a guilty start.

"And he has the most delicious coat of tan I've seen since I came."

"Oh, — Dick Willetts," said Nely,

with more indifference. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I knew. I hope he isn't coming to see you to-night, for I shall certainly fall in love with him, and that would be so very unfortunate."

"Oh, Miss Eustace!" burst out Nely, "I'm going to tell you all about it, if you won't mind."

"Oh, no, I shan't mind. I shall like it. And the more obstacles, and the more cruel parents, and the more idle tears there are in it, the better I shall be pleased."

"There isn't any obstacle,—that is, if I wanted to," began Nely, with her ready blush.

"Certainly,—if you wanted to. I've heard of similar doubts proving quite serious obstacles," observed Eustace, with a retrospective glance toward certain incidents in her own life.

"Only just—one other."

"One other? Well, two obstacles are sometimes better than one."

"And that's—Philip Edson Cartwright."

"Oh, my! he sounds like a very large obstacle indeed. I'm afraid that, taking the fact that you don't want to and Philip Edson Cartwright both into consideration, the prospects for Dick Willetts are rather slender. In that case I'll take him myself, if you don't mind; for he's quite the handsomest man I've seen in a year."

"But yet I don't know: that's the trouble,—I don't know." And poor Nely, almost in tears over her month's perplexity, poured forth her words with a perfect confidence in her hearer's sympathy and wisdom which was most flattering. "You see, Dick and I—well, Dick and I have almost always kept company, and we've always been to school together, and then he's walked home with me from singin'-school and meetin' and everything, and mother was pleased; she said the old lady herself couldn't find any fault with Dick Willetts, and so I just kind of let things go: not but what I liked him, though."

"No," said Eustace: "I quite understand."

"One night, about three months ago, along in April, we were at the sewing-society over to Mis' Lane's, and she had a nephew up from the city,—I wonder if you've ever met him, Miss Eustace?—Philip Edson Cartwright."

"No, I don't think I ever did. New York is a big place, you know."

"Yes, I know; but I thought perhaps you would know him." And she looked a little disappointed. "All the girls thought he was splendid. He talked a great deal, and told you a great many interesting things about himself; and Mis' Lane told mother that she never knew anybody who conversed so beautifully." Nely was evidently a little afraid Eustace would not appreciate the full force of Mr. Cartwright's attractions. "He had a black moustache, and, oh! he'd had so many things happen to him, and you could see people thought so much of him, and he'd seen so much splendid society."

"He must have been very entertaining."

"Oh, he was! He talked to me a good deal. He said I seemed to appreciate him: I don't know why, I'm sure, only I liked to hear him talk. He came home with me, and Dick went home with Melia Bent. Did you see her this morning, Miss Eustace? She was that washed-out-looking girl with all those yellow ribbons."

"Yes, I saw her," said Eustace. "I don't see what Dick Willetts could see in her."

"That's just what I said! Well, Mr. Cartwright came here to see me once or twice, and then after he'd gone back to the city he wrote me letters,—and such beautiful letters, Miss Eustace! I want to show you one of them. It seems to me a man must be dreadful smart to write such letters."

"Complete Letter-Writer," thought Eustace.

"And in his last one he said that he was coming up in a week or two, and he said— I can't express it as he did, but I'll show you the letter. But here comes Dick!"

In fact, Dick's tall, handsome form

came up the path with that decidedly uncouth gait which country roads seem to impart.

"This is Miss Eustace Enworthy, Dick," said Nely,—“our new city boarder.”

"How do you do, Mr. Willetts?" said Eustace; "I am very happy to meet you." And she held out her hand to him, which he took with as much ease and familiarity as if it had been a cambric needle. "I saw you in church this morning, and I wish you'd tell me who that pretty girl was you walked home with: I'm interested in her because she reminded me of a friend of mine."

"That's my sister, ma'am," said Dick bashfully.

"Your sister! She doesn't look a bit like you.—Why didn't you tell me, Nely?"

"I didn't notice who Mr. Willetts walked home with," said Cornelia loftily. The "Mr. Willetts," which at another time would utterly have crushed Dick, was scarcely heard, so flattered was he for the moment by the absorbing interest of Eustace.

"Do you know," she went on, "in spite of church this morning and raspberry-pie for dinner, I've been very near regretting it was Sunday to-day?—you'll never guess why."

"I'm always kind of glad when Sunday comes," said Dick, with a side-glance at Nely,—“Sunday evenings, that is,” he added, lest the point should fail of appreciation: “so I guess I won't be able to say why you're sorry.”

"Well, there was a machine that I saw working Saturday afternoon that perfectly fascinated me, and you people are all so good I knew there was no chance of seeing it to-day, and Monday seemed so far off."

"What sort of machine?" asked Dick eagerly. "Was it a mowing-machine?"

"There!" thought Eustace, "for a chance shot that's not so bad."—"It must have been a mowing-machine," she said aloud, "for it mowed, and I saw it at work up on that hill."

"Oh, yes," said Dick; "it's that new

kind. Mr. Dixon got one down to the city.—Don't you remember, Nely, I told you 'bout it?"

But Nely didn't remember, or appear to be sorry she didn't: so he turned to Eustace for sympathy, and made such demands upon her attention, losing entirely his bashful manner in his active interest, that it was with some difficulty she could gracefully withdraw and leave the others to more personal conversation.

At nine he took his departure, and Nely came into the house. "Why, Miss Eustace," she said, "I didn't know you knew so much about mowing-machines."

"Didn't you? Why, an accurate knowledge of mowing-machines is indispensable to a fashionable education. I passed an excellent examination in mowing-machines. But I don't know as much about them as Dick Willetts does. He's the kind of man that always knows all about his own business,—just the kind of man I admire."

(Let it here be observed, as illustrative of female character, that if Tom ever mentioned the law he was begged not to talk shop.)

"He didn't seem able to talk about anything else to-night," said Nely a little pettishly. "After you'd gone he kept on about that, and about how much you knew about such things."

"Indeed!" said Eustace demurely. "I'm so glad you don't care about him; for now I can talk to him all I like. Are you going to show me that wonderful letter to-night?"

"Oh, yes." And Nely, slipping away to her own room, returned with the document in question. "It's such a comfort to show it to somebody!" she said, with a sigh of pleasure. "I knew mother wouldn't understand. She and father think there's nobody in the world but Dick Willetts."

"I'll take it to my room," said Eustace. "I must have time to read it carefully." Up-stairs she took the letter out of the envelope. "The handwriting rather good,—so much in his favor," thought Eustace. Then she read it:

"MY DEAR MISS NOTT,—I have returned to the city's dust and moil, so inexpressibly-fatiguing after the verdure of the country. Like all men of thought and perhaps too close attention to the problems of cause and effect, I am prone to self-analysis, and since my return, sitting here in this dingy office, I have sought to probe my inner consciousness for the secret of why its dinginess seems greater than ever, why the mass of confidential matter my employer—I might almost say my partner—has intrusted to my care seems more ponderous, why the laughing belles whose glances seek mine in society" ("Idiots must be rare in that section of the country," interpolated Eustace) "seem more empty-headed. I wish I could tell you. Let me try. As authors of all times have sought to convey their meaning by some graceful allegory, let me recall an incident of my youth to illustrate my point." ("If this is Complete Letter-Writer, it must be extra edition, half calf, uncut. I don't believe it is.") "I used as a boy to be fond of wandering over the mountain-side, following up mountain-rills, gazing into mountain-tarns" ("Tarn is good," said Eustace), "impressed by the stillness and purity of the situation. While there, often in mere thoughtlessness, I would snare a little helpless bird or other offspring of nature, and amuse myself with its pretty, pleading ways, only in the end to let the little creature go. It was a boyish action, but through it spoke the impulses which have guided my character ever since. Then, on coming down from those heights and mixing again with men, I would think of those solitudes with pleasure,—yes, and long for the little bird I had caught and almost tamed, sorry that I had let it go. Do you see my allegory?" ("Insufferable coxcomb!") "Miss Nott,—Cornelia,—in the country lanes of Menton I found a bird. Its eyes spoke a language easily translatable to one, like myself, accustomed to look through those windows of the soul." ("Windows of an asylum, more likely!") "I read them then, and now, back here in the busy life of the city, I long for

the bird. I close my hand. I do not wish to let it go." ("Oh, don't, by any means," said Eustace satirically; "only be sure it's not a bird in the bush instead.") "I shall come up two weeks from Sunday, to receive your fond reply.

"Your devoted lover,
"PHILIP EDSON CARTWRIGHT."

"If Nely throws over that handsome, devoted giant for this insufferable little man made out of a cheese-paring, I'll never see her again!" exclaimed Eustace. Then she fell a-thinking. What was it? why was it that this bombastic nonsense seemed to Nely so much finer than Dick's straightforward love-making? What could so blind a bright girl's common sense? It was only because it was something different. To her this seemed the most elevated language,—the language of the poets. She had never heard it ridiculed and people told to "come off." The young and unsophisticated girl always half fancies that the language of love should be of an unusual sort and as from another sphere. What folly!—to prefer the imaginative, the unusual, the fictitious, to the actual, the true, and the every-day! Fortunately, her own bringing-up saved her from such folly. She did not expect the man she should some time marry to address her in Oriental metaphor, or tilt in a joust for her hand, or anything of the sort; while as for the man that just now wished to marry her, let us see—Where's his last letter?—

"DEAR EUSTACE,—Glad to know you're so well off. Everything slow here, and beastly hot. You'd better not come back until you get good and ready. Went down to Manhattan the other day with a lot of people,—the Randalls' party,—and Miss Lena fell to my share. She can sing, can't she! Saw your friend Larry the other day in the street, and thought of telling him you were getting freckled (you didn't say freckled, but I know you are,—you always do) picking raspberries; but it was a warm day, and I couldn't stop to put ice on

his head. There's no use in telling me not to say that I'm in love with you, you know. I shall say it right straight along to the end of the chapter. Unfortunate, very, but I'm not Shakespeare, and I always repeat. I'm glad Miss Cornelia is such a daisy. I'm coming to see her before long.

"Yours,
"TOM."

Not much Oriental metaphor or mountain-tarn about that! Then she thought some more. The next morning she walked down to the mill with Nely to see about some flour. On their return, "Nely," said she, "I've read your letter. It's a very remarkable composition, but don't you ever marry the man who wrote it. Do you suppose he'll ever want you to do anything but listen to him and feed his vanity? Do you suppose he'll ever allow himself to be natural,—except when he wants his boots blacked in a hurry? Do you know what people will call you?" went on Eustace, with awful emphasis. "They'll call you that pretty, shy little Mrs. Cartwright and her awful bore of a husband. And that won't be the worst, either. He'll have views,—not original views, but views he's found in a book,—and you'll have to listen to them; and he's very conceited and very selfish, and he can't any more hold a candle to Dick Willets than—anything! And don't you dare to snub Dick the least bit for the sake of his airs and absurdity, Cornelia Nott!"

And Cornelia Nott was so overwhelmed by this exhortation that she meekly answered, "No, 'm." So it wasn't the real thing, after all,—for of course Miss Eustace knew,—and smart people didn't always talk so, and he wasn't a bit splendid. It was very humiliating, when all the girls thought he was something so out of the common way. Well, she knew better now than they did, and she'd had better opportunities for finding out. Whereupon she gave her head a satisfied little toss.

Just then 'Melia Bent came across the road. "Oh, Nely!" she said,—her

voice was small and very flat,—“I had to tell you. You remember Philip Cartwright? Well, he sent me the most beautiful letter,—all about bein’ on the mountains and walkin’ about there for hours,—though pa did say he didn’t b’lieve he ever walked anywheres he could find anybody fool enough to give him a ride,—and about ketchin’ little birds and lettin’ of ’em go again; and then there’s somethin’ about me.” And ’Melia became embarrassed. “I’ll show it you some time.”

“Thank you,” said Nely loftily: “I don’t care to see it. I’ve seen several of Mr. Philip Cartwright’s letters already, and I don’t care to read any more of his nonsense.” And she walked toward the house.

“Well,” called ’Melia after her, “I wouldn’t be so huffy, if you did think he was your beau, Miss Nott.”

As for Eustace, she sat down that evening and wrote to Tom,—

“DEAR TOM,—This may be the last letter you’ll ever have from me, because the kerosene-lamp is acting in a very singular manner, and the more I turn it the more it flares; but, as I’ve already

aroused the whole family twice in the dead of night with the announcement that it was going to explode, I propose to-night to await my fate in calmness and sobriety. I’ve given up collecting grasses, and have taken to birds’ eggs. There’s an element of cruelty in it that pleases me. I haven’t found any yet. Mrs. Nott says it’s late for them, but I’m going to blow them and string them. But I’m not going to be conversational and chatty any longer. Perhaps you remember that I wrote you the other day that you were not going to come up and see Cornelia at all,—I didn’t want to see you. Well, you can if you like. There’s them as think I made a mistake six months and again two weeks ago. Now, don’t you be too much set up by this, because it isn’t because I’m inconsistent, or because a woman never knows her own mind, or because a woman never accepts a man the first time; but I’ve just been sending Nely down on her knees to thank heaven fasting for a good man’s love, and I always wanted to do everything I saw anybody else do.

“Yours ever,

“EUSTACE.”

ANNIE ELIOT.

KINEO:

THE LEGEND OF MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

HOW beautiful the morning breaks
 Upon the king of mountain-lakes!
 The forests, far as eye can reach,
 Stretch green and still from either beach,
 And leagues away the waters gleam
 Resplendent in the sunrise beam;
 Yet feathery vapors, circling slow,
 Wreathe the dark brow of Kineo.

The hermit mount, in sullen scorn,
 Repels the rosy touch of morn,
 As some remorseful, lonely heart,
 From human pleasure set apart,

Shrinks even from the tender touch
Of pity, lest it yield too much :
So, speechless still to friend or foe,
Frowns the black cliff of Kineo.

Yet, as the whispering ripples break
From the still surface of the lake
On the repellent rocks, they seem
To murmur low, as in a dream,
The mountain's name, and day by day
The listening breezes bear away
A memory of the long ago,—
A sad, wild tale of Kineo.

How many moons can no man say
O'er heaven's blue sea have sailed away
Since Kineo and his fleet canoe
First vanished from his kindred's view.
Hunter and warrior lithe and keen,
No brave on all the lake was seen
Whose wigwam could such trophies show
As the green roof of Kineo.

But, wrathful, jealous, quick to strife,
He lived a passion-darkened life ;
Even Maquaso, his mother, fled
His baneful lodge in mortal dread.
Then, gathering round the midnight fire,
The old men spake with threatenings dire :
" Out from our councils he must go,
The demon-haunted Kineo."

In sullen and remorseful mood,
He gave himself to solitude.
Up the wild rocks by night he bore
Of all he prized a stealthy store,—
Flint, arrows, knife, and birch. Who knows
But some dark lock or dead wild rose,
The phantom of an untold woe,
Shared the lone haunt of Kineo ?

The mountain was his own ; than he
None other dared its mystery.
None sought to meet the savage glare
Of the wild hunter in his lair.
But when far up the mountain-side
Each night a lurid flame they spied,
The watchful red-men muttered low,
" There hides our brother Kineo !"

Years passed. Among the storm-swept pines
From moon to moon he read the signs
Of blossom and decay. He knew
The eagle that familiar flew.

About his path. The fearless bird
His melancholy accents heard,
But glen or shore no more might know
The swift, still step of Kineo.

Save once. His tribe in deadly fray
Had battled all the lowering day,
And many a brave Penobscot's blood
Was mingling in the lake's pure flood,
When, like a spectre, through the gloom,
With gleaming knife and eagle plume
And glance that burned with lurid glow,
Strode the bold form of Kineo.

A hush like death, and then a cry
Fierce and exultant pierced the sky!
They rallied round that fiery plume,
And smote the foe with hopeless doom.
But when the grateful warriors fain
Would seek his well-known face again,
Their gifts and homage to bestow,
Gone, like a mist, was Kineo!

They saw him not, but from that hour
They bowed before his wizard power;
His watch-fire grew to be a shrine
Half terrible and half divine.
None ever knew when death drew nigh,
When into darker mystery
Of cloud above or deep below
Stole the sad ghost of Kineo.

But, when his camp-fire burned no more,
The solitary mountain bore
His name; and when at times the sky
Grew dark, a long, despairing sigh
Down the gray precipices rolled,
And tempest terrible foretold.
The fishers feared the wind, the snow,
The lightning, less than Kineo.

Now beautiful the morning skies
Look on this forest paradise;
Fresh voices, loud and joyous, wake
The echoes of the grand old lake;
But underneath that frowning height
The shadow and the spell of night
Come back; the oars fall still and slow,
The waves sigh, *Peace to Kineo!*

FRANCES L. MACE.

IN THE HEART OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

THE White Mountains and the Green Mountains, the Adirondacks and the Catskills, are all well known to the tourist from our Eastern cities. Even the most confirmed stay-at-home cannot be unacquainted with their charms,—with the nature of their beauty and the interest of their traditions,—so fully have they been written about during a long course of years. But the Alleghanies, though as accessible as any of our mountain-ranges, and as beautiful in their way, are far less familiar to the health-seeker, the lover of the picturesque, and the reader of popular literature. They are looked upon, I fear, by the majority of those who approach their base, merely in the light of obstructions in a trans-continental journey. A few moments spent in wondering admiration of the "Horseshoe Curve" is perhaps the only tribute to their beauty paid by the average traveller. Broad reaches of rolling hill-tops lie outspread before him, deep, narrow gaps and gorges run at right angles to the railroad, offering vistas of the most seductive loveliness; but the country is not a fashionable resort for tourists, and the fame of its beauties is but local. So the traveller goes on his way indifferent, until chance or necessity, perhaps, forces upon him the introduction he would not seek. Dull and blind he must be, however, if more than a first experience is necessary to make him a lover of these mountains and a singer of their beauty ever after. Their physical charms, moreover, are supplemented by an historical record which, in spite of the fact that it falls almost entirely within the present century, is not deficient in the romantic and adventurous incidents which mark the earlier history of places farther East.

In order to get a sort of bird's-eye view of the district that shall fix its main features in our mind for

reference when we come to speak in detail of things that are and things that were, let us first take a day-train from Harrisburg and go with it up to the mountain-top, past Cresson, and down again on the other side. The road we follow is the chief artery of the State of Pennsylvania, the channel through which flows the main current of its vast activity. But it is much more than a great local highway. It is also one of the chief lines by which the East and the West join hands across the continent. The history of this railroad in its first beginnings, as we shall trace them later on, is a curious record not only of local enterprise but of early experiments in "railroading" as well. It is but fifty years since those experiments were begun, yet the first road over the Alleghanies has been superseded and done away with. It has, indeed, passed not only out of use but almost out of mind. How many of the thousand daily passengers over the present track know that there was another steam-route—yes, two others—that preceded it? Even the picturesque remains of the pioneer road—does it seem strange to talk of "remains" in connection with anything so new as railroads, and of picturesqueness as a visible element therein?—are as nearly forgotten as their history, both alike being known to few but local antiquaries and the summer-boarders of the neighborhood, who are very generally from localities not far away.

Leaving Harrisburg, with its outlying iron-works, which prophesy of the vast coal and iron industries that will meet us at every turn, our road follows the Susquehanna to its junction with the Juniata, and then clings for many miles to the beautiful banks of the latter stream. Noteworthy, even in comparison with the grandeur to come, when we shall reach the highest range,—the

Alleghany proper,—are these smaller ranges. Most exquisite, especially, is the gap where the Juniata breaks through its detaining hills. When Blair County is almost reached, the road curves to the north and then trends sharply in a southerly direction, so that we run into Altoona between two of the long north-and-south mountain-ridges. Altoona is the metropolis of the mountains and the chief home of their iron industry in its second stage. Here the half-earthen mass is not taken in all its disheartening crudeness to be forced by the main strength of gigantic fires into shapely cubes of tractable material, but this already docile material is laid hold of for further educating, and is half coerced, half persuaded, seemingly, by machines that are almost human, nay, superhuman, in their working, into shapes whose variety, delicacy, strength, and accuracy are something more than marvellous. In a word, this is not the city of iron-works proper, but of "shops," in the technical sense,—places which the visitor will find very unlike the haunts of femineity usually suggested by the word. These at Altoona are the railroad-shops,—labyrinthine, deafening, oleaginous, magical, fascinating birth-places of engine and of car.

Passing on our road toward the places and things which just now more especially interest us, we begin the ascent of the Alleghany itself. Traversing the thirty-eight miles which lie between Altoona, at the foot of the final ridge toward the east, and Johnstown, which we shall find at its western base, we are bewildered by a succession of magnificent views and splendid triumphs of engineering skill. Nature and man alike have done their best at the famous Horseshoe Curve. Famous it is most justly. I have seen many magnificent roads in the older world, passes of Alps and Apennines, where the background of surrounding peaks is far sublimer and the panorama extends itself over many more miles of length,—places, too, where the engineer had even harder problems to solve than here. But all the same I can recollect no one spot where

the road takes so superb a line and where the work of man so seems to but complete an original intention of nature herself. We have been told often enough that railroads are the devil's work when they meddle with nature that is sublime or lovely. But here, at least, the iron line and steed seem as if invented by some æsthetically-minded Titan to fit a route no other steed could so appropriately travel.

The wonderful curve being passed, the road still carries us up and up, along a line scarcely less bold and beautiful, till we suddenly plunge into a long tunnel, which, piercing as it does the loftiest peak we shall touch, brings us to our highest level. We run out into the light again at Gallitzin,—a curious name, we think, to meet us here amid relics of Indian nomenclature and titles derived from the modern industries of fire and iron. In it, with its strange suggestion of things foreign, warlike, and here most alien, we have our first introduction to the man who was settler and evangelizer of the country hereabouts. Insignificant though it be in itself, Gallitzin is yet the topmost point of the great highway, and so does him good and merited service in forcing his name upon the notice and his memory upon the mind of every traveller from east to west and from west to east. From Gallitzin we run along a mile or so to Cresson, and thence, by descending grades less steep and less boldly picturesque than those of the eastern slope, glide down to Johnstown, where our westward journey is to end.

Cresson Springs is not a village even. It is but the "Mountain House," with its cluster of dependent cottages, space for which has been cleared in a natural grove, principally of maple-trees. There are said to be three miles of well-laid-out walks and drives within the hotel-grounds, while beyond those grounds, on more sides than one, we have the almost untouched forest before us. The winding little paths that have been cut for our benefit here and there scarcely affect the primitive wildness of its aspect. The place is owned by the railroad, and one of its chief recommendations is the fact

that it is in such easy communication with the rest of the world. The mails come and go at all hours, and every passenger-train bound east or west stops before its door. The grounds of the hotel reach down to the track, but the hotel itself is at the top of a gentle slope, and so shut off by trees that there is no unpleasantness in the proximity. The weather is usually of delicious coolness,—for are we not two thousand feet above the sea? The country is exquisite for walking or driving, but especially for riding purposes. The abundant springs which supply the house are as pure as water can be, and their negative virtues are supplemented by the curative power of the iron springs which have long been known to the faculty. Although a room in the hotel proper would scarcely be the place for study, I can imagine no better headquarters for a student who desired either to work or to rest than one of the pretty cottages with shady porches that are close at hand. I can speak from experience of many long weeks spent in such a one. Books were plenty; hammocks swung under the trees conduced to study or to laziness with happy impartiality; there was all the privacy of a summer home with absolutely no care for the morrow. Only, the hospitable private cottages, with their custom of mid-day tea and all-day cordiality, were rather subversive of good resolves as to spending one's morning in a profitably busy retirement.

The great drawback to the picturesqueness of the neighborhood is the entire lack of visible water, incident to a position at the very crest of a water-shed, and this lack deprives one, of course, of that chief delight in some mountain-districts,—facilities for boating and fishing. It must be confessed; indeed, that there is very little "to do" at Cresson in the way the term is understood by the energetic pleasure-seeker. The big new hotel built in 1881 has provided, it is true, greater social resources of a general character than were to be found in the quaint old building which till then had borne the name of Mountain House. For the railroad and for the average

guest the change is undoubtedly for the better, as it is for every one in the way of physical comfort. But to some of us the "improvements" have lessened the attraction that Cresson offered in its humbler days. It is now a place like many others. It was then unique in its way to those who had been long accustomed to the caravansaries of our Eastern coast, though very likely not to such as were more familiar with the nooks and corners of the Pennsylvanian hills. It is no longer what it was once called, the "Pittsburgh Nursery," peopled almost exclusively by a sociable coterie from the Smoky City in search of health and pleasure for troops of pretty children. It is no longer a place where an unaccustomed face was a rarity, and won, therefore, a more friendly greeting than can now be given when the great house is crowded with visitors from every part of the West and South. The private cottages still house the same kind Pittsburghers, but their individuality and coherence are swamped in the foreign throng.

When seeking information as to the origin and history of Cresson, I was referred to a gentleman who was said to be "a perfect magazine of Pennsylvanian history." By this happy chance I was introduced to the memory of a man who deserved at least a passing word of tribute from every lover of the Alleghany.

"Cresson itself," runs a part of my correspondent's answer, "was the outcome of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and was born of the brain and energy of my friend Dr. R. M. S. Jackson, a man of genius and fine culture, who once made his home on that wild mountain. He was a physician, a geologist, a mineralogist, and, indeed, a scientist of wide and accurate knowledge. An enthusiastic love of mountain-life led him to make his home on the old highway near Cresson when the railroad was being built, and, conceiving the idea of establishing a great sanitary institution on the mountain, he, with Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, purchased the tract of land now Cresson Springs and induced the directors of the

railroad to transport to its present location at Cresson the building which had been their hotel at the foot of the mountain. He was a friend of Leidy, Leslie, and many other eminent naturalists. His house on the mountain, since destroyed by fire, was the resort of many of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of the day, and among his correspondents were Emerson, Dr. Furness, and Charles Sumner, whom he entertained for a month, in September, 1856, when he was suffering from the blows inflicted by Brooks, of South Carolina, in the Senate-chamber. In fact, his treatment, as Sumner often told me afterward, first put him on the way of such restored health as he ever had.

"Jackson wrote a most curious and interesting book called 'The Mountain,' full of practical and scientific information about that region, its flora, fauna, its springs, climatology, etc., and to prove that it was the great sanitarium of America. His dream was to make Cresson the resort and the place of restoration for all forms of human suffering; but protracted litigation with unsympathizing natives who challenged his title, and the usual unbusiness-like habits of a man of genius, plunged him into financial difficulties which defeated his purpose by depriving him of his interest in the property. But, for all that, Cresson, with whatever of attraction it has, is the offspring of Jackson's conception and efforts. He had hoped to be surgeon-in-charge there, but, with characteristic enthusiasm, when the war broke out, in 1861, he offered his services as surgeon of a marching and fighting regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, and, after an active and toilsome experience on many a well-fought field, he died, being then surgeon-in-charge of the extensive hospital on Lookout Mountain. How much you Cresson people have lost by his death!"

From the Mountain House itself there is no very extended view to be had, embowered in trees as it is, and occupying a shallow valley just below the highest hill-top. If we take the Hollidaysburg turnpike, however, which crosses the rail-

road just by the hotel and climbs the hill behind it, we shall find, when half a mile or so has brought us to the hill-top, that we have reached the little village of Summitville. From the level crest just back of "The Summit," as the place is called in local parlance, we have a wonderful view, by which we can judge as to what is the peculiar type of Alleghany beauty. For mountain-ranges are as individual as is the outline of any solitary peak, and there is one glory of the Adirondacks and another glory of the Alleghanies. There is far less grandeur of a wild sort here,—no commanding peaks, and little boldness of outline. But what is lost in wildness is gained in harmony and grace. The views in this region are very varied, of course. There are points not far away whence we get a sight of some of the numerous "gaps,"—of valleys deep and narrow, or very broad and sloping. But such a prospect as this one from the summit is peculiarly characteristic of the Alleghany. Looking northward over the shallow depression where Cresson lies and the railroad runs, we see nothing but a reach of high-rolling table-land. But what a reach it is!—so vast and broad and gently broken by the multitudinous round hill-tops that it seems as if our power of vision had been enlarged so as to embrace a myriad miles. There never was such a chance for color to show itself in all the tender grades of brown and green and yellow, unified by the blue haze of distance and the gray and purple shadows of the clouds. It is these last which give the crowning charm to the landscape. They have full sweep over the wonderful wide highlands, and by their magic the conformation of its surface seems to alter in the most marvellous and inexplicable way moment by moment as we watch.

The drives are very beautiful through all this region. It is hard to say which are the more lovely, the open highways, where the eye sweeps the far-receding hill-tops, or the narrow, dark, and odorous tunnels through the forest primeval. Its forests are the best glory of the Alleghany. In some parts where they are

comparatively open, as on the drive to Gallitzin, parallel with the railroad, but a mile or so farther south, the undergrowth of ferns is splendid in its profusion.

If we try now the turnpike from the Summit to Hollidaysburg, we shall find a road so steep and so rough with stones that our progress will be but slow. But the scenery is beautiful and in the greatest contrast to the broad panorama that was spread before us at the Summit. We are climbing down the cleft called Blair's Gap, the highest pass, I believe, through the Alleghany, and the mountain-tops rise steep and close on either side of us. Before we have gone very far, certain things will meet our eye that are not a usual sight in a district so new as this. We are not apt to find ruins of any kind in this fatherland of ours, and it seems doubly extraordinary to find them here in the wilderness, and to find them so picturesque. What was the origin, one cannot but wonder, of the isolated stone viaduct-arches that we pass, now going over one and now under the other? What is the meaning of yonder vast piece of masonry which shores up, as it were, the mountain-side, and seems to have supported a road which climbed around and clung to that narrow ledge so far above our heads? Why were such things built in this thinly-peopled place? and, if they were needed, why have they so soon served all their purpose and been given over into the hands of time and of neglect? Our driver, whether indigenous or merely attached to Cresson by a long course of summer-visiting, is sure to take an interest in the local antiquities, and there will be a touch of pride in his voice as he tells us that all these things were once part and parcel of the "Old Portage Road." There may also be a hint of scorn or incredulity in his look when he finds that his information does not enlighten us very much, but that we are still rather vague and unimpressed.

Let us now take another road from the Summit and drive westward for four or five miles toward the mining village of Lilly. Was there ever such a misnomer,

by the way, for a gritty, grimy, hideous little town, where it is hard to say which are the blacker, the people or their habitations? We have followed hither a broad highway, which, to keep an approximate level, cuts more than once through the elevations along its way. The road is broader and more carefully graded than is usual with the turnpikes hereabouts, and in many places, moreover, we see large square blocks of stone embedded in the highway a few feet from each other. This road too, we shall be told, with other similar stretches between this and Johnstown, was once a part of the "Old Portage."

If we try at last to understand just what was this highway,—which in the year 1835 is said to have carried twenty thousand passengers and fifty thousand tons of freight, that being the first season of its completed existence, and travel only possible while the canals that joined it were open,—we shall find some difficulty in getting accurate information. It was a system of planes and levels, we shall be told, where cars were drawn up and let down the inclines by means of ropes, and even canal-boats transferred over the top of the Alleghany,—so that a craft which had been launched in the Chesapeake might ultimately find itself in the Gulf of Mexico. This brings us, by the way, to note the fact that at Cresson and the Summit we are at the very ridge of the water-shed which divides the great drainage-system of the eastern coast from that of the Mississippi Valley. The hollows and dells of the neighborhood discharge their waters in opposite directions with apparent causelessness; and there is a place on the little branch-road from Cresson to Ebensburg where two springs are pointed out on opposite sides of the track, one of which contributes its mite to the Eastern and the other to the Southern system.

But to return to the Portage. Local information is so vague, proud as the natives are of their ruins,—for things are soon forgotten in this progressive land, where fifty years makes them thrice antiquated,—that we shall have to look for some printed source whence

to get our facts. Even this is not readily to be found. That there should be no popular and easily-accessible account of such a work as this proves how completely it has been neglected by lovers of the picturesque as well as by those curious in the history of early engineering and of the enterprise and pluck of a generation past. It is to be hoped that my readers will pardon a page or two of what some may call rather "dry" reading; for the undertaking of which we are to speak seems to me of sufficient interest and importance to warrant a little serious description.

In the year 1830 a canal was completed from Pittsburgh to Johnstown, at the western base of the main ridge of the Alleghanies. Eighty-two miles of railroad ran from Philadelphia to Columbia, and thence another canal went as far as Hollidaysburg, which was at the eastern slope of the range in question. Now, if these two canals could be joined in some way, the first continuous route, other than the turnpike roads, would be made through the State, and the Eastern and Western States would be put in direct communication. Surveys were started with a view to prolonging the canals over the whole distance, but that idea was abandoned as impracticable. In the year 1831 a law was passed authorizing the Canal Commissioners of Pennsylvania to begin the construction of a "Portage Railroad" from Johnstown to Hollidaysburg, a distance of about thirty-six miles, in which twelve hundred feet of ascent would have to be covered on the western and fourteen hundred on the eastern and steeper slope. Mr. Sylvester Welch was named engineer in charge of the work, Mr. W. Milnor Roberts his principal assistant for the division of the eastern slope, and Mr. Solomon Roberts, to whom we are to-day indebted for our information about the road,* his principal assistant for the western division. The general

design, says Mr. Roberts, for the Portage Road was this: "The principal part of the elevation was to be overcome by inclined planes, which were to be straight in plan and profile, to be on an average somewhat less than half a mile long, and to have an angle of elevation of about five degrees, or about the same as moderately steep hills on turnpike roads, so that the average height overcome by each plane might be about two hundred feet. These planes were to be worked by stationary steam-engines and endless ropes. As ultimately constructed, there were ten inclined planes, five on each side of the mountain, and their whole length was four miles and four-tenths, with an aggregate elevation of two thousand and seven feet. . . . The planes were all straight, and the descent on each plane was regular from the top to a point about two hundred feet from the bottom, the last two hundred feet having a gradually diminishing inclination. . . . The railroad between the planes was located with very moderate grades. . . . It was determined to grade the road at once for a double track, and to build all the bridges and culverts of stone. There was no wooden bridge on the line. In the case of one small bridge of two spans which had to be built at an oblique angle, I proposed an iron superstructure, but the plan was not approved. . . . Great care was taken with the drainage of the road-bed, and a large number of drains and culverts were built, there being one hundred and fifty-nine passages for water-under the road."

The road as first used had only one track, with "turn-outs," on the levels, but a double track on the inclined planes. The rails were imported from Great Britain and hauled on trucks from Huntingdon on the Juniata River. "The rails were supported by cast-iron chairs. . . . In most cases these chairs rested upon and were bolted to blocks of sandstone." Many of these blocks, as I have said, are still to be seen embedded in the roadway, from which the rails, of course, have disappeared. "On the inclined planes, which were to be worked by means of ropes,

* "Reminiscences of the First Railroad over the Alleghany Mountains." Read before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania in 1878, and published in the "Pennsylvania Magazine for History and Biography."

flat bar-rails were laid upon string-pieces of timber. . . . At the head of each plane were two engines of about thirty-five horse-power each. . . . One engine only was used at a time; but two were provided, for greater security. . . . For the prevention of accidents, safety-cars were used upon the inclined planes, which prevented any serious accident, by acting as a drag, or break-shoe, so as to stop the cars and prevent them from running down the plane. . . .

"On the 26th of November, 1833, about two years and a half from the beginning of the work, the first car passed over the road. . . . On the 18th of March, 1834, when canal navigation opened, the Portage Road was opened for use as a public highway, the State furnishing the motive power *on the inclined planes only*, and it continued in use until the canals were closed for the winter. The railroad was again opened on the 20th of March, 1835, shortly after which the second track was completed. . . . The cost of the road at the close of the year 1835 was one million six hundred and thirty-four thousand three hundred and fifty-seven dollars and sixty-nine cents at the contract prices. This did not include office-expenses, engineering, or some extra allowances made to contractors, etc. . . . Nor did it include the cost of locomotives and cars."

The way in which we are told the road was first managed is in curious contrast to the modes of railroad government approved to-day. As has been said, the State furnished the motive power on the planes only. No steam was used on the level tracks, and they were considered public highways, to be traversed by every man as he saw fit. "Every man for himself," says Mr. Roberts, "was considered to be the popular way to run a railroad. . . . Individuals and firms had their own drivers, with their own horses and cars. The cars were small, and had four wheels, and each car would carry about seven thousand pounds of freight. Usually four cars made a train, and that number could be taken up and as many let down an inclined plane at one time, and from six to ten such trips

could be made in an hour. . . . The experiment of thus working the road as a public highway was very unsatisfactory. . . . The drivers were a rough set of fellows, and sometimes very stubborn and unmanageable. It was not practicable to make them work by a timetable, and the officers of the railroad had no power to discharge them."

The "popular" mode of procedure was especially unfortunate in its results while there was but one track on the levels between the "turn-outs." So long as this was the case, "a large post, called a centre-post, was set up half-way between two turn-outs, and the rule was made that when two drivers met on the single track with their cars the one that had gone beyond the centre-post had the right to go on, and the other that had not reached it must go back to the turn-out which he had left. The road was in many places very crooked, and a man could not see far ahead. The way the rule worked was this: when a man left a turn-out he would drive very slowly, fearing he might have to turn back, and as he approached the centre-post he would drive faster and faster, to try to get beyond it and drive back any car that he might meet. In this way cars have been driven together and a man killed by being crushed between them."

It did not take very long for the people to be convinced that this was not the best way of managing things. The Canal Commissioners' report for 1837 speaks of "the excitement which has been up against the inclined planes of the commonwealth," and says it arose "from the bad management they had received. The delays and accidents that attended them resulted from inexcusable or wilful negligence, and were not chargeable to failure in the planes to accomplish what had been expected of them." Very soon the use of horses was entirely done away with.* The first locomotive used

* There is a discrepancy in our authorities as to just when this occurred. Mr. Roberts says, in 1835 already; but in the Commissioners' report for 1837 their use is strongly recommended, and the engineer promises to introduce them as soon as possible.

on a level was "a light engine with one pair of driving-wheels, which were made of wood with iron hubs and tires. The fuel used was wood, and the engine ran readily around short curves, and, although its power was not great, the machine worked well and gave satisfaction." The engines, of course, did not pass over the planes. After steam was introduced along the whole line of the route, the time consumed to transfer passengers over its thirty-six miles was about four hours.

An account of the tribulations of the engineer corps during the progress of the work gives us an idea of the savage nature of the district even fifty years ago. Travelling had to be done on foot all along the line of work, and it may be conceived that it was not travelling of a very comfortable kind. The surface of the country was very rough, and progress much impeded by fallen timber. The work was begun by clearing a track one hundred and twenty feet wide through a dense forest of heavy spruce and hemlock. The climate was very severe, and in summer the insects were a terrible scourge and rattlesnakes were so plenty that the chief amusement of the workmen consisted in catching them alive.

In spite of all the difficulties coincident with the building of a road through a pathless wilderness, urged on by the haste of a pressing public need and shackled to a certain extent by State interference and the bickerings of political parties, Mr. Roberts says, reviewing the work after a lapse of fifty years, and in all the light that more recent achievements have thrown upon it, "It appears to me that the locating was about as well done as could be expected under the circumstances as they then existed. Railroad construction was a new business, and much had to be learned from actual trial; but it was known at the time that the location was too much hurried, which arose from the great impatience of the public. A good deal of curvature might have been avoided by a careful revision of the line, but the reduction of the height of the summit by a tunnel, as

has since been done, the Legislature refused to permit. . . . At that time the importance of straightness in a railroad was not adequately appreciated." The summit of the Portage Road, at the present village of Summitville, was two thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet above mean tide, or one hundred and sixty-one feet higher than the level of the present tunnel at Gallitzin.

"We were striving," says the engineer, "to build a great public work to endure for generations, and, as it turned out, it was superseded by something better in about twenty years. . . . I may here mention the fact that in 1851 the State began the construction of a road to avoid the inclined planes, with a maximum grade of seventy-five feet per mile and a summit tunnel about two thousand feet long.* Parts of the old line were used, and the road was lengthened about six miles. A single track was laid down, and was in use in 1856, but in the following year the whole work, as a part of the main line, was sold to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company."

Work intended to last for generations does indeed seem to have ill fulfilled its object, admirably as it played its part at the time and indispensable as it then was, when one is obliged to record that not only the original Portage Road but also this later work, known as the "New Portage," has ranged itself among the almost-forgotten relics of the past. Even the long summit tunnel is abandoned, I am told, though the one in use to-day runs very near it. Another tunnel belonging to the first road and cutting through a spur of the mountain three miles east of Johnstown, nine hundred and one feet in length and about twenty feet in width and height, has

* Long before this—so early as the year 1837, indeed—we find that the doing away with the planes had already been discussed. The Canal Commissioners for that year combat the project, while acknowledging the fact that it would have been wiser in the beginning to have so constructed the road. It is amusing, in comparison with the way time is considered on the railroads of to-day, to note their explanation that at the best *only* an hour and a half could be gained by the change,—in a distance of thirty-six miles!

also been long deserted. It surely deserves a better fate than the premature oblivion which has overtaken it, from the fact that it was *the first railroad-tunnel* in the United States. A citizen of Johnstown amused me not long ago by relating the dangerous feat he accomplished by driving through it in a buggy, a thing which no one, to his knowledge, had attempted for many years. The darkness, of course, was utter, and the risk arose from the possible previous falling of rocks to block the way or upset his carriage, and from the washing of holes in the roadway. The only structure connected with either portage now put to service is, I believe, the great viaduct which was the pride of the older route, and which crosses the bend of the Conemaugh eight miles east of Johnstown. It is very substantial and handsome, seventy-five feet in height, with a single semicircular arch of eighty

feet span, and built of light-colored, dressed sandstone. The lover of the picturesque may be excused for preferring its solid beauty to the effect of an iron structure of the kind that would now be erected by the railroad in such a place.

If we drive once more from the Summit down toward Hollidaysburg, we shall see portions of the old road which are now inaccessible to wheels, but which sometimes form most exquisite bridle-paths. The roadway passes now under, now over, the turnpike by means of the viaduct-arches of which I have spoken, and its grass-grown track appears and disappears in the most perplexing manner. Numerous trips up and down the mountain will, indeed, scarcely leave us with more definite ideas than we had in the beginning as to just what course this part of the road pursued when it was in working order.

M. G. VAN RENSSELAER.

THE GREATER WRONG.

HE murdered her, you say,—with one quick blow
In her fair breast let all her young life out,
And then, above her, with a maniac's shout
And shriek, rejoiced to see her lying low.

He struck her down, you say, in life's glad spring,
When hope and faith and love and joy were strong
In her glad heart, and life was like a song:
There could not be, you think, a sadder thing.

I have seen murder that was fouler far:
I have seen sweet hope slain, and joy, and faith,
And tender true love stricken unto death,
With weapons sweet as smiles and kisses are.

The quick, sharp blow that does not mar nor miss,
Nor torture long, but lets the white soul go
Unrobbed of all the best that souls can know,
Is very tenderness, compared to this.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

MISS MATILDA JANE AND THE MINISTER.

BRAMLEIGH is a sleepy-looking town. The village street is draped with drowsily-drooping elms. The sea is just far enough away to whisper as sleepily as the wind in the leaves. Few people are abroad in the daytime. The birds light and sing on the mossy town-pump. The church, which is so white that it makes one wink to gaze upon it, sits in the midst of an ancient burying-ground, and calls the people of a Sunday morning with the sleepest bell possible. Daisies and buttercups nod in the path which leads to the door of the town-hall, and an adventurous tramp of a clematis creeps out of a neighboring meadow and looks in at the windows, trailing its white blossoms over the sill. The green blinds of the ancient white houses are all closed along the street, and in the tall grass which fills the shaded front yards grow a few sleepy-looking flowers, such as lilies of the valley, gray and crimson poppies, "old maids' pinks," and great clumps of silvery-green "live-forever."

When the clock strikes nine the whole world prepares for bed, and if a light is seen glimmering from one of the windows for more than half an hour after that time it is safe to conclude that either some one is ill in the house or some one has a beau in an advanced stage of courtship. Still, a long sojourn in Bramleigh teaches one that it is never by any means as sleepy as it seems,—that every shut-up, drowsy-looking old building has wide-awake eyes and ears on every side, and that even the lank-haired, drawling juvenile is on the alert for a happening.

My landlady, Mrs. Bragdon, lives a mile away from the village, but nearly every whisper which is breathed there finds its way to the farm,—the thrilling news that Mis' Peter Talpey is going to have her sitting-room newly papered, that the minister bought his new coat up to Boston, that John Snow went home with Lucy White from the last evening meeting, and the still more thrilling

news that Mis' Oliver Norton and Mis' Lemuel Stacy have fallen out and do not speak to each other. Mrs. Bragdon declares that she shall not sleep a wink until she hears whether they are pleased again or not. As she expresses it, "She does like to have something goin' on." And when, last fall, all her summer-boarders had taken flight with the exception of myself, the cows had all been sold but two, and the light harvest was being gathered in with the assistance of but two hired men, she declared that she had too much spare time and was blue as a whetstun,—that the village was duller than nothin' at all: she was never so put to it for news in her life.

"Spare time hain't what ails me," grumbled Alfonso, the tow-headed son of the house: "I ken't git a minute ter set in the store: that's why you don't hear no news."

"Cat's-foot! you don't git no news when you do go ter the corner evenin's. You don't set in the store, noway. You jest dangle round Cyrus Parker's gate, to see if you ken't git a glimpse ov Mirandy. But, Lor'! if you ken find out about anything that's a-goin' on in the world, you might ez well go down along ter-night. There'll be pumpkins to cut evenin's by 'n' by, 'n' there won't be no gittin' off then."

So, making himself very brilliant as to his feet and very much perfumed as to his head, Alfonso sets off down the road as soon as his evening chores are accomplished. The light of his lantern flashes from between the branches of the trees, and we hear him singing in a very jolly and confident strain, as he disappears round the corner, "He'll carry you through."

"Well, I don't no as I shall be kerried through ef that boy don't bring no word of enybody or enything," says his mother, seating herself by the fire with her knitting-work.

There is a frosty tingle in the air, and the scarlet glow of the open fire is exceedingly grateful to the senses. The hired girl and the hired man are courting in the kitchen. Pussy-cat washes her face on the hearth-rug. The crickets are piping pensively under the floor. I am absorbed in the fortunes of Captain Fracasse,—just the witching, wonderful sort of story to read by the firelight of a long evening,—and Mrs. Bragdon, who likes company, looks miserable to the last degree.

I look up, and, catching a glimpse of her woe-begone face, am touched with real pity. I know with what delight I may fill her soul if I choose to reveal a secret which I have piously concealed since my first year's sojourn in Bramleigh,—a delectable tale, which, for a wonder, has not been whispered around the hearth-sides of the village nor discussed under the "dim, religious light" of the one lantern which hangs from the dusty rafters in the store.

I put aside my book, and say rashly, before I have really decided to tell, "Mrs. Bragdon, did you ever know what broke off the engagement between Miss Matilda Jane Snow and the minister?"

The sudden brightening of Mrs. Bragdon's face is something amazing. She drops her knitting-work at once and clasps her hands in a touching attitude of expectation. "No; I couldn't never find out for certain. Everybody thought 'twas proper strange, after they'd been goin' together for so long. Marshy, the girl thet used ter work over to the Snows', told me thet they set up together a good many nights, 'n' he used ter bring her peppermints and religious books with his 'n' her names writ in 'em. But, Lor'! Matildy Jane hez alwers bin hevin' a beau, ever sence she left off pantalettes. Once 'twas the school-master thet come from over Bonny Big way. Folks said they was a-goin' to git married right away, 'n' then he disappeared like a thief in the night, 'n' weren't never seen in these parts eny more. Nobody knew jest why that didn't come to nothin', but I heard

thet Matildy Jane said (you know she's a real active perffessor) thet she shouldn't feel herself justified in hevin' a man thet didn't enjoy gospel privileges no more'n he did. Then 'twas Deacon Thompson, when he was a widderer. He used to go over 'n' sing hymns with Matildy Jane 'most every evenin', 'n' she baked up a lot o' plum-cake 'n' cup-custards 'n' invited him over to take tea, 'n' was partial to his little girl July in her Sunday-school class, 'n' he took her to ride over to Sandy P'int grave-yard, where his fust wife was buried. But that didn't come to nothin' neither. They were both ov 'em temperry, 'n' fell out about suthin'. Matildy Jane hain't no beauty, but she's a good housekeeper, 'n' a fust-rate good woman, though she may be a trifle sot. All the Snows is sot. I know 'em root 'n' branch, 'n' ef they ken't hev their own way they're dretful liable to fire up. This slick-lookin' minister, Parson Whitcomb, wanted her fur her money, they say. He was younger'n she, 'n' a picter of a man, with red cheeks 'n' curly hair. But, Lor'! she hain't got much money: she let that good-fur-nothin' brother ov hers waste a good pile thet belonged to her on his eddication. He was a lazy soul, but was called, as he said, to be a missionary; 'n' ef he kin make himself agreeable to the heathen, I 'spose it's as well as he could do. His room's better'n his company here." Mrs. Bragdon pauses, quite out of breath, and regards me with earnest appeal.

"I can tell you why she didn't marry the minister," say I, with the true air of profound mystery and deep importance which is characteristic of the real Bramleigh gossip.

She gives a great start, removes the spectacles from her well-polished forehead, draws her chair several inches nearer my own, allows the cat to play with the ball of her knitting-work with the most reckless indifference, and exclaims, "You don't say!" in a tone of mingled suspense and rapture.

Whereupon, after the usual preliminaries, the exhortations to eternal secrecy, the hesitations and deliberations

which, somehow, seem to heighten the enjoyment of the expectant listener, I begin my tale:

"The first year I visited Bramleigh, I used to go and see Miss Matilda Jane very often, you know. I went past her house on my way to Morrill's meadow, where the orchids grow, and, stopping at the gate to admire her flowers one day, she came out and presented me with a lovely little bouquet of spice-pinks and lavender. Then, one day when I was heated with my long walk, she invited me into the house to have a glass of her raspberry-shrub, and I accepted the invitation with pleasure, for it looked very cool and inviting inside the wide, breezy old hall.

"'Good gracious!' said Miss Matilda Jane, 'I shouldn't never get my breath again if I walked as fur as Morrill's meadow. I wish you'd always drop in here 'n' rest awhile whenever you take a walk in this direction. I see so few strangers that my eyes fairly ache for the sight o' one, and, when I have time to be, I'm dreadfully lonesome.'

"So I sat with her some time, trying to make myself agreeable; but, as the lady is not a little deaf, and I was not aware of it at the time, we did not get on very well at first."

"Deef as a post,—deef as the back-side o' the meetin'-house o' week-days," assents my listener warmly.

"But I called again and again, and after a while we became very good friends. I liked the quaint old house, with its large, low-ceiled rooms, the huge fireplaces filled with evergreen boughs, the old-fashioned furniture and ornaments brought from over sea by sailor-relatives, the house-plants in the wide window-seats, and the scriptural tiles in the chimney-piece. Then the Manx cat and the parrot were sources of unending amusement."

"Didn't you never see the parson—Matildy Jane's beau—when you was there?" asks Mrs. Bragdon, breathlessly impatient for the *dénouement* of the story.

"Why, yes; I'm coming to that presently," say I with wicked deliberation,

as I stroke the back of the tortoise-shell cat, who has seated herself in my lap and is basking delightedly in the warm glow of the fire.

"Her father, old Cap'n John, didn't take no farney to him at fust,—so I didn't know as he come to the house much in them days: that's all," she apologizes, becoming sufficiently composed to pick up her knitting-work.

"Not long before I left Bramleigh that fall, one bright, frosty afternoon I went over to the Snow woods on an autumn-leaf expedition, and called to see Miss Matilda Jane, as usual, on my way home. But, finding the minister, Mr. Whitcomb, seated in very close proximity to his lady-love, I thought it best to make my excuses and take an immediate departure.

"'No, indeed; you mustn't think of going,' said she, with energetic decision. 'You must take off your hat and stop to tea, for I'm going to be all alone this evening. Brother Whitcomb's got to go home and 'tend a prayer-meeting, and pa's going over to Tim Ramsdell's to see his new-fangled corn-sheller. Do take pity on me, for the crickets are singing louder than ever to-night, and I shall be lonesome enough to die.'

"'Yes, I told Tim I'd drop over to-night, though I don't believe nothin' in eny o' these new-fangled machines,' explained her father; 'n' ef you'll stay with Matilda Jane I'll let Ethan harness up old Moll 'n' take you over ter the village by nine o'clock, or whenever you feel as ef you must go.'

"'These melancholy autumn days, when everything in nature reminds us of our own sad decline, make us more prone than ever to seek the companionship of a congenial spirit,' remarked the minister in his most solemn tones.

"His cheeks were more like the red, red rose than usual, and he had brought as gifts to the object of his affection oranges and the *Missionary Herald*.

"Miss Matilda Jane was extremely unconscious and matter-of-fact, though her toilet bore marks of more than ordinary consideration. 'You'd better wait long enough to just taste a cup of tea,

too, Brother Whitcomb,' said she. 'I won't be any time preparing it. The tea-kettle is ready to boil now. And if you are not there in time, can't one of the deacons open the meeting?'

"He shook his head plaintively: 'We are too prone to shut our ears to the voice of dooty, too prone to follow our own inclinations 'n' stray away from the strait and narrow path. No, we must follow dooty, even though it leads us away from our dearest companions,' glancing with solemn fondness at Miss Matilda Jane."

"I wouldn't never 'a' hed a man in this world that courted me jest as ef he was exhortin' a sinner!" exclaims Mrs. Bragdon warmly.

"He did not follow duty immediately, however," I resume, "but stood irresolute, with his hat in his hand, for a few moments, then concluded to follow Miss Matilda Jane into the kitchen instead; and, though he did not make his adieux to either Captain John or me, I supposed he was hastening toward home and the 'missionary meeting,' when, in the course of a half-hour or so, Miss Matilda Jane announced that tea was ready."

"La! Brother Whitcomb went home, after all, did he?" inquired the lady, looking somewhat disturbed, I fancied. 'I thought he had decided to stay. Strange he didn't come out and say good-night.'

"Why, didn't he?" said Captain John: 'he went out toward the kitchen, and that's the last I saw of him.'

"Miss Matilda Jane seemed slightly absent-minded for a moment or two, but soon recovered herself, and was as bright and talkative as ever. 'Now I'll make haste and get my work done up, and we'll have a good long evening together,' said she. 'Ethan wants to go to the store, so he has got the milking done already, and everything will be out of the way beautifully by half-past six.'

"The brightest of fires was blazing on the hearth, and we dispensed with a lamp in order to enjoy it to the fullest extent. It was a delightful evening. Miss Matilda Jane, who is a good storyteller, told me of all the quaint events

which had ever happened in the old town. But the wind came up at length, the tree-boughs creaked weirdly outside, and we were disturbed by strange noises during the whole time.

"Some one is certainly pounding on the back door,' I insisted more than once.

"I hope you won't be scared, but folks have always said that this house is haunted,' said Miss Matilda Jane cheerfully. 'It's nothing but the wind howling through the empty garret, though, and the rats tumbling in the walls. They do carry on outrageously when it grows quite still at night. It's their noise that you hear now.'

"Impossible!" I said. 'Do let us be brave and open the back door.'

"Oh, I'm not in the least afraid. Of course I can't hear as distinctly as you do, but I'm pretty sure there is no one there.'

"We proceeded to the door at once, but found nothing but darkness and a stray apple-bough that was tapping, though not noisily, on the sill. The pounding still continued, however, and I was quite positive that I heard a voice, or voices, shouting from a distance, as if in distress.

"Oh, that's nothing but the boys over in Squire Goodnow's barn. They're shelling corn over there, and make a terrible racket every evening. I can hear them sometimes myself, if I am hard of hearing,' said Matilda Jane when I assured her of this fact. 'Come, let us go into the sitting-room and sit down again and make ourselves comfortable. It's chilly away from the fire.'

"I looked over in the direction of the barn, and saw the yellow light of a lantern and moving figures through the wide-open door, and became more easy in my mind.

"But at half-past nine Ethan appeared on the scene, with open mouth and startled eyes. 'Who's that a-makin' sich an all-fired paoundin' an' screechin' in the suller, or in the dairy, or somewhere 'nuther?' he exclaimed excitedly.

"Well, I don't know but that the old house is haunted, sure enough," said Miss Matilda Jane, starting to her feet. "Miss Harris has been hearing queer noises all the evening. Let us take a lamp and see what we can find."

"I hain't no caoward, but I wouldn't keer to see a spirit," piped Ethan, shrinking into a corner.

"Nonsense! spirits don't make such noises," said his mistress, laughing.

"My gun's all loaded, 'n' I guess I'll take it 'long with me," said he, becoming somewhat reassured by her coolness.

"Well, take it and come along," said she quickly.—"Miss Harris, I'm afraid you're scared," turning to me. "You'd better stay here by the fire: we shan't be gone long, 'tis likely."

"But I preferred to be of the investigating party, and we all three started in solemn procession, guided by the light of the fitful kerosene. It was a long distance from the sitting-room to the back kitchen, and as we approached this dark and isolated region the pounding, which had commenced with a vengeance as soon as we had opened the dining-room door, became more and more distinct. Ethan shouldered his gun and looked darkly at every shadow.

"Goodness! the sound comes from the dairy!" said Miss Matilda Jane in a tragical whisper.

"Here a voice made itself heard with great distinctness.

"It's the parson, tew, by golly! That's his voice, though it's so kinder shaky 'n' funny," said Ethan, rushing bravely and nimbly forward as an angry appeal to be let out reached our startled ears.

"Why, he must have followed me there when I went after butter for supper, and I locked him in by mistake," said Miss Matilda Jane, looking distressed and rather awe-stricken, but laughing at the same time in spite of herself. "He said that he had something to say to me in private, I know, but pa was in such a squizzle for his supper that I forgot all about it afterward."

"It is not consoling to have one's misery laughed at, so I discreetly remained in the background when the unfortunate gentleman emerged from his prison,—which was like a veritable cell, stone floor and all. I could not distinguish the words which fell from his lips, but, as there were an abundance of them, uttered in by no means his usual smooth, drawing tone, I suppose they must have been more expressive than polite, for I heard Miss Matilda Jane say, with cool distinctness, after a little pause, "Well, if you have got such a temper as this, you may as well go your own way, for all me. I've seen enough—more than enough—of you, sir."

"And if you haven't any more sense than this, I shall be very glad to do so, madam," was the quick reply. "Allow me to wish you good-night."

"Ethan, light your lantern and go with Mr. Whitcomb to the barn and help him harness his horse," commanded the lady, turning to follow me with stately dignity to the sitting-room."

"N' he never come ag'in," says Mrs. Bragdon, whose face is all aglow with happy excitement. "I knowed all the time that they must 'a' hed some kind of a quarrel, 'n' I kin see jest exactly how 'twas, now, as if I'd 'a' bin there myself. Probably he follered her into the dairy to pop the question,—it's an orful retired place,—'n' she's so dretful deaf 'n' absent-minded that she didn't neither see nor hear him. She's most inconvenient spy-motioned, tew, fur sech a person, 'n' I s'pose she come out 'n' locked him in 'fore he had time to think, he bein' kinder flustered-like, under the circumstances. I don't wonder nobody didn't hear him for so long, for that dairy is a mild away from the front part of the house, three steps down from the old back kitchen. Well, well, I hope Alfonso won't bring no more news ter-night, for I shan't sleep a wink as 'tis,—I know I shan't; 'n' then it's kinder provokin' in sech dull times to hev everything to once!"

SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

WALKS WITH BRYANT.

IN appearance, especially during his later years, Bryant was one of the most remarkable of men. Though he was of slight build and of medium height, he gave one the impression of a majestic presence. No one who was ever in his company could forget his kingly look and the simple dignity of his manner. His head was large and beautifully modelled and poised, and, with its ample forehead and fringe of white flowing locks, was the delight of artists. Beneath his shaggy brows glowed deep-set gray eyes, which never lost their lustre. His nose was straight, thick at its bridge, and strong in its setting, but delicately refined in the nostrils. His mouth was large and firm, his cheeks thin and colorless; and, with his fine white full beard and silver hair falling to his neck, he was a perfect picture of what one might imagine of an old prophet. There has never appeared among us one that so fully represented the ideal of a seer. In his case all that is admirable and venerable in old age was conspicuous, without any of its querulousness or infirmities. At eighty-three he had all the intellectual and much of the physical vigor of his fifty years.

I never knew a man who liked to be on his feet as well as Bryant. He never rode when he could accomplish his purpose as well by walking. He walked not merely for the advantage to his health, but because he actually enjoyed it. Though he continued his daily gymnastic exercise every morning, rising at half-past five at Roslyn, and a little later during his winter residence in the city, he never abandoned his pedestrian habit. On the day of his fatal fall after his Mazzini speech in Central Park, he walked from the *Evening Post* Building to his house in Sixteenth Street, and also for half an hour in the hot sun, after the excitement and exposure attendant on his address. He had so accustomed himself to venture anywhere and at any

time and in all sorts of weather on foot that he had come to presume upon his powers of endurance, which led to such deplorable consequences. By a little more prudence his valuable life might have been protracted, without doubt, many years.

My first walk with Bryant, which was an impressive episode of my youthful life, was without his knowledge. It was in the winter of 1853 or 1854, when I was a student in New York. For some time previous I had been an occasional contributor of verses to the *Evening Post*, and one day, when at the office on a little business for a certain literary society, Mr. Henderson, the publisher, asked me if I would like to meet the poet. I had long wished for this pleasure, but when I was conducted into his sanctum, where I was received with the utmost kindness, I was so awed that I hardly dared to open my mouth in reply to his agreeable conversation. Not many weeks after this, one afternoon when the snow had fallen to the depth of two or three inches, I saw Mr. Bryant come into Broadway from William Street and start up town. I followed him at a little distance on the east side of Broadway, and after we crossed Chambers Street the snow was quite untrodden and no one was near us. Drawing a little closer to him, perhaps three or four paces in the rear, I naturally but deliberately placed my foot in his track as fast as he took his out of the snow, and in this way followed him to Fourteenth Street. "Ah," said I to myself, "if I may but imitate this noble life! If only a portion of the spirit of song in him would rest on me!" He never once looked back, and, though my heart burned to address him, I had not the courage to do so. At Union Square he broke into a clean run toward Fourth Avenue, and, as my duty was on the other side of the city, I left him, with feelings that have never ceased to affect me.

My last walk with Bryant was from

the Fifth Avenue Hotel to his house, May 1, 1878, just twenty-nine days before his fatal fall. On that day, by the invitation of the Clerical Club of New York, he met the members and several distinguished clergymen from other cities at a May-day breakfast, where he gave a beautiful address on the subject of "religious poetry." In the parlor of the hotel, before sitting down to table, among others of note, the Rev. Phillips Brooks was introduced to him. The impression produced at the sight of the gigantic person of the great preacher in his ruddy health by the side of our most illustrious poet, who, though slender and old, had a kingly grandeur, is still very vivid and suggestive. The Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood and myself escorted Mr. Bryant to the hotel that lovely morning,—the spring was early, and the apple-trees were in full bloom,—and I went back with him alone to his house. This was the last time that I ever saw him alive.

But in the interval between the events that I have mentioned I enjoyed much of the society of the poet and wandered with him over grounds that were dearest to him of any on earth. His attachment to the place of his birth was very deep. Some twenty years ago he purchased the old paternal estate in Cummington, with some desirable additions, and, under the charge of a brother of Senator Dawes, it has become one of the most valuable farms in that section of Massachusetts. The place lies near the summit of one of those great ridges which are peculiar to the region. It is almost two thousand feet above the sea, and is variegated with meadow- and pasture-land, beautiful groves, streams, and springs of pure water. The hard-maple-tree abounds in this vicinity, and the Bryant place has now all the modern conveniences for the manufacture of sugar. During the poet's childhood the sweets of the maple were secured in a primitive way, great iron kettles being used for the reduction of the sap, instead of the long, shallow pans that are now employed. It was here that he drew his picture of sugar-making in "A Winter Piece:"

"Tis pleasant to behold the wreaths of smoke
Roll up among the maples of the hill,
Where the shrill sound of youthful voices
wakes
The shriller echo, as the clear, pure lymph,
That from the wounded trees in twinkling drops
Falls, 'mid the golden brightness of the morn,
Is gathered in with brimming pails; and oft,
Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of axe
Makes the woods ring.

In our walks I learned the places that were most intimately associated in the poet's mind with his early life and experience. Here were the little "Rivulet" where he sported when just able to walk, the site of the old church near the rocks on which as a child he used to sit and eat his lunch between the long Sabbath services, the parade-ground, where a drunken officer at a militia-training excited his fears and commiseration, the old burial-place, the fields where he pulled flax, and burnt brush, and drove the cattle home, and wandered and dreamed in close communion with nature, who was preparing him, as her priest, to speak from her inner shrine. These strolls over the hills and through the woods and glens, though sometimes long, never seemed to fatigue him. My endurance has been tried more than once by his indefatigable ardor, even in the time of his old age. On one occasion, when he was nearly eighty-two, I had walked with him a long way, and, after crossing a wide desolate field, full of briars, we came to the sunny side of an old wood, whose border for some distance was a thick tangle of wild, rank weeds, as high as our heads. The day was hot, and the struggle to break our way through this mass of vegetation very fatiguing, after all our previous exercise. Having succeeded, we reached, a little way within the forest, a large log which looked pleasantly inviting as a seat, and the luxury of which I really wished to enjoy. Said I, "Mr. Bryant, here is a good place for us to rest: shall we sit down awhile?"

"If you are tired," he replied, "we will do so; if not, let us go on."

I need hardly say that our walk was continued; and he seemed fresh at its very end.

Bryant did not keep, as many do, a particular walking-stick to assist him in his rambles. When wandering in the country, his custom ordinarily was to pick up any stick in his way that he could use for a cane, and to throw it down when he reached home again. At one door of his Cummington house was an armful of these ugly and crabbed sticks, each of which he had used but once. I managed to get as souvenirs two handsome canes,—one of ash and one of black birch,—by carefully selecting them in the woods which he frequented and by getting him to use them, which he did with the greatest cheerfulness.

In our rambles Bryant observed everything, and I could see that he was always awake to the objects that had impressed him in early life. The scene of his poem "The Two Graves" is far up the lonesome road to the northwest of the old homestead :

'Tis a bleak wild hill,—but green and bright
In the summer warmth and the mid-day light.

As the sun was getting low one afternoon while we were on our way to the place, he called my attention, without making the least reference to his verses, to the tinkling of a bell down by a stream in the rocky glen, where cows were feeding among the alders. It was the same sound that had touched him fifty years before, when he wrote the pathetic poem describing the scenery where we stood; and nothing could be more faithful than his lines,—

There's the hum of the bee and the chirp of the wren,
And the dash of the brook from the alder glen :
There's the sound of a bell from the scattered flock,
And the shade of the beech lies cool on the rock,
And fresh from the west is the free wind's breath :
There is nothing here that speaks of death.

He knew every flower that sprang up in field or forest, and every shrub and tree. During one walk he pointed out to me four or five varieties of the willow family, among other species of flora. Speaking of willows, he told me that the first "weeping willow" grown in this

country was planted in Stratford, Connecticut, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson from a cutting which he brought from Pope's place at Twickenham. Our excursions constantly led us to scenes associated with his poems. Among his earlier productions "The Yellow Violet" is notable for its accurate and graceful portraiture. In the grove for which he wrote his memorable lines "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," this humble plant flourishes, and here he led me one summer day, and, removing the dead leaves scattered over a bed of it, showed me where it grew in the rich and spongy soil beneath the old beeches and maples. I shall never forget with what tenderness he seemed to regard this lowly plant, and how artlessly he discoursed about it while stooping down and collecting its seed-pods for me. It seemed as if there was some subtle bond between the flower and himself, and I was sure at the time that his memory was busy with the days when, as a child, he saw it

Blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Those summer days at Cummington were always cheerful, and not without mild means of recreation. It was proposed one morning that some root-beer should be made, and that the beverage should contain every sort of suitable ingredient that the hills afforded. So with a sort of grave hilarity were gathered birch and spruce twigs, leaves of winter-green and princess-pine, dandelion- and sassafras-root; but of the desired constituents *burdock-root* was wanting. I had made a careful search for this common plant all about the barns and fertile fence-corners, where it is apt to flourish, but could not find a sign of it anywhere on the premises. When I reported the fact to Bryant, it was very plain from the smile that lurked beneath his white moustaches that he was secretly pleased that his place had been so carefully kept that the coarse intruder, which is so common a nuisance about farm-houses, was a stranger to his own. But he was determined to have the burdock, if possi-

ble, and proposed that the next day we should start out to find it, if any was growing in the neighborhood. So, having hunted for half a mile or more, our search was at last abundantly rewarded. A farmer near whose home it grew dug a quantity for us, and Bryant insisted on carrying the roots back to the house himself. I noticed as one of his traits that he took a peculiar pleasure in doing certain things himself, especially in relation to his friends. For instance, on his seventy-seventh birthday I was expected to dine with him at Cedarmere, but, arriving late on account of a provoking hindrance, I took my meal alone: the dessert was cold and had been removed, but Mr. Bryant, wishing to gratify my love for grapes, went to the grapery himself for the fruit, instead of sending a servant, and cut and brought me the luscious clusters with his own hands. On another occasion at Roslyn he suggested that on my return home the next day I should carry a lot of his fine persimmons to my children. In the morning as I was about to gather them, supposing that by so doing I should relieve him of care and annoyance in the matter, I was gently detained by Mr. Cline, the intelligent manager of his estate, who always acted with the most delicate consideration of Bryant's feelings and preferences, and who told me that the "master" would enjoy plucking the fruit himself,—in fact, that it would annoy him not to be permitted to do so. Of course this was particularly agreeable to me; and soon the old poet came and selected the best that the trees afforded. I suppose it was a similar feeling—gratification in giving pleasure—that, amid other special attentions to me, led him to escort me once to the cupola of a large barn that stands nearly on the summit of the Cummington hill above his house. A magnificent prospect was commanded from this lookout, but the way up to it was by stairs and ladders that looked to me rather risky. On following the old poet up the zigzag and lofty way, I confess I was afraid that at his time of life—it was about

two years before his death—he might be seized with giddiness and fall on the cross-beams below, and I began to express aloud my apprehensions. "It *would* be rather absurd," he said, "after having taken care of myself so long, to come to my end by a fall in such a place and on such an errand as this." I was relieved when he was safely on the first floor of the building again.

Bryant's fondness for trees is well known. How tenderly he addresses them in one of his later poems!—

Oh, ye who love to overhang the springs,
And stand by running waters: ye whose boughs
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
A paradise upon the lonely plain,
Trees of the forest and the open field!
Have ye no sense of being?

One might think, looking at the well-wooded heights of Cummington, that there was no lack of timber in that locality; and yet here some years ago the poet caused to be planted a large grove of larches and birches. In the very heart of the forest, on the summit, is a young orchard of pear-trees some two acres in extent. At Cedarmere the trees are among the most admirable features of the place. All over the farm are specimens that he himself planted, while on the large and charming lawn there is almost every variety desirable for fruit or shade. Among them are the ancient pear-trees "which have no history" and a grand old oak overhanging a spring. But there is no tree that he seemed to regard with more affection than a gigantic black walnut some twenty-four feet in circumference, which annually sheds its harvest of nuts.

Though Bryant had a stern look and an undemonstrative manner, his sensibilities were exquisitely tender and refined. He would not catch the fine fish in his pond at Cedarmere, nor allow any one else to do so, simply because he wished to avoid the infliction of pain. I was told that once when some artists were visiting at the place, one of them, an ardent fisherman, cut down a long, slim stick on the lawn among the shrubbery for a rod and began to indulge with much glee in the sport of angling.

When Bryant, who after a while appeared on the scene, found that not only were the fish being heartlessly hooked, but that the pole in the hands of his guest was a rare and precious young sapling which he had planted, his temper was put to a severe test. But the fishing stopped. It was on account of this tender sensibility that he abandoned his intention of erecting a swing for the children at the school-house which he built in Cummington, because

I declared in a pretty emphatic way that such things were dangerous and might be the occasion of serious accidents.

Bryant never lay down to sleep in the daytime, no matter how fatiguing his exercise had been, but sometimes took a short nap in his chair. I have never seen his face wear such an expression of grand and statuesque repose as when he was asleep.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PUBLIC TOPICS.

The Independents.

THE movement which has been set on foot by the "Independent Republicans" of Pennsylvania may be briefly described as an attempt to reanimate the Republican party by imbuing it with fresh principles and a living faith. The purpose for which the party was originally formed has been so completely accomplished that there is no longer any pretence of a necessity for further efforts in that direction. Unless, therefore, it can be supplied with a new aim and object of exertion, its continued existence is as much an anachronism as that of the Anti-Slavery Society would have been after emancipation was fully secured. There is no difficulty in finding such an aim, no need to manufacture a policy. The principle of Civil Service Reform is one that appeals to all men of enlightened minds and progressive tendencies, its importance is becoming recognized by the masses, and it presents the only practical issue now before the country. The Independents, therefore, are necessarily Reformers, and if the bulk of the Republican party refuses to join in the movement its dissolution at no distant period belongs to the inevitable order of things.

The real resistance comes, of course, not from the general mass of the party, but from those who control its organization and who have taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by a period of quiescence and stagnation to usurp dictatorial powers. Any sign of life must be distasteful to them; the success of the Reform movement will involve their overthrow. They do not pretend to have any policy or principle of their own. They are ready to adopt Reform—as an abstraction; they threaten to abandon protection if the "business-men" do not support them. In other words, they do not even claim to have any interest in politics except a personal one. To vote the "regular ticket" will be not to express an opinion in favor of or against any measure of public policy, but to declare one's belief that Senator Cameron is the lawful owner of all that part and parcel of the Republican party lying within the State of Pennsylvania and must be allowed to manage it for his own profit and convenience.

The point of importance is not how many voters really entertain this belief or have personal reasons for acting on it, but how many will assent to it from blindness or apathy. That the number is very considerable no one disputes. The probability is that the division in

the Republican ranks will lead to a Democratic victory. This will be a heavy blow and great discouragement to the Cameronians; to the Independents it will be a proof of their growing strength and a stimulant to fresh endeavors. The prestige of Mr. Cameron will be gone when it is made apparent that he cannot hold the citadel or show a united front to the enemy. He will, of course, complain that he was deserted by his followers; but the answer is that it was his business to adopt a course which would have prevented desertions. A man who undertakes to rule despotically should be able to enforce obedience. If the be-all and end-all of Republican politics is to beat the Democrats, the responsibility of doing it rests with those who "run the machine" and who assert that this is the only agency by which it can be effected.

Although the new movement is limited to Pennsylvania, it cannot fail, if successful, to become national. It differs materially from the "splits" that have occurred in other States. It has not arisen from personal jealousies or mere local discontents; the sentiment on which it is based is one of hostility to a system more or less dominant throughout the country; the means by which a remedy is sought has a more direct bearing on national than on State politics; and, finally, the spirit in which it is undertaken forbids the idea of any compromise, any temporary settlement, any postponement of the object in view through fear of some ulterior or incidental result. For the first time a body of Republicans, strong in numbers and intelligence, have arrayed themselves as a distinct organization, prepared to contest the whole field and to seek no extraneous help. They will neither bargain for Democratic support nor retire to the old camp after a Democratic victory. Their attitude two years hence will be the same as it is to-day: after having fought the "bosses" in a State campaign, they will not follow them in a Presidential campaign. If the Republicans are to be united in 1882 it can only be by the nomination of a can-

didate who shall have the full confidence of the Pennsylvanian Independents and of voters in other States who hold the same views and are animated by a like spirit.

PLACE AUX DAMES.

Girls at Mount Desert.

IN the many studies of the American girl given us so lavishly of late, one trait, or, to speak more correctly, deficiency, has been, if not omitted, at least only slightly dwelt upon. This is her marked indifference to the beauty of nature. Gay and bright of temperament, with an unlimited capacity for amusing herself and others, the American girl finds communion with the great mother an unspeakable bore. She will visit only crowded watering-places during the summer months: to see and be seen is her one thought,—to have a "perfectly lovely time," if any exertion of hers can compass it. Talk to her of the numberless nooks of beauty among the New England hills or of the quaint old villages scattered along its sweep of rock-bound coast, ask her to hide her charms in any such benighted region, the mere suggestion of such a waste of her precious harvest-time will procure you a rejection bordering upon contumely. A howling wilderness in truth does that place seem which can furnish for her delectation neither Germans nor polo, buck-board drives nor tennis tournaments. Long Branch and Saratoga, Newport and Mount Desert, are the *ne plus ultra* of her hopes and desires.

In illustration of this widely-prevailing temper, let us take some types of "girl" to be met at one of our favorite summer resorts,—Mount Desert. Surely *there* is beauty of natural scenery enough to satisfy the most exacting; yet how few dream of the wealth of enjoyment that awaits those who have mind and heart to perceive and appreciate the vision which, in its plenitude of loveliness, reveals itself, for the most part to unseeing eyes!

One does not murmur because the girl of the period's passion for Mount

Desert is not utterly Hellenic in its rapt absorption. We would not wish her to rave over the preciousness of the golden-rod and purple aster, nor need she adorn herself with trailing garlands of slimy weeds and drooping, bedraggled lilies, after the manner of some æsthetic maidens. If she sought in Mount Desert only the real, healthful enjoyment of a country life, we would ask no more; but, with most, it is the accessories that charm, not the place itself, and a perpetual rush of feverish excitement bids fair to spoil that new-found isle of Arcady. Of course all like the picturesque scenery of the island: they prefer to play out their little comedies in such surroundings; it is more in keeping, perhaps appeals to an indistinct sense of the fitness of things, that the language of sentiment, fictitious though it be, should have the time-honored accompaniment of rippling waves and rustling branches.

Girls at Mount Desert may be classed roughly as "piazza girls," "jolly girls," and "cottage swells." Of all these the "piazza girls" have the least excuse for their presence. Without dash enough for a rough-and-ready life, or wealth and position, the "open sesame!" to the charmed circle of cottagers, they haunt the hotel piazzas, encumbered with pieces of marvellous crewel-work in all stages of completion; novels, gossip, embroidery, beguile the tedious morning hours; while an occasional row or drive with most staid companions and a peep at the hops through the hotel windows constitute their wildest gayety.

From these we turn with a sense of relief to the "jolly girls," who, to use their own expression, make life at Mount Desert one continual "tear." They, at least, have a thoroughly good time, and are going from morn till dewy eve,—indeed, into the "sma' hours ayant the twal," for the pastoral of "oxygen" is not without its too true counterpart in real life. Long rides on horseback, suppers at Somesville, driving, sailing, canoeing,—their amusements are inexhaustible. These gay damsels are not without their uses either, for their bright

dressess have a decidedly decorative effect, lighting up the sombre background of rocks and pines with vivid hues of scarlet and yellow which seem their tribute to the crudity of Mount Desert. Their rampant spirits are, however, rather appalling to the uninitiated, and a new-comer feels a little as if suddenly dropped into a bear-garden and left to the mercy of its denizens. An Englishman last year characterized the life as "too uproariously talkative: one is obliged to talk 'hard all' on a buck-board drive, when one would rather be quietly enjoying the scenery;" and the same speaker added that the type of young lady was perhaps more curious than admirable. When on an excursion with such young people, the thought occurs that, for all love of the surrounding beauty they evince, their time might as well be spent in a circus-tent or riding-school: the bright sky and delicious air give them a sense of careless, rollicking well-being, such as we may share with the lower creation, but any spiritual appreciation it is hard to find.

But, little true love of nature as they possess,—for they have no time to stop and think about it,—one can more easily forgive these happy-go-lucky girls than the faded, jaded society favorites who make their villeggiatura at Mount Desert. Their aim appears to be the conversion of the place into a feeble imitation of Newport. The cottage piazzas are occupied at all hours of the day by fair creatures, clad in the latest marvels of muslin, lace, and embroidery, surrounded by admirers whose taste for athletic sports goes no further than the carrying a tennis-racket or wearing a polo-jacket. These languid fair ones cannot be enticed away from their hammocks and reclining-chairs by any well-meaning member of their own sex for expeditions of any kind, unless the party be so arranged that every Jill has a Jack, and the particular one she wants, at that. Her requirements in the matter of escort are, after all, not exacting, for she has been known, in weighing the merits of various men proposed, to yield her favor to the possessor of filthy lucre, reject-

ing brains and manners as things immaterial. Generally Jill elects to remain within the sacred cottage precincts, strolling around with idlers like herself; sometimes she will, upon extreme persuasion, play a duffer's hand at tennis, or wander with a favored swain in the direction of the shore or woods, often returning in a state of exhaustion, perhaps attributable to the high-heeled boots she will persist in wearing. Her evenings are a round of teas, dinners, and dances, for which she is as elaborately costumed as fashion can demand. Poor mother Nature would find it a hard task to make out of such elements a lady of her own. Let us hope that she may elsewhere find material more plastic to her touch.

If girls were only taught something of the earth they live on, rather than the smattering of languages and music which is all that most possess, the love of nature, which must lie latent in us all, might so work in them as to subdue them to its sway. But few have the barest knowledge of botany beyond the names of a few hot-house and garden flowers, and in geology granite, limestone, quartz, are to them synonymous terms. To instance this ignorance, last summer at Mount Desert a specimen of the common sun-dew (*Drosera rotundifolia*) being brought to one of the hotels by an enthusiastic botanist who exhibited its action, the astonishment of the feminine element, old and young, was extreme and unfeigned: they had never heard of insectivorous plants.

Many protest themselves ardent lovers of nature and a country life, but the devotion which contents itself with the unsparing use of such epithets as "gorgeous," "stunning," "perfectly lovely," is of little depth, and commonly transient as "the early dew that goeth away."

There may be some among the gay crowd of pleasure-seekers at Mount Desert to whom its deep solitudes still speak with soothing, tranquillizing voice. If any such there be, like the seven thousand in Israel, their existence is unsuspected by the world at large, for they are chary of expressing their feel-

ings, knowing by experience the derision which awaits them.

S. L. R.

ART MATTERS.

The Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, New York.

So many good pictures were sent in to the society this year that when the accepted ones were reviewed by the hanging committee it was found that fully one-third must remain unhung for lack of space. So the walls were filled, and then it was announced that during the course of the month they would be rehung with the canvases which were unavoidably left over. Thus we had two exhibitions instead of one, though for present purposes it will be best to consider all the works together. Unlike the majority of larger exhibitions,—these two contained about two hundred and fifty numbers,—almost all the pictures were interesting; and it will be impossible, therefore, to give even a word to everything I should like to notice. Fewer mere studies, fewer canvases valuable for promise rather than for complete achievement, fewer tentative essays, were shown than ever before on the walls of this society. What was good was, in the majority of cases, quite complete and well balanced in its own way. The portraits included many that were very fine, though, with one exception, none as striking as we have seen in former years from such men as Chase and Alden Weir and Currier and Sargent. Mr. Weir sent a charming head of a young girl, most beautifully painted and quite as remarkable for originality of sentiment; and also a large portrait of a lady that was rather stiff in pose and lacking in expression, but most clever in the management of the various white tones which made up almost the entire color-scheme. Mr. Duveneck sent two portraits of ladies, not very good in the color of the flesh, but otherwise quite admirable, dignified, and individual works, full of pictorial "style." Mr. Wyatt Eaton excelled himself with two

half-length feminine portraits. If not so strong as Mr. Duveneck's and not so original in manner, they were perhaps more beautiful. Mr. Dewing's portrait of his wife was a strong, careful, and accomplished piece of workmanship, devoid of all sensuous pictorial beauty, but attractive in its earnestness and reality. Mrs. Whitman's portrait of a little girl in a sunshiny field was admirable in color and vitality. Mr. Alexander deepened the good impression made by his *débat* at the Academy. He sent to this exhibition a fine portrait of a middle-aged man, very boldly painted, rather unpleasant in color, but remarkably true and vivid in its rendering of life and character. Mr. Frank Millet, whose manners of painting are so diverse and often so very bad, contributed the best piece of work I have yet seen from his hand, — a large full-length portrait of Lawrence Barrett as Cassius. It showed the actor in white drapery against a white wall, and in the management of this difficult scheme as well as in the painting of the face and arms it was very accomplished. May Mr. Millet always do as well, and not fall back into the glaring or the weak and pallid color he has more often chosen! The best portrait of the exhibition, however, — if we except Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother, which was exhibited last autumn in Philadelphia and need not again be discussed, — was a portrait of a lady standing by her horse, the work of Mr. Abbott Thayer. Even those who had most admired Mr. Thayer's work in former years, who had already hailed him as one of the most original and most charming among our painters, were not prepared for such a masterpiece as this. No better portrait, it is safe to say, has been painted on this side of the water since the days of Gilbert Stuart; and it would be hard to overmatch it with a similar work from the brush of any contemporary artist. The lady stood in front of her horse, with her arm passed under his neck and his head drawn down toward her. Only this head was prominent, the rest of the animal serving merely as a background to the lovely figure. The habit was

dark-green velvet, the long gloves pale brown, and the head, with its delicate coloring, was surrounded by soft red hair. From these few notes Mr. Thayer wrought a subtle and beautiful harmony of color, while in expression and sentiment the work was equally remarkable. The technical execution was strong and free in fact but delicate and refined in effect. And the way in which, while every portion of the canvas was elaborated with due and proper care, the whole was yet subordinated to the head, — forming, as it were, but its beautiful and appropriate setting, — might serve as a lesson to all intending portraitists. It may be noted, by the way, that this was a genuine "commissioned" portrait, — not a studio arrangement planned with a view to good "effects."

Among the figure-paintings of other kinds the first place should be given to two single figures, in his usual poetizing vein, by Mr. George Fuller. They were not so good, perhaps, as those he exhibited last year and the year before, but they were very beautiful and very interesting none the less, and marked Mr. Fuller once more as of all our figure-painters the one with the most distinct and individual touch of what — for want of a better word — we call genius and distinguish by that name above all cleverness of brush, all skill in the mere imitation of actual things. Mr. Chase sent a small figure of a girl in a Japanese dress, rather loosely but most cleverly painted, and remarkable for its odd but faithful effects of *chiaroscuro*. Many other interesting canvases must be passed over in order that mention may be made of Mr. Eakins's large "Crucifixion." It is difficult, however, to put into words exactly the merit of this canvas and the effect it had upon the spectator. It was the reverse of a conventional representation of the theme, for all the accessories which are told of in the records and which have usually been accepted by painters were deliberately omitted. One saw only the single figure on the cross, — with the crown of thorns, to be sure, and the inscription above the head, but without the wound in

the side; and one saw it, not amid preternatural darkness, but dominating a stretch of rocky desert illuminated by an unclouded Eastern sun. Yet the canvas was something more than a mere anatomical study of a martyred form seen under bright light. It was this of course; and those who know Mr. Eakins's anatomical science and his mastery over effects of light need hardly be told that in this way it was very striking. But in spite of the manner in which the physical agony was insisted upon, in spite of details certainly repulsive, in spite of the almost hideous attenuation of the body and limbs, in spite, too, of the fact that, death having already come, the head had fallen forward upon the breast, and so no spiritual or psychical expressiveness had been attempted,—in spite of all these things, the picture expressed in strong language some of the main ideas which we connect with the crucifixion of Christ. It expressed, in the loneliness of the figure and the unsympathizing sunny desolation of the landscape, the idea of abandonment and isolation, more distinctly, I think, than it is often expressed with all the traditional accessories one finds in other works. And the attitude of the head, the half-seen sadness of the shadowed face,—this face being the only point in the picture which *was* in shadow,—carried with them an inexpressible pathos. It was not a complete suggestion of all the elements possible to the scene. But it did not attempt so to be; and the elements which Mr. Eakins *had* dwelt upon were, I think, suggested with force and impressiveness. Technically, the canvas was very interesting, the difficult task of modelling a nude body in full light having been ably dealt with, and the lines of the low landscape especially well conceived.

Among the landscapes I may note first of all those of Mr. Twachtman, small in size, unpicturesque—though never unpictorial—in theme, and low in color, but painted with such a feeling for the essential beauty of what are usually called unbeautiful things, with so much originality of temper and of

brush, that they were among the very best things of the year. One of them, indeed, a winter-scene, with snow, in the outskirts of an American town, polled a larger number of votes than any picture which was presented to the committee,—no less than ninety-eight, I am told, out of a possible one hundred. Thirty votes secured admission; few canvases secured more than sixty, and even the great Whistler portrait only some ninety-two. So Mr. Twachtman may rest awhile upon the verdict of his brother artists, waiting hopefully for the time when the public at large will realize that in him they have an admirably strong and locally minded and therefore most original *American* painter, and when it will prefer his vigorous canvases to the conventional, weak prettinesses of men who are to-day more popular. Mr. Inness—one man, thank heaven! who is both admirable and popular—sent a charming pale-toned winter-scene, similar to the one at the Academy, and a wood-interior with vivid greens, as different as possible, but quite as fine. Mr. Ryder was at his best—and that is most beautifully poetical—in two small dusky canvases. Mr. Bunce and many another showed work of a familiar but always pleasing sort. Mr. Currier sent from Munich several canvases so devoid of coloristic beauty, so wildly eccentric in every way, that even the most fervent admirers of his water-color work—and I hasten to inscribe myself upon the list—could not say much in their praise. After long study I could not understand them, could not see how nature could have looked thus to any eye, even that of the freest interpreter. But they had an accent of sincerity none the less,—an accent which convinced one that to Mr. Currier she had indeed appeared in such a guise. Mr. Walter Palmer sent a large view of Venice, rather too scenic in effect, but with much delicate color and much originality of conception. It was by no means so good, however, as his smaller Venetian view at the Academy. Among the still-life pictures I must mention one by Mr. Thacher; for no man who can teach the useful lesson

that even a lot of potatoes may be made into a clever and a positively beautiful study should be allowed to go un-thanked.

Several interesting pieces of sculpture filled a small room adjoining the main gallery. Chief among them were some of Mr. St. Gaudens's beautiful low-relief portraits in bronze, and a high-relief in plaster by Mr. Olin Warner, which last, it seemed to me, shared with Mr. Thayer's portrait the chief honors of the year. It was a long panel showing a nymph leaning over a tripod to caress a pouting Cupid. Daring in conception and in line, it was saved from the failure which almost always attends such boldness in modern work by an exceeding grace of outline and perfection of modeling. In expression it was both vital and original, the head of the nymph being lifelike and full of spirit, though sufficiently classic in outline to fit the theme.

M. G. V. R.

ANECDOTICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

A Peep at the Truly Rural.

STORM-BOUND one Saturday in a little hamlet on the border-line between New York and New Jersey, I found shelter at a farm-house and remained over the Sabbath, getting pleasant glimpses of the old Dutch customs and manners that are still practised by the farmers of Dutch descent who inhabit this district. The farm-house that sheltered me was a fair type of others in the neighborhood. Its walls, fully a foot and a half thick, were of brown sandstone, quarried on the farm, and carried up to a height of some fifteen feet. The shingled roof was set squarely on these. A smaller building, also of stone, was set at right angles with the main building, the twain forming two sides of a square and suited to all the purposes of a fortification. The smaller building, I learned, had been the slaves' quarters in early days: it was now used as the kitchen and pantry of the farm-house. The most curious part of the building were the eaves, which were carried out in a

slightly-curved line some three or four feet, forming the roof of a portico without pillars or floor. Under this roof neats' tongues, beef hams, and ears of seed-corn were hung to dry. It was also a receptacle for hoes, rakes, scythes, and other farming-implements, thieves in this primitive district being evidently unknown.

After tea, which came about seven o'clock, the family and guest gathered around the kitchen-stove for an exchange of experiences. A striking contrast was that kitchen to some town apartments. The great stove in the centre of the room sent out a genial heat; behind it stood a sort of open dresser, containing several shelves filled with pans of milk, protected from dust and culinary odors by a muslin curtain. A rag-carpet covered the floor; an old-fashioned clock, in "case of massive oak," ticked in a corner, and beside it stood a sewing-machine. A fowling-piece, walking-staffs, an ox-goad, broom, and dust-pan, filled other corners. A table, stand, looking-glass, and sundry wood-bottomed chairs completed the tale of its furniture. The low ceiling overhead, formed of huge beams of whitewood planed and beaded and the pine floor of the loft above, was stained a rich maroon color by smoke and steam. Quite as picturesque was the group gathered about the fire. The farmer had discarded his coat, and sat in vest, check shirt, and overalls,—the latter thrust into great top-boots of well-oiled cowhide. He was an old man, with a crown of snow-white hair, stout, ruddy, good-natured, and slow of comprehension, as became his Dutch ancestry. The "hired man" sat next the farmer,—an old man who had spent his life at hard labor in his native town, too well contented with his lot to seek other fields of labor. He was clad like the master, except that he had donned a gingham neck-handkerchief, whose superfluous folds, after encircling his neck, were tucked into the bosom of his vest.

The good-wife, in clean calico gown, merrily clicked her needles and added here and there a wise suggestion or

sharply-put correction to the reminiscences of the men. Leo, a large brindled dog, occupied the post of honor by his master's side; and three remarkably fine cats, Dordy, Lily, and Spotty, surrounded the mistress.

The guest, many years the junior of the party, sat quietly listening while the old men told stirring tales of the border in Revolutionary times,—for this region was then the debatable-ground between the two armies, and was raided and re-raided by the lawless Cowboys and Skinners, to say nothing of the foraging-parties of the opposing hosts; and many times during the struggle the stone dwellings of the farmers became intrenched forts, where the people made a stand against their assailants of both parties.

At nine o'clock the whole family retired, the guest being shown to an upper chamber under the roof, with but one small window, so high and so deeply set in the thick wall that he could easily fancy it a casement in a castle-wall looking out upon some ivied, owl-haunted turret. Next morning the farmer was astir at daybreak, lighting the kitchen fire, and then attending to "the chores," his advent in the farm-yard heralded by the squealing of pigs and the gabbling of geese and turkeys. His wife also rose and began preparing breakfast,—although past seventy, still scorning the presence of "hired help" in her domains.

Breakfast was served at seven. A city epicure, though under the dominion of French cooks, might have done justice to the bill of fare, sweetened as it was by the grace of hospitality and the sauce of appetite. The quaint Dutch dishes that graced the table would have excited a collector's envy. They held country sausage and home-cured ham, mashed potatoes, head cheese, wheat and rye bread, golden butter, buckwheat-cakes, cider, apple-sauce, coffee, milk, and wheaten grits.

At dinner a genuine Dutch dish—

rolachies—unknown to Yankee palates was served in honor of the guest. In preparing them, the housewife takes fresh beef and tripe, cuts them in small pieces, mixes, and preserves with spices and vinegar. When desired for the table, the compound is warmed in the frying-pan and served hot. Judging from the writer's experience, one must be to the manner born to fitly appreciate it.

The driving storm prevented our attending the preaching-service held each Sabbath afternoon in the one little chapel which the hamlet boasts; and, as there were few books in the house, the afternoon, like the preceding evening, was spent in labors of the tongue. The farmer's reminiscences now assumed a personal complexion, however, and before night came the guest had heard the personal history of the host and his family as well as of his immediate neighbors. In politics he was a Tammany Democrat, in religious belief a Quaker, but his wife, unfortunately, being a Baptist, they had compromised, and attended the Methodist meeting together. He had never journeyed by rail or steam-boat, and the farthest limit of his wanderings was the great city, whose lights were reflected on the clouds at night, barely twenty-five miles away.

Next morning the floods had abated, and the farmer volunteered to drive his guest through the mud and snow-drifts of the country roads to the station. Old Dobbin, a staid, fat, sleek farm-horse of twenty summers, attached to the stout square box-wagon that bore the farmer to church, market, and elections,—the only occasions of his going abroad,—was brought to the door. It was long years since Dobbin had alarmed his master by any faster gait on the road than a walk, and he was a weary time making the five miles to the station. Arrived there, the townsman bade his kind entertainer good-by, and sped away cityward, well pleased with his novel experience, but not at all desirous of exchanging town for country.

C. B. T.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Short Biographies.

"Bentley." By R. C. Jebb. (English Men of Letters.) New York: Harper & Brothers.
 "John Quincy Adams." By John T. Morse, Jr. (American Statesmen.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

THE modern Plutarch has a wider range and a less definite object than the ancient. He does not limit his studies to statesmen and warriors, nor seek to hold up shining examples for imitation. The whole field of human life and action is open to him, and he is content to instruct and amuse without kindling enthusiasm or exciting emulation. It is only necessary that his subject shall be one in regard to which some curiosity exists, and that it shall be so treated as to give the essential facts, the "latest results," and the most authoritative views in a clear and agreeable style and in a compact form. A like process of condensation is going on in most departments of human knowledge and even of pure literature, with the probable result that the libraries of the future will consist wholly of hand-books and selected specimens. What further degree of sifting and fusion these may receive must be left to the imagination.

Mr. Jebb's "Bentley" seems to us the most interesting volume of the series to which it belongs. That this should be the case is certainly remarkable. To most readers Bentley is a mere name, with the single association of a reputation for scholarship in a field in which scholars only can appreciate his services. But this fact of itself gives a novelty to the subject that cannot be expected in the biography of a popular author. Then his work was that of a pioneer and an original genius, and its scope and spirit may be comprehended apart from specific results. He took also a prominent part in contests and controversies which, if they have no bearing on the life and thought of the present day, contribute to our conception of his own period. Above all, "everything that he did or wrote bears a vivid impress of personal character. The character may alternately attract and repel; it may provoke a feeling in which indignation is tempered only by a sense of the ludicrous, or it may irresistibly appeal to our admiration; but at all moments

and in all moods it is signally masterful."

It is, in fact, a character that belongs to a well-known English type,—the same type to which Johnson and Swift belong. Less lovable than the former, less repellent than the latter, Bentley exhibits the same strength of fibre, the same stubbornness and pluck, the same clear-headedness and wrong-headedness, the same keen sense of humor and deficient sense of beauty. He is a striking figure that well deserved to be drawn from obscurity and set in its appropriate place. This has been done by Mr. Jebb in a manner altogether admirable, with full knowledge, adequate sympathy, rigid impartiality, and great ease and deftness of handling. The book is, indeed, a model of clear and flowing narrative, including all that was needful in the way of criticism and elucidation, without any obtrusive mannerisms of thought or style.

We can give almost equal praise, so far as general treatment is concerned, to Mr. Morse's biography of John Quincy Adams. Here, indeed, the task was a much easier one, for it required no special or technical equipment: the subject has direct and close relations with contemporary history, and Mr. Adams's Diary supplied the fullest material in regard to his career, and a revelation of character that left no obscurities. In both the character and the career there is much more to admire than to condemn; but that isolation which deprived Mr. Adams of all personal sympathy during his life exerts its influence still on both the biographer and the reader. Some people, it is to be feared, may draw the conclusion that high-mindedness and a thorough knowledge of affairs make no proper outfit for an American statesman,—that a flexible conscience and a talent for scheming are the main requisites. The truth is, however, that Mr. Adams had himself an utterly unsympathetic nature. He was incapable of warm attachments, devoid of tolerance or charity, and without pleasure in social intercourse. He had no friends, no associates, no followers, and he wanted none. At times, indeed, he seems to have been depressed by a sense of loneliness; but he had no suspicion that the fault, or any part of it,

lay in himself, and he was in his proper element when engaged in a single-handed conflict with the many. Yet the obloquy of which he was so long the object was mostly factitious, and gives no true indication of the sentiments entertained toward him by his opponents. His character as well as his talents extorted their respect, and it is probable that any real feeling of personal bitterness that existed was chiefly on his own side. Looked at from our present stand-point, there is something remote and star-like in his unimpeachable integrity, his independence of party, his devotion to the public interests, his lofty abstinence from all self-seeking, and his unswerving maintenance of the right. Nor can it seem otherwise than remarkable that, with such qualities and such defects, he should have filled nearly every post which is an object of political ambition, while it is, as Mr. Morse remarks, "a striking circumstance that the fulness of greatness for one who had been Senator, Minister to England, Secretary of State, and President, remained to be won in the comparatively humble position of a Representative in Congress."

Recent Novels.

"The Revolt of Man." (Leisure Hour Series.) New York: Henry Holt & Co.

"Marion Fay." By Anthony Trollope. (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Prudence." By Lucy C. Lillie. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"Dorothea." (Round Robin Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"Dick's Wandering." By Julian Sturgis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MODERN satirists seem to find a curious fascination in pushing to the extreme of development certain theories and experiments in vogue at present, and, by fixing the date of their chronicles some two hundred years in advance of our times, are able to show the logical results of ideas now permeating society with their hidden and dangerous leaven. Thus, in "The Revolt of Man" England is supposed, about the year 2100, to have arrived at the climax of the power of the Perfect Woman. The fair sex have not only usurped all executive, judicial, and legislative functions, but morally and intellectually have reduced man to a state of flaccid obedience. Even the traditions of his whilom power are lost. All robust masculine literature, vivid and creative art, spirited and moving drama,

have been replaced by feeble feminine productions, which, without humor, pathos, or power, aim only at offering types of dominant woman and degraded man. Men have lost even the instinct of self-defence. A long course of servitude to elderly wives has dwarfed their courage. Women are unable to marry until they have achieved success in their professions and are able to support a husband: accordingly, a woman of forty is apt to be on the outlook for a husband of twenty. It is this horrible ordeal which finally fires the youth of England to revolt. Lord Chester, an audacious young fellow of twenty-two, falls in love with his cousin the Countess of Carlyon, a cabinet minister of twenty, instead of yielding to the passionate solicitations of a duchess of sixty-five, who demands him for her fourth husband, and the Perfect Woman's government totters to its fall. The story is sufficiently amusing. There is a certain perplexity in the reader's mind as to whether some of the superfluous and extravagant suggestions are mere burlesques or are supposed to be logical deductions from present inchoate ideas. The mystery of the absolute subjugation of the present tyrant of the world, with his massive capacity to reduce the weaker creature by knocking her down, is left a little too much in the dark. Somebody has said that, given "matter and a push, it would be easy enough to make a solar system;" and, no doubt, man once dominated might be kept in subjection,—but how to dominate him?

Mr. Anthony Trollope has ostentatiously lamented that Thackeray did not write more,—that in his career there was a lamentable deficiency of "elbow-grease." But Mr. Trollope's admirers are forced to lament that some very clever novelists may write too much. It always seems right and meet that we should find plenty of commonplace in Mr. Trollope's books, but, as a rule, we have been compensated by touches of humor, a *vraisemblance*, and a wide humanity which moved us to lively interest. "Marion Fay" is a story of the son and daughter of a marquis who, after playing the rôle of a Liberal in his youth, is confounded in his age by the actual radicalism of his offspring. The obvious conclusion in the reader's mind is that Mr. Trollope wished to make everybody avoid the insanity of radicalism, and so has grown to wish to divest Lord Hampstead and Lady Frances of the least power of charming. There is, in many situations,

a demand for sweetness and pathos, without any answer save insipidity and verbiage. In Lord Llwdytlwl we find a touch of some of the old power; but, on the whole, the novel is singularly destitute of good taste or fine feeling.

"Prudence," it would seem, ought to have been a satire, for, seriously treated, there is a sort of mental aberration suggested by characters who insist on going drearily through familiar rôles which we have been in the habit of laughing over for a year or two. But Mrs. Lillie's story is, barring the æstheticism, a pleasant little history pleasantly told. Prudence herself is too pretty not to be charming in spite of her follies. The actual heroine of the book is Helena, who misses Prudence's beauty, her success, the love bestowed on her, but at least has the gain out of her loss in the comprehension of certain truths and realities which the gay little title-heroine never guesses at. This is another of the many books in which an American girl crosses the Atlantic to conquer.

"Dorothea" is a reminiscence of the Centennial Exhibition, and an arabesque of love-story runs through the experiences of three or four people who visit the "Main Building" and "Agricultural Hall," make sketches of the droll and the picturesque, and write newspaper accounts and have surprising adventures in consequence. The story is slight, but pleasant and readable.

Into the making of Mr. Sturgis's agreeable novel have gone vivid and picturesque experiences, knowledge of the world, and remarkable freshness of feeling. A certain sketchiness and lack of completeness only slightly mar the effect, for the author's strokes are very neat, delicate, and suggestive, and the reader's imagination is captivated by the ease with which it follows up the clues presented, hears what is left unsaid, and gains glimpses of what is beyond vision. The canvas is a tolerably broad one, and is filled in with people drawn with keen but at the same time very kindly insight, and one carries away a distinct mental picture of even the unimportant characters. Mr. Kirby, the politician, who resembles to a remarkable degree the typical American politician,—Mr. Cavendish Tisley, of Damascus, who has mastered the Eastern question,—Ossie, the delightful naughty boy of the story,—Lady Raeborough and her unamusable husband,—Mrs. Hurte Parkinson, whose

husband is mythical,—and the like, have the reality of people one has met. The career of a young gentleman of fortune has long been a favorite theme with English novelists, and Mr. Richard Hartland's experience is not exceptional. His wandering is not far outside the safe places his mother would have appointed for him, although he makes the maternal heart palpitate a little by having some private views of his own which appear to her revolutionary. The ease with which the young man acquires what seem to him tolerably clear ideas of life and men suggests the necessity of his making over the world without loss of time. Mr. Sturgis's genial optimism does not allow his hero many abuses to correct. An Irish estate, for instance, would have set Dick to work on a basis which required the exercise of his full energies, and perhaps have taught him that schemes of perfection cannot be summed up in single sentences. But, although Dick's soul is engrossed by great duties and high questions, his time is chiefly taken up with fascinating young people who are very charming and very witty and waste their strength on trifles. Dick's entrance into society and bedazzlement by feminine beauty, feminine hues, and feminine inconsistencies are gracefully given. He encounters all the mingled fascinations of the sex in his cousin Betty, whom he enjoys scolding, without once guessing that, as he is afterward informed, "when a young man scolds a young woman it's a flirtation." Betty's marriage puzzles him, particularly when she tells him afterward that she had expected him to save her from it. "Probably," he tells himself, "she had meant nothing. He was beginning to think that half the words of women meant nothing. Perhaps they made a mystery about themselves with strange speeches, as the hunted cuttle-fish darkens the water about him with an ink-like fluid. Wonderful are the ways of women and of cuttle-fish!" His cousin Betty had taught him to look for mystery in women: hence he was unprepared to find direct simplicity in Miss Kitty Holcroft, a charming Boston girl with whom he travels in the East. The story of this acquaintance is well worth reading, and we do not recall an instance, outside of Thackeray's books, of a young man's falling in love more consistently, inconsistently, and naturally than in Dick's case.